SCIENCE

Saturday Review

MARCH 18, 1972 50¢

The Grammar of Baby Talk

Parapsychology in the U.S.S.R.

Preserving the Delaware Coast

SMOKE RINGS: FIGHTING POLLUTION WITH POLLUTION

A vortex ring in water

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What is U.S. Steel doing to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help produce more oil?

There's oil underneath this unusual-looking machine—but it's a long way down. And that's a problem.

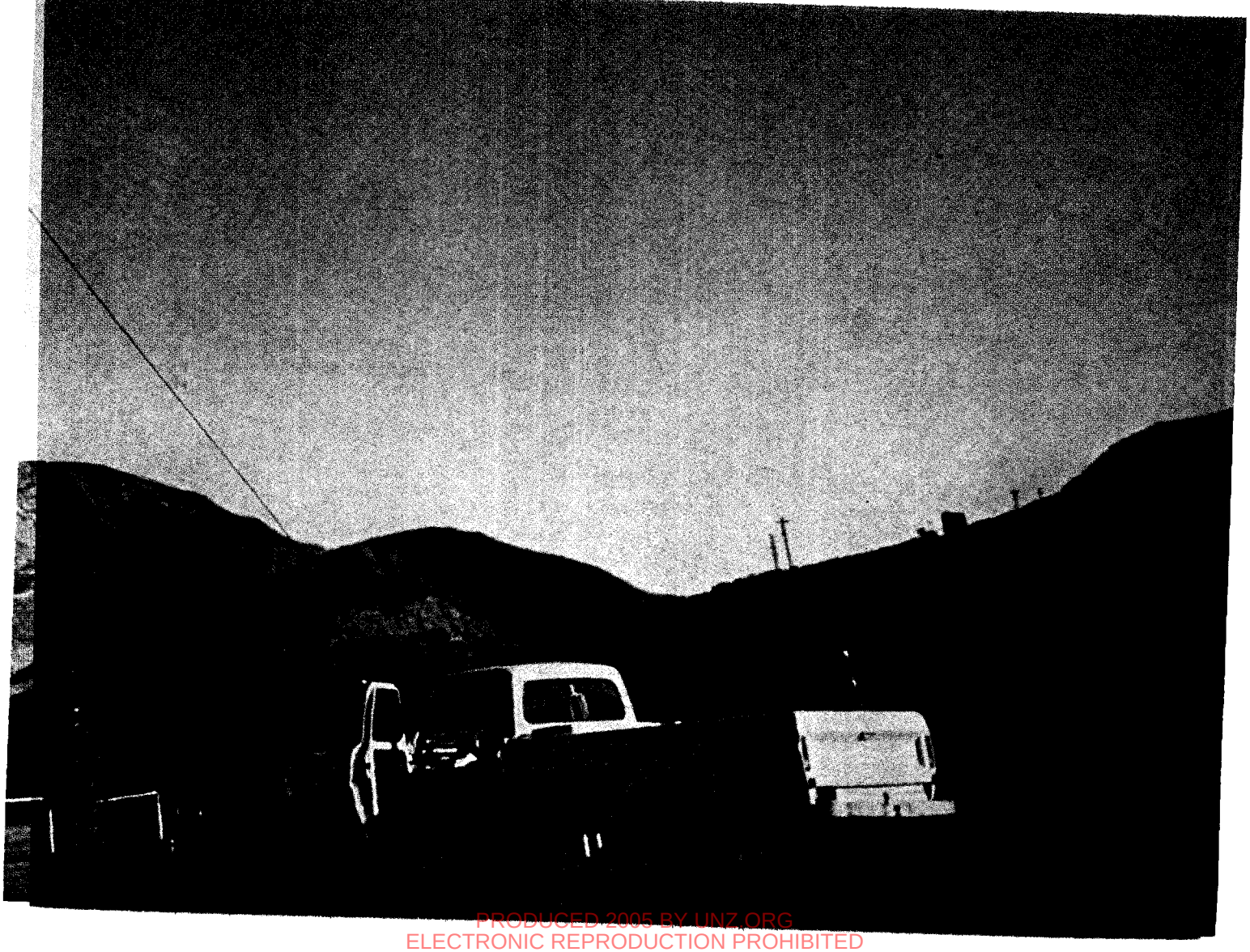
The world needs this oil. Estimates show we'll use more in the next 10 years than in the previous century. However, pumping it up from great depths becomes expensive.

That's why we're involved. U.S. Steel's OILWELL Division invented this radically new, efficient pumping unit, for today's deeper wells.

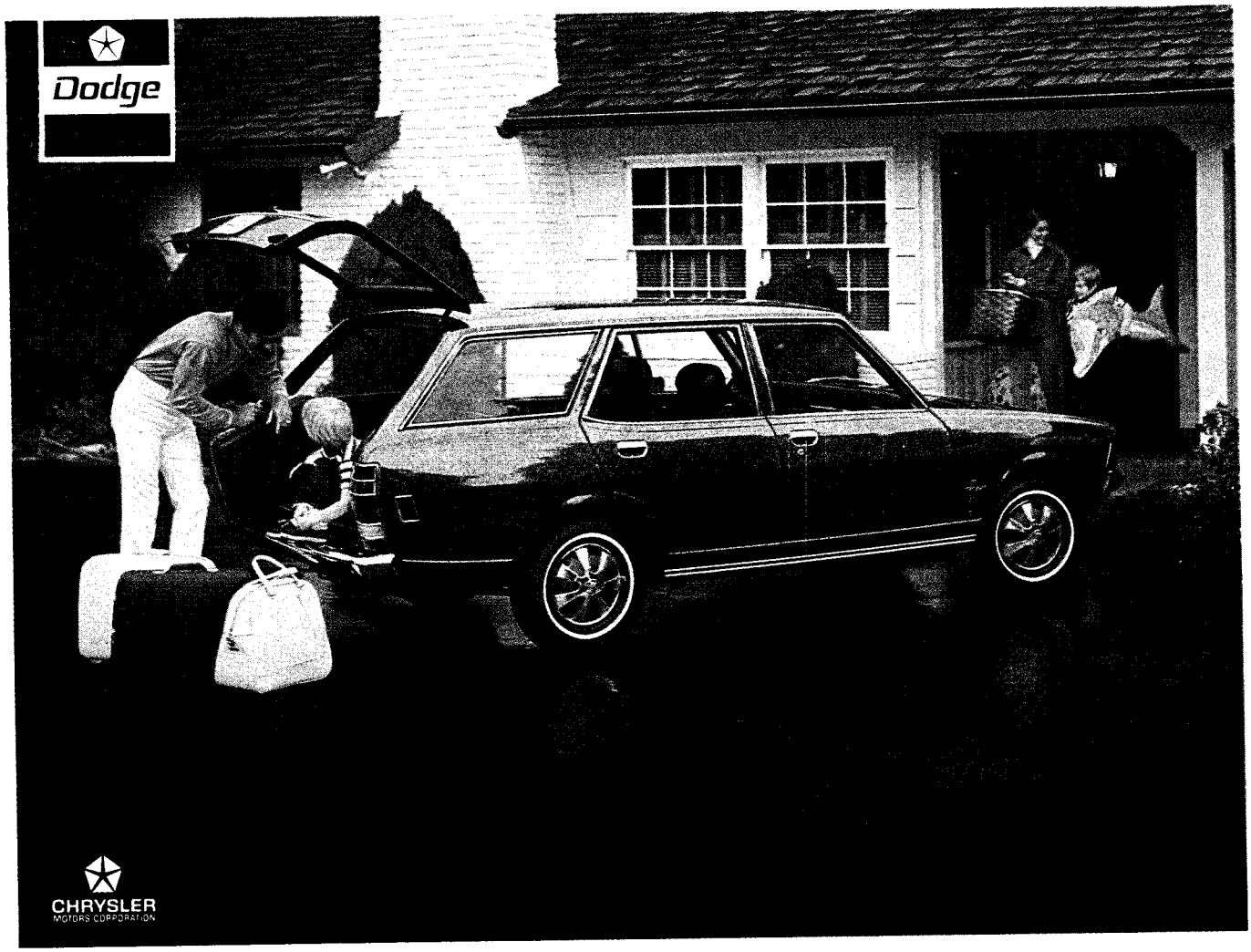
It looks and works more like an elevator than a conventional pumping unit. But it's designed to pump more oil, at less cost, than any equipment now being used. Our special pump helps offset the cost of going deeper and deeper for the oil all of us need.

USS and OILWELL are registered trademarks.

USS **We're involved.**



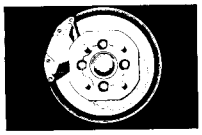
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



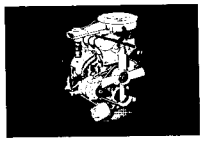
CATCH A COLT WAGON

The five-door economy wagon for the man with a family.

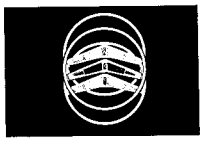
Okay, family men. Now you can own one of those little economy cars and still get the room your family needs. The new Dodge Colt wagon comes with five doors. Four for people and one for packages. That fifth door is in the back and swings up for easy loading and unloading. Not only that, but the rear seat folds flat to give you extra cargo space. The Colt wagon has all the standard Colt advantages you see along the sides. See all the Colt models at your Dodge Colt Dealer's.



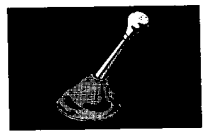
Front disc brakes
They're fade resistant. Stop you straight and fast.



Hemi engine
Overhead cam Hemi engine gives you both performance and economy.

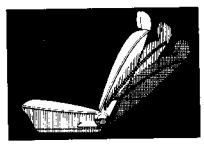


Adjustable steering column
Adjustable to let you find the height that fits you best.

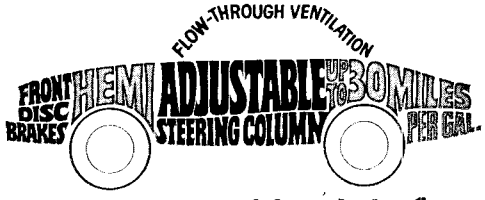


Four-on-the-floor
It's fully synchronized and amazingly easy to shift.

Flow-through ventilation
Gives you a constant flow of fresh air throughout the car.



Reclining seats
Covered in a breathable vinyl you'll really appreciate in hot weather.



For a little car, it's a lot of car.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can help Van Ky for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.

He's just a child. But even at the age of eleven, Van Ky knows something your children may never know. War. You see, Van Ky is Vietnamese. And when he was five the Viet Cong attacked his village and destroyed his home. His family had to flee to a refugee camp where they lived for two years. But they're home now. Van Ky's father is repairing their hut and farming his one fourth acre of land and working as a day laborer too. Why? To keep his son in school. A three-room school Van Ky shares with 180 other children. But even with all the hard work, Van Ky's education may come to an end. Tomorrow.

That's where you and Save the Children Federation come in. For $15.00 a month you can sponsor a child like Van Ky. It's not a hand out. Van Ky and his family don't want charity. They do need help. An interest-free loan. To buy a water pump. To irrigate the land. Increase rice production. So that both the family and the community can pitch in to help themselves.

And for you there's even more. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive a photograph. And progress reports.

That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work. Please. Clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ Where the need is most urgent
☐ American Indian
☐ Appalachia
☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ Bangladesh
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15 monthly
☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $90 semi-annually
☐ $180 annually
☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852 SR 3/18/2

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

SCIENCE

MARCH 18, 1972

COLUMNS AND REVIEWS

5	Top of My Head	*Goodman Ac*
6	Phoenix Nest	*Martin Levi*
8	TV-Radio	*Robert Lewis Shayo*
10	Trade Winds	*Cleveland Amo*
16	World of Dance	*Walter Terr*
18	Letters to the Editor	
20	Movies	*Arthur Knigh*
61	Music to My Ears	*Irving Kolodi*
62	Recordings in Review	*Irving Kolodi*
64	Manner of Speaking	*John Ciard*
65	Chess Corner	*Al Horowit*

TRAVEL

66	Where Snowmobiles Fear to Tread	*David Butwi*

IDEAS

25	Ireland: Religious War—or Class Struggle?	*Miriam Rei*
22	Editorial: When Growth Becomes Cancerous	*Ronald P. Kris*

SCIENCE

34	Showdown on Delaware Bay	*Sally Lindsa*
40	The Science of Smoke Rings and Doughnuts	*Frank Kendig*
49	Tools for Unraveling the Past	*Barbara Ford*
52	The Innate Grammar of Baby Talk	*Edmund Blair Bolles*
56	Parapsychology in the U.S.S.R.	*Stanley Krippner and Richard Davidson*

BOOKS

71	"The German Lesson" by Siegfried Lenz	*Michael Hamburger*
71	Index of Books Reviewed	

GAMES

70	Literary Crypt	
70	Wit Twister	
75	Your Literary I.Q.	
94	Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1980	

COVER: Ken Kay

John J. Veronis, *President, Editor-in-Chief* — Nicolas H. Charney, *Chairman, Editor-in-Chief*

EDITOR Nicolas H. Charney

EXECUTIVE EDITOR Ronald P. Kriss

SENIOR EDITORS
Irving Kolodin, Horace Sutton, Richard L. Tobin, James Cass, John Lear

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Rochelle Girson, David Butwin, Peter Nichols, Sheila Canning, Sally Lindsay

ASSISTANT EDITORS Judith Bentley, Robert Boylan, Dena Kaye, Barbara King, Naid Sofian, Caroline Stevens, Jon Swan, Suzanne Weiss

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS Goodman Ace, Hollis Alpert, Cleveland Amory, John Ciardi, Henry Hewes, Arthur Knight, Martin Levin, Rollene W. Saal, Peter Schrag, Robert Lewis Shayon, Zena Sutherland, Walter Terry, Margaret R. Weiss

EDITORIAL SERVICES Elizabeth Cox, *Librarian,* Peggy Penuel, Roberta Craig, *Permissions*

EDITORIAL STAFF Kay Gildersleeve, Anne Horn, Edith Lorillard, Marion McAvoy, Dorothy Murray, Tierney Picardal, Sylvia Joyce Taylor, Ardeane Tratzki, JoAnne White, Elaine Winters

DESIGN AND ART PRODUCTION
Neil Shakery, William Rosivach

ART PRODUCTION STAFF Harrie George, *Art Assistant,* Vincella Gover, Henrietta Lizewski, Patricia Rappaport, Charles Warren

PUBLISHER Robert J. Moore

Nathan Cohn, *Treasurer*
Philip Broselofsky, *Controller*
Allen Roberts, *Personnel Director*
Sandy Bernstein, *Assistant to the Treasurer*
Dorothy Francoeur, *Personnel Assistant*

STAFF Rodolfo Alandy, Lorraine Albritton, Theresa Contrada, Nancy Gruber, Barbara Levasseur

STAFF SERVICES Irving Armstrong, Adele Bradley, Vincent Hollins, Patricia Morin, Raymond Nine, Humberto Ramirez

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR Peter Veronis

Martin A. Blum, *Promotion Director*
Richard Morton, *Eastern Sales Manager*
Robert Kimmel, *Associate Sales Manager*
William Lieberman, *Associate Sales Manager*
Robert A. Burghardt, *Advertising Service Mgr.*
Marilyn Hiris, *Advertising Prod. Coordinator*
Eleanor McAvoy, *Classified Advertising Manager*

NEW YORK SALES STAFF Roberta Adams, William Bahrenburg, Langdon Caskin, P. Ben Howard, Walter Koontz, Joseph Luyber, William Pearson, William Rosen, Helene Slaght, Duane Spong, Lyn White

NATIONAL SALES STAFF Richard Sullivan, *Chicago Mgr.,* Littrell Clark, *Chicago Assoc. Mgr.,* Bruce Miller, *Detroit Mgr.,* George Dawson, *Cleveland Mgr.,* Sanford Heckinger, *San Francisco Mgr.*

STAFF Gail Barnet, Barbara Belsky, Gale Downs, Edna Fillmann, Lenore Friedman, Joan Grant, Susan Lehman, Barbara Levitt, Mary O'Shea, Frederica Plotkin, Lyola Puin, Francine Stack, Claire Suchernick, Lynne Sward, Mary Thielo, Nancy Weston

CIRCULATION
George Reeves, *Director,* Thomas Carollo, *Mgr.*

STAFF Marie Alves, Susan Caravello, Beatrice Goldberg, Ray Karpel, Barbara Keglowitz, Rose Kubovic, Karen LoBianco, Berneice MacGregor, Diana Pototscher, Allane Rodrigues, Jean Winters

PUBLISHING DIRECTOR William D. Patterson

SATURDAY REVIEW is published weekly at $12.00 per year by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Volume LV, Number 10.

© 1972 Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved.

Send all correspondence about subscriptions and remittances to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Letter Writer

There is a new book titled *Talking Back to The New York Times,* containing letters sent to the editor, written from 1851 to 1971, selected and edited by Kalman Seigel, Letters Editor of the *Times.*

I don't have a copy yet, but it's on my list to buy. I was intrigued by a line in the ad: "An inside look at how and why the letters that appear in the *Times* are selected." At last I'll find out why the many letters I've sent to the paper were never printed. Wouldn't you think that in 120 years Mr. Seigel would have selected at least one?

He didn't even return any letter with a note saying he enjoyed it, but it wasn't up to Letters to the Editor standards. Or that I showed promise of becoming a Letters to the Editor sender, keep at it, and who knows?

In my last letter, sent some weeks ago, I wrote retracting some scathing remarks I had made about a *Times* editorial on welfare abuse, or the economy, or legalizing marijuana and abortion—I don't recall exactly which was bugging the *Times* at the time. But on rereading the editorial I realized I had overreacted. So I wrote a follow-up letter: "Dear Editor: Disregard my last letter taunting a *Times* editorial. You were right. I was wrong. I appologize."

Okay, so I spelled "apologize" with two p's. Sue me. When I'm really sorry for something said or done, I'm doubly appologetic—like that. What Mr. Seigel doesn't realize is that letters to the editor are, I would say, ninety per cent written in anger, venom, and heat. In cooler moments, I imagine, I could spell it with one p. How much editing does it take to draw an editor's pencil through one p? And if Mr. Seigel wants to get right down to basics, "Seigel" is spelled, as we all know, "Siegel." It is the preferred spelling by a hundred to one in the astute Manhattan phone book alone. "Ceigel" I could understand, but the old rule doesn't apply after an s.

Over the years I've written to the *Times* editors at the drop of a comma. My letters, if you'll pardon some immodesty, have been beauts in logical and constructive criticism, flavored here and there with choice invectives of splendorous, albeit biting, imagery. None ever made the letters page. Some I thought so highly of, I sent them to other papers, then to magazines. No dice. Even the letters editor of *Saturday Review* turned one down. But finally one was selected and edited and printed by the editor of the trimonthly paper of a high school I once attended. So I couldn't have been all wrong.

It seems to this letter writer that the *Times* blew it when it decided to put into book form the letters that were printed. For every letter printed, I imagine, about a hundred were not. Wouldn't it have been better money-wise to have published a book of all the letters that were not printed? The market for nonprinted letters is greater by far than for those that have appeared in the paper. Such a book could easily have become a best seller, even if bought only by the unprintable people. The joy of seeing their work and names in a book would have been boundless. The price of the book is $7.95, a lot of devalued coin of an overvalued realm for second-run letters.

During one long period of rejections, I thought the reason my letters were not being selected was that they were too long. I tend to overwrite. It was Sophocles who said, "A short saying oft contains much wisdom." A short saying that Shakespeare edited down to "Brevity is the soul of wit." So for a while I made my letters talking back to the *Times* brief. Brevity can also be the soul of twit. I wrote one in angry-man-in-the-street style, to no avail. A brief "You rat finks" never made it.

Notwithstanding, my devotion to reading the *Times* has never dwindled. When I first came to New York, there were six or seven dailies to choose from. But for me, there was only the *Times.* And one afternoon paper—it was the *Times* in the morning and the *Sun* at night. A paper that also never printed my letters. But getting turned down by the *Times* hurt more. Can it be that writing to letters editors is not my forte?

However, undaunted, I'll make one more try. "Dear Editor: In your editorial 'It's the Thought That Counts,' I was amused and amazed by one of your lesser cogent comments on how Mr. and Mrs. Nixon had chosen to present Mao with a pair of musk oxen on their arrival in Peking. You ask: 'Did Dr. Kissinger, having taken soundings, confide to his chief that the Chairman was partial to musk oxen?'

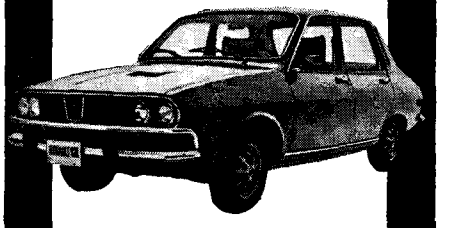
"Begging your pardon, *Times,* but couldn't it have been that the language barrier and misinterpretation led Dr. Kissinger down the poppy path to a pair of musk oxen? Could not the good Doctor actually have been told that the Chairman is partial to Muskie?"

Maybe that's the reason none of my letters ever made it. □

You don't know how badly your car handles

If you've only owned rear-wheel drive cars, you probably don't know there is something better—front-wheel drive. Discover the difference, test drive a Renault. Along with the superb handling of f.w.d., all Renaults have rack-and-pinion steering and front disc brakes. Top speed 93 mph. Up to 30 mpg.

So test drive a Renault and find out how a car should handle.



The new Renault 12 – $2295*

Renault 12 Wagon – $2695*

Renault 16 Sedan-Wagon – $2825*

*Sugg. price POE. Slightly higher on the West Coast. Taxes, freight, options, and dealer delivery charges additional.

RENAULT

World's largest producer of front-wheel drive cars.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review Industries

John J. Veronis, *President, Editor-in-Chief*
Nicolas H. Charney, *Chairman, Editor-in-Chief*

SRI CORPORATE OFFICE
Jon M. Stark, *Vice President*
Alan Stamm, *Vice President*
Herbert L. Williams, *Dir. of Management Services*
CORPORATE STAFF
Carol Ash
Anne M. MacClave
Josephine Amalbert
Page Cole
Veri Sweete

CORPORATE PLANNING
Nicholas Listorti
Mark Edmiston
John Ahrens
Milton J. Block, Jr.
Penny Ertelt
Carole R. Aiello

STAFF
Carol Andrie
Margaret Carmichael
Karen Barnard
Carol Deer

SATURDAY REVIEW PRESS
Irving Goodman, *Publisher*
Charles Sopkin, *Editorial Director*
Susan Stanwood, *Senior Editor*
Nancy Uberman, *Senior Editor*
Robert Gales, *Sales Director*
Thomas Casserly, *Business Manager*

SATURDAY REVIEW BOOK CLUB
Neil Zelenetz, *Director*
Steven Frimmer, *Managing Editor*

SATURDAY REVIEW SPECIAL PROJECTS
Ralph Cohen, *Director*

EDITORIAL PLANNING
Mary Jo Bane, David Bourdon, Jack Boydston, Thomas Davis III, Barbara Ford, Sandra Forrest, Lillian Foster, James R. Gaines, Peter Hauck, William P. Hopkins, Frank Kendig, Marilyn Kendig, Margaret McGlynn, Charles E. McLaughlin, *Rosita Sarnoff, Harriet Shapiro,* Jack Taromina, Brian Vachon, Shirley Watler, Ellen Weber, Edmund White, Lynne Williams, Donald K. Wright

Saturday Review

SATURDAY REVIEW PROGRAMS
William D. Patterson, *Publishing Director*
Herbert J. Teison, *Associate Publisher*
Irving Kolodin, *Editorial Director*
Robert Jacobson, *Managing Editor*
Suzanne Oppenheimer, *Production Director*
Joseph Gasparino, *Production Manager*
Roanne Alpert, *Dailies Editor*
Louise Remmey, *Assist. Editor, Washington*
Rima Calderon, *Coordinator, Washington*

PROGRAMS STAFF
Katina Athanasopoulos
Carol Corcoran
Shirley Rosenberg
Lee Warner
Sandra Bersch
Ellen Kaufman
Judith Sterling

SALES STAFF
George Ferron
Edward Goodstein
Joseph McCarthy
Michael Wyler
Maggie Freeman
Paul Kwartin
Henry Ohrtman

PHOTOGRAPHIC AND ART CREDITS:
pp. 16, 17 Alan Bergman; p. 25 Mac Weeney; p. 26 Culver; p. 27 (top) Eva Rubinstein, (bottom) Culver; p. 28 (top) Bettmann Archives, (bottom) Culver; p. 29 Sean Kernan; p. 30 Eva Rubinstein; p. 31 Bettmann Archives; p. 33 (top) Dr. V. Adamenko, (center) MASCA, George Elliott, (right) Peter Klein, (bottom) Ken Kay; pp. 35, 37 Tony Linck; p. 38 (left) Tony Linck, (right) C. M. Mohr; p. 40 Brown Brothers; pp. 41, 42 Ken Kay; p. 43 (left) Black Star, (right top and bottom) UPI; p. 49 MASCA; p. 52 George Elliott; pp. 56, 59 Edward Naumov; p. 57 Dr. V. Adamenko; p. 62 Lauterwasser, Angel Records; p. 63 sketch by A. Frueh; pp. 66, 67 Mark Chester; p. 72 Jill Krementz; p. 73 Jennifer Lawson; p. 76 Gianfranco Moroldo; p. 82 Wide World

CARTOON CREDITS:
Leo Garel, S. Gross, William Hoest, Al Ross, Brian Savage, Von Riegen

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Doing It with 1040!

Who could have foreseen a *now* tax package? Yet this year we've got one, and good old Form 1040 is actually fun to fill out. In fact, I was the first person in my neighborhood and maybe in the whole United States to organize a tax-package party. Here's how I did it, and how you can do it, too.

The first thing was to talk to my wife. When she saw the tax package, she was as excited as I was. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "Red and blue—my favorite colors!" She called everybody she could think of, and it was amazing how the idea went over. A hundred fifty people said they could come.

The party cost next to nothing. We told everybody to bring his own bottle, and we supplied the setups and nibbles. Our only other expense was a giant balloon and some scratch pads, ball-points, and No. 2.5 pencils, but we got the ball-points and pencils at a post-Christmas stocking-stuffer sale, so we saved there. (If the Commissioner of Internal Revenue reads this, he should think about promoting an economy IRS Tax-Pak-Party-Kit that could include these items and perhaps paper cups.)

On the big night, to get in the mood, we kicked off with the "Special Message from the Commissioner" (the title is a new one for this year). An elementary school principal insisted on reading the message, but the beauty of the thing came through anyway. She read the first column, and you could see people beginning to give way to phrases like "complicated personal situation" and "even compute the tax for you."

By the time she reached the second column, with its "help you" three times in seven lines, all you could hear was the slosh of ice cubes in people's glasses. She moved into the next to last paragraph, and scarcely an eye was dry. Her voice rose dramatically when she came to the "real compliment to the American system" made by "American taxpayers" who "voluntarily file their tax returns and make a special effort to pay the taxes they owe." Millions upon millions of special efforts! Several people cried, "Yeah!" and "That's right, Commissioner!" And, from the Commissioner, commendation and thanks for "wonderful cooperation and support." (I saw more than a few couples embrace at this point.)

Next, we peeled off our labels and placed them in the address area of Form 1040. Some of us made necessary corrections, and then a doctor's wife who could do Janis Joplin shouted the invitation at the top of page two—"You can do it yourself!" That was the signal. My wife leaped from behind the couch in a topless Uncle Sam suit and exploded the giant balloon that was suspended from the ceiling. All the pads ball-points, and pencils spilled from the balloon. For fun, all the pads were red and blue, just like Form 1040. Blue pads for men and red pads for ladies. When everyone had a pad, my wife yelled, "Filing status!" and we paired up with the opposite-colored pad nearest us. (Two husband-and-wife pairs resulted, but we asked those to split up so that everyone would meet somebody different.)

From then on, the party practically took care of itself. I admit that the few people who decided to let the IRS compute their tax, plus some others who chose the standard deduction, were something of a problem, but after a while they left. The hit of the evening was when we discovered that one couple, very quiet in a corner and drinking bouillon, had the same names as the couple on the Sample Filled-in Form, lived at the same address, and had the same names for their children.

At about 6:30 in the morning, my wife made breakfast for everybody, and then most people went home. But as I write this it is three days after the party, and there are still about forty people here. One fellow has died, but the rest are having the time of their lives.

Helmuth W. Joel, Jr.

Under Philosophers

I was thinking about what to do for a second career when a call came in from a lady who wanted me to advertise my first career in the Yellow Pages.

She suggested that my company take a boldface listing under Advertising Agencies. Boldface type costs more, she told me, but it's more noticeable, thus more likely to attract business.

I said that we're not an advertising agency and that we didn't want to attract more business, because it's too hard. But if she thought we belonged under agencies, why was she explaining about boldface type attracting more business? Wouldn't we already know that?

We agreed to do it her way. She was very nice—the kind of person you can trust—so I decided to confide in her on my second career and to see if that could be listed, too. She thought it was a wonderful idea and asked under what

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heading I wanted to list. I told her, "Under Philosophers," and there was a long pause.

"*Are* you a philosopher?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," I said. "I'm not a very good one, but I notice you list a dentist in there who isn't very good and at least one plumber who is downright incompetent."

When she still seemed uncertain, I tried to win her confidence with the hint that I might consider boldface type, but that didn't seem to do the trick. She asked me to hold the line, and I was left to doodle, jotting down notes for my first ad under the heading of Philosophers.

I thought I might use the name Aristotle, which has a certain something that my own name lacks. Other successful businessmen have used the names of dead people to good advantage—Pontiac, for example—so I was sure it would be all right for my ad in the Yellow Pages:

ARISTOTLE

A trusted name
in philosophy for
over 2,000 years

Rates reasonable

The lady came back on the line and said that they didn't have a category for philosophers. Would they start one for Aristotle? Well, that would depend. If the heading is in use in at least three other cities, then her agency would put through a routine request to the telephone company to start it in this city.

"But I just checked the Philadelphia directory," she warned. "They don't have any philosophers either."

Aristotle needed help from Socrates. "Do you mean that if there aren't any philosophers now, there can *never* be any philosophers?"

No, that wasn't right. She said the telephone company understands that new products and services have to get their start *some*where. If the heading isn't in use in three other cities, her agency can put in a special request to the phone company for a new heading. If they feel there would be sufficient public demand for philosophers, then they might approve the request. Short of that, they might consent to a cross-reference listing (but not in boldface) in the index.

That way, if you were looking for a philosopher, your fingers would walk through Packing Materials—Excelsior, Pails, Pallets & Skids, Pamphlet Preparation, Paraffin, Pastors, Pastries, Pattern Perforators, Peanut Oil, Pet Insurance, Pews, and Philatelists; then you would come to the entry:

Philosophers—*See*
ADVERTISING AGENCIES

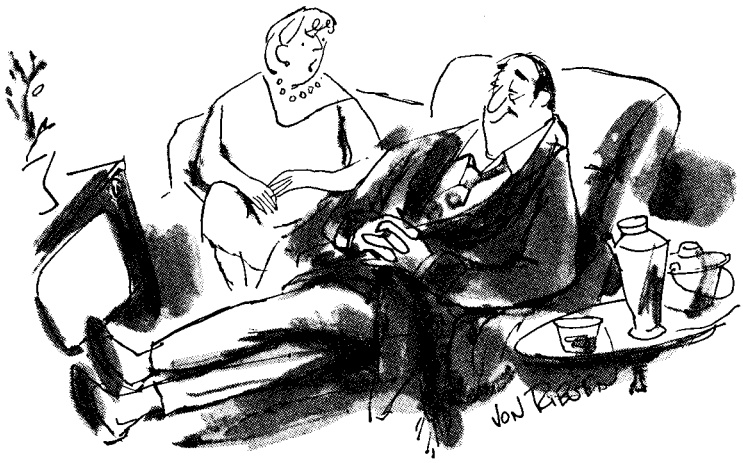
I know how that works, because I already have at least one cross-reference listing from my first career. If you're looking for a penman, you find the listing: Penmen—*See* WRITERS. Writers are listed after Wrecking Contractors. There are fewer of them, and the listing is incomplete: Norman Mailer is missing, for one.

I've since learned that to use the name Aristotle, I'll have to pay eleven dollars to register it under the Fictitious Names Act, even if that was his real name. You pay the eleven dollars, because they say so.

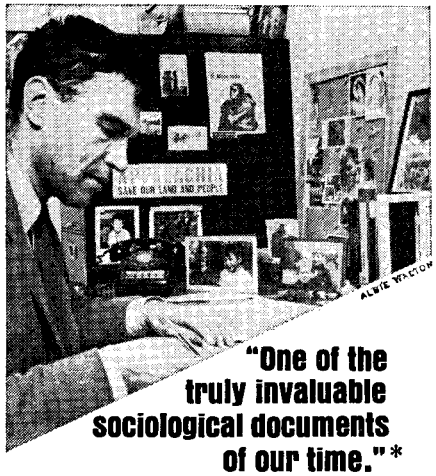
Well, no one ever said that starting a second career is easy or that it's cheap. This week I'm filing my application for a new heading—Philosophers—in the Yellow Pages. There may be trouble. The phone company will probably turn it down, and it's very hard to get them to change their minds. You have to keep pestering them, and you need important friends.

There's no boldface listing for Important Friends, but I've found one anyway, under Attorneys.

Alan Van Dine



"Did you have to unwind all the way?"



"One of the truly invaluable sociological documents of our time."*

ROBERT COLES' CHILDREN OF CRISIS

Just Published:

VOL. II OF CHILDREN OF CRISIS: MIGRANTS, SHARECROPPERS, MOUNTAINEERS

VOL. III OF CHILDREN OF CRISIS: THE SOUTH GOES NORTH
$12.50 each volume

Previously Published:

CHILDREN OF CRISIS: A STUDY OF COURAGE AND FEAR $8.50

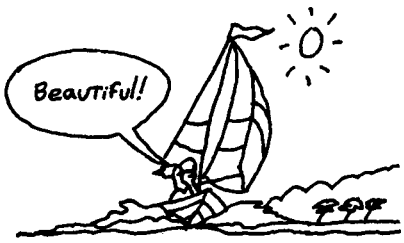
ATLANTIC-LITTLE, BROWN

*Publishers Weekly

Stay at our place in Barbados.

THE PARADISE BEACH HOTEL.
The liveliest on the whole magic island. More activities than you could dream of doing. Also fun people, incredible beach . . . so everyone wants to come here.

COBBLERS COVE HOTEL.
You're in a bungalow by the sea set in lush tropic gardens . . . and it feels like it's your own. When you want to swing, you get a warm welcome at "Paradise."



A Trafalgar House Resort Hotel
For details see your travel agent or
Ray Morrow Associates,
51 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017
(212) 697-2340

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Are you a film gourmet?

Here's your chance to see some remarkable uncut and uninterrupted film masterpieces on TV.

Classic films like Ingmar Bergman's "Sawdust and Tinsel", Satyajit Ray's "Two Daughters", Luis Bunuel's "Los Olvidados", and Michelangelo Antonioni's "L'Avventura", to name a few.

Every country from India and Mexico to Japan and Russia is included in this exciting series.

Check your local listing for exact time and channel. And make sure to watch this memorable "Film Odyssey". Once a week on the Public Broadcasting Service. Compliments of Xerox.

XEROX®

XEROX® is a trademark of XEROX CORPORATION.

TV-Radio

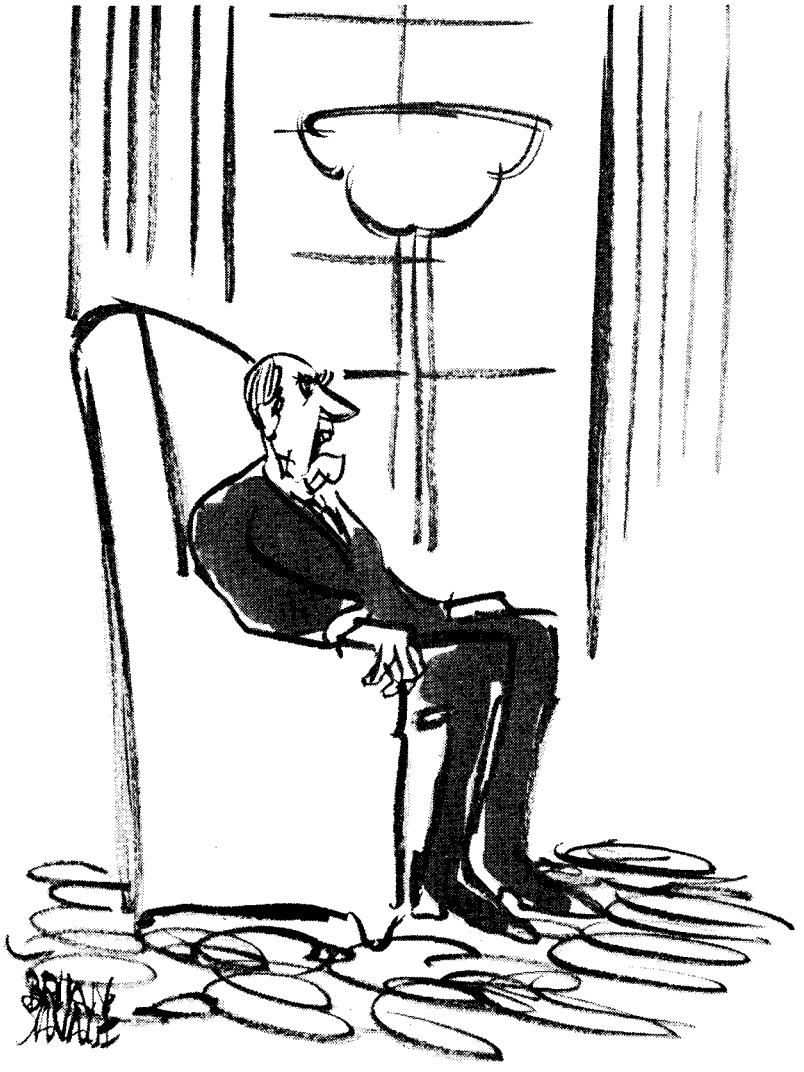
Robert Lewis Shayon

The Right to Be Wrong

Public Television: A Question of Survival by Fred Powledge is a report by the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) that should be read by all who care whether this country has public television (PTV) or educational television (ETV). The distinction is not trivial. When Congress passed its Public Broadcasting Act in 1967, setting up the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), the use of the word "public" in place of "educational" signaled a new kind of noncommercial broadcasting. It was to be federally funded not only to provide excellent and diversified local programing but also to produce news programs and documentaries on both national and local political issues. Before 1967, "educational" television had been restricted largely to cultural essays and muted controversy because of a lack of funds.

Powledge's ACLU report tells how public television in the past five years has seen the emergence of news and documentary programs that have created heated controversies with strong political effect. Such programs have split the public broadcasters into so-called conservative and liberal wings, some seeking to cool the emphasis on politics and others fighting for vigorous broadcasting, dedicated to fair dialogue and debate, that would be federally funded but nevertheless would be insulated from any governmental control.

More traumatic than PTV's struggle within its own house, however, has been the position of the Nixon administration. Clay T. Whitehead, who directs the Office of Telecommunications Policy, a part of the Executive branch of the government, said early this year



"Damn it, the wage-price spiral was exciting."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a National Public Radio interview: "There is a real question as to whether public television . . . should be carrying public affairs and news commentary and that kind of thing. . . . The commercial networks do quite a good job in that area."

Public broadcasters were shocked and depressed by this pronouncement. They interpret the Nixon policy as a pressure to abandon their dreams of being "a fourth network," a pressure to decentralize and to cease vigorous political programing or give up hopes of ever receiving the long-range funding that would insulate them from this implied control by the government.

Powledge reveals that A. N. Scalia, the OTP's chief counsel, defended budgetary control of public-broadcasting funds as proper and standard procedure, protecting the original intent of the legislation. The ACLU report also points up an inconsistency in the Republican Party's position on the matter of political speech in public broadcasting. Senator Hugh Scott (R-Pa.), the Republican minority leader in the Senate, was among those who testified at Congressional hearings before the passage of the 1967 Public Broadcasting Act. The Senator wanted to insulate PTV from any governmental control. He urged "total freedom, if that could be attained, in programing and in the presentation of ideas and in the protection of the thought we hate . . . ; the protection of the oddball, beatnik, crackpot, jackass, fool; the protection of anybody . . . ; the right to be unpleasant, to be different, to be arrogant, to be wrong."

Even conservative station managers in PTV who are willing to surrender editorial judgment of controversial programs to the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS), the network arm of the CPB, are afraid that public television will once again revert to educational TV if programs of national news and documentaries are abandoned in order to get significant funding. The chiefs of PBS and NET, who have often disagreed with each other, both plan to take strong public stands calling for a defense of PTV's right to treat national political matters. It is more than a right, they maintain; it is a legal obligation under the Federal Communcations Act as much as under the Public Broadcasting Act. Federal courts have held that the essential obligation of a station licensee, commercial or public, is to provide an open platform for debate on all public issues. Powledge in his report warns of this impending curb on political matters as a disaster for PTV; he urges Congressional hearings and citizen action. It will be interesting to see if PTV uses its own facilities to inform the public about its broadcasting dilemma. □

Today you can still buy the finest champagne the world has ever known.

Mumm's the word. Always will be.

IMPORTED BY BROWNE VINTNERS COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. AND SAN FRANCISCO, CA.

Send in this coupon with $1 and we'll send back the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the California Palace of The Legion of Honor, the Cleveland Museum of Art and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find $1. Please send me your 100-page Masterpiece Catalog listing over 2,000 great works of art from some of the outstanding museum collections . . . available on brilliant, museum approved 2 x 2 GAF Pana-Vue® Slides.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

GAF Masterpiece Catalog
Dept. SR-3, Box No. 444
Portland, Oregon 97207

gaf® **The GAF Pana-Vue® Masterpiece Slide Series**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW IT STARTED

Webb Garrison. This delightful book is a fascinating collection of entertainment and information. Brief descriptions listed under fifteen headings explain the origins of more than 300 usual and unusual things. Illustrated with line drawings. $4.95

AFRICAN SAGA

Stanlake Samkange. A brief, easy-to-read introduction to African history that attempts to correct some of the misconceptions held about the continent and its people. Cloth, $5.50; paper, $2.95

GETTING READY FOR MARRIAGE

David R. Mace. Designed exclusively for couples considering marriage, this unique gift book makes available the counseling techniques used by one of the world's leading marriage counselors. $3.75

at your local bookstore
abingdon

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The Body Politic—as found by Mrs. Alfred Harsch of Lucey, Washington, in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*:

LOS ANGELES (AP)—Reagan announced formation of the California Committee to Re-elect the President, and predicted that Nixon will carry his naive state.

The return of the naïve, we guess.

Advertisement of the Week—as located by Kitty Jefferson Doepken, women's editor of the Ogden Newspapers in Wheeling, West Virginia, who found it in her own Wheeling *News Register*:

EXPANDING BRANCH STORE
Need men and women full time and part time. Interviews held Monday 11 a.m. or 3 p.m. or 7 p.m. Be prompt and nearly dressed.

Nowadays that's practically white tie and tails.

Our Filler of the Week was spotted by Margaret Coucher in the *Daily Missoulian* of Missoula, Montana:

GIANT GAS BILL
Saturn is believed to be a giant gas bill circling the sun in the perpetual twilight.

Don't fight it, we say. Pay it.

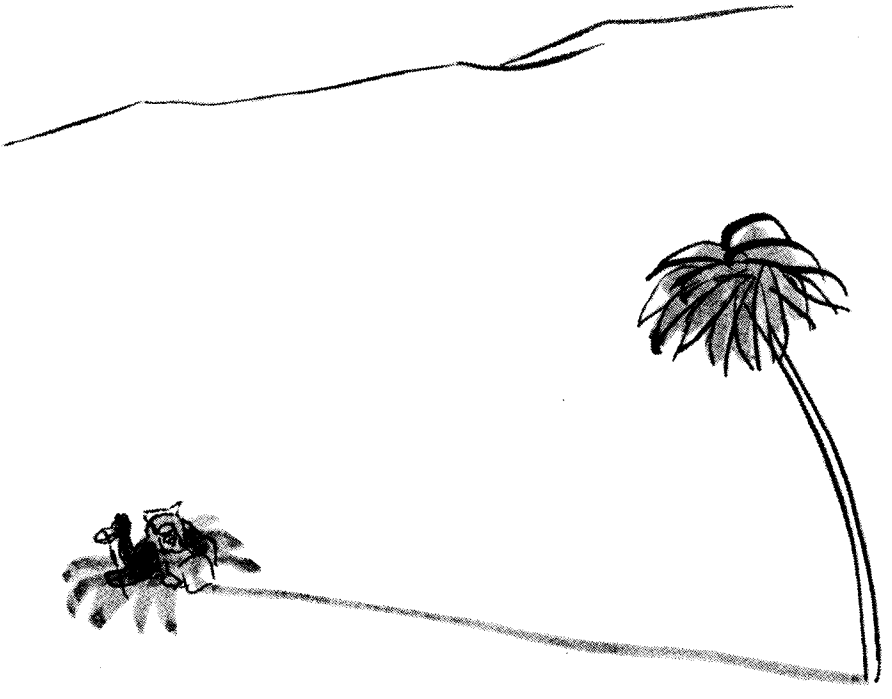
Paul Reynolds is a gentleman of the old school in a relatively new school business—that of literary agent. Nonetheless, he represents eighty years of agenting; his father, in 1892, became America's first literary agent, he himself went into it in 1926, and since now not only he but also his son-in-law, John Hawkins, is hard at it, America's foremost agency dynasty is obviously still going strong.

Recently, however, instead of peddling other people's books, Mr. Reynolds took a bookman's holiday and peddled his own. His book is out—*The Middle Man* (Morrow)—and Mr. Reynolds is now busy on his own and making, for the first time in his life, what pass for his own promotional noises. "I am not much good at this sort of thing," he said quietly. "Particularly today." Why, we asked, today?

"Well, today," he said, "I was busy auctioning off about the biggest memoirs we've ever had." Whose? we asked.

He told us. "But I'd rather you wouldn't say," he said. "Just say he's a very well-known public figure. And we got a nice figure for him, too—from just four pages."

Four pages! We exclaimed. "Yes," he continued, "I don't like the way these things are done nowadays, but that's the way it is. First you get the writer,



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

then you get him to go over to the fellow and make the outline—you don't even have a sample page—and then you put it on the block."

You mean, we said, the writer then isn't the "author" at all? "Not only isn't," he said; "in this case right in the contract it says that the author can't make any changes at all. Only the writer can. But the less we say about that, the better."

Whew, we said. What else is new? "Nothing much," Mr. Reynolds replied, "except times do change, you know. For one thing, it seems to me there aren't as many personal bookshops as there used to be—you know, ones where they used to send out books on their own say-so to their customers. For another thing, really going back, well, a century ago, you know, poetry was the great reading medium. Scott's verse, at the beginning, outsold his novels. Now we've seen a real recession in fiction—it's all to nonfiction. Today the number five nonfiction best seller will sell twice as many copies as the number one fiction best seller.

"But I hate to be quoted on that," he said. "After all, fiction has a better chance with the book clubs, movies, TV, and foreign rights. Why don't you just say nonfiction is outselling fiction?"

Because, we said, it isn't as interesting as what you said first. Mr. Reynolds smiled. "Aren't you going to talk about my book?" he asked. He was, we accused, as bad as any new author. "I *am* a new author," he protested. "Did you like my story about DeWitt Wallace?" We told him we did indeed—in fact, we found it refreshing to read a paean of praise to one whose success story has so often been taken for granted. "Wallace is," Mr. Reynolds said, "the great magazine editor, the great magazine creator, the great magazine empire builder of our time."

It was our turn for an abrupt question. Are agents, we asked, really necessary? "Well," he said, "we always say we can't sell anything the author can't sell himself. But we do say we can get him a better contract and do more for him after the contract. The jacket, for one thing. You agitate if the jacket is poor, and you also yip about advertising. But there are also things the agent cannot do. We can't sell unsalable work, we can't teach a beginner how to write salable copy, we can't act as an editor, we can't solve an author's personal problems or lend money, and we can't perform the functions of a press agent, social secretary, or travel agent."

Who, we asked, are the best agents? "I'd rather not get into that," he said. Would we be correct, we asked, if we named as the best-known Brandt and Brandt, Curtis Brown, Harold Matson, Harold Ober, and Paul Reynolds? He considered this for some time. "Well," he said doubtfully, "as long as it's *your* list. I've been president of the Society of Authors' Representatives, and I'm friends with most of them. And they list forty-two. The SAR won't take in a lot of agents. They've got to have been in business three years, be of a certain size, and keep their authors' money in one account and theirs in another."

How, we asked, do new authors get agents? Do agents have readers? "No," he said. "We have thirteen people. But no readers as such. Six of us are just selling. But each weekend I take home maybe thirty or forty pages of ten or more new book submissions. If those pages excite me, we take the author on. If they don't, we don't. And the fact is nine out of ten of them we don't. Sometimes I don't even get through forty pages. I just read a dozen or so.

"We're commercial beasts, you know," Mr. Reynolds continued. "When an author tells me he wants to write art, I'm dubious. When he says mart, we grab him—by the hair."

Mart? we asked. "Yes," he went on, "our job is sales. We're not literary critics. We can't afford politics. The only time I ever turned down a book politically was some general's memoirs. He advocated dropping atomic bombs on China."

Some bombshell now, we suggested. "We've handled Communists," Mr. Reynolds continued, "and we've handled Birchites. I don't believe in censorship. I believe everyone should have his say. I only wish we didn't have to handle some of the filth that's being published today."

What did he do when someone, at dinner, say, said one of his books was trash? "I look ceilingward," he said, "and I say, 'All Reynolds books are good books.'"

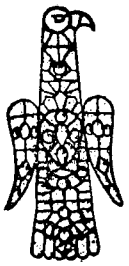
Ironically, in his own house in Chappaqua, New York, complete with a Newfoundland dog, Mr. Reynolds has more than 1,500 books—almost none of them current or books he has sold. "My interests," he explained briefly, "are in poetry and history." He did, however, admit to what he called his "vanity shelf"—so far no fewer than twenty-nine books dedicated to him. □

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1979)

DANIEL STERN:
THE ROSE RABBI

We have come to the point where no processes are sacred or free of question any more. Men may begin by dying and wind up as infants. The cause will be confusion. Where there are no clear standards, everything is permitted.

school of irish studies



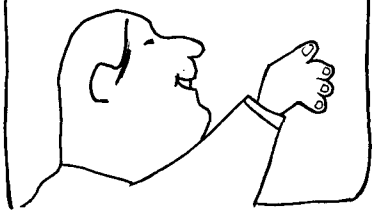
The School of Irish Studies offers accredited courses in Irish literature, history and civilisation during a six-week session each Summer; and through two fifteen week semesters. The 1971/72 year round programme offers courses dealing with Irish literature from 1800 to the present with particular emphasis on W.B. Yeats, James Joyce and the Irish Dramatic Movement. Courses in history and civilisation study the major phases in Ireland's historical and cultural heritage.

The School of Irish Studies is recognised by the Irish Department of Education and endorsed by the American Committee for Irish Studies.

For further information:

The Secretary
School of Irish Studies
27 Harcourt Street
Dublin 2, Ireland

"My compliments to the Flintlockesmithy!"



Sometimes our guests get carried away with the lively atmosphere of our Village Forge Lounge . . . and clean, tart taste of our famous Flintlocke. But if a Flintlocke is not your cup of tea, Frank, Archie, Bob or Eddie can mix you the driest martini this side of Manhattan.

Want to feel magnanimous? Pay us a visit and bring your friends. Relax in the Forge Lounge; enjoy tasty Yankee cooking; and stay with us. With 60 rooms, we're very accommodating.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring R. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

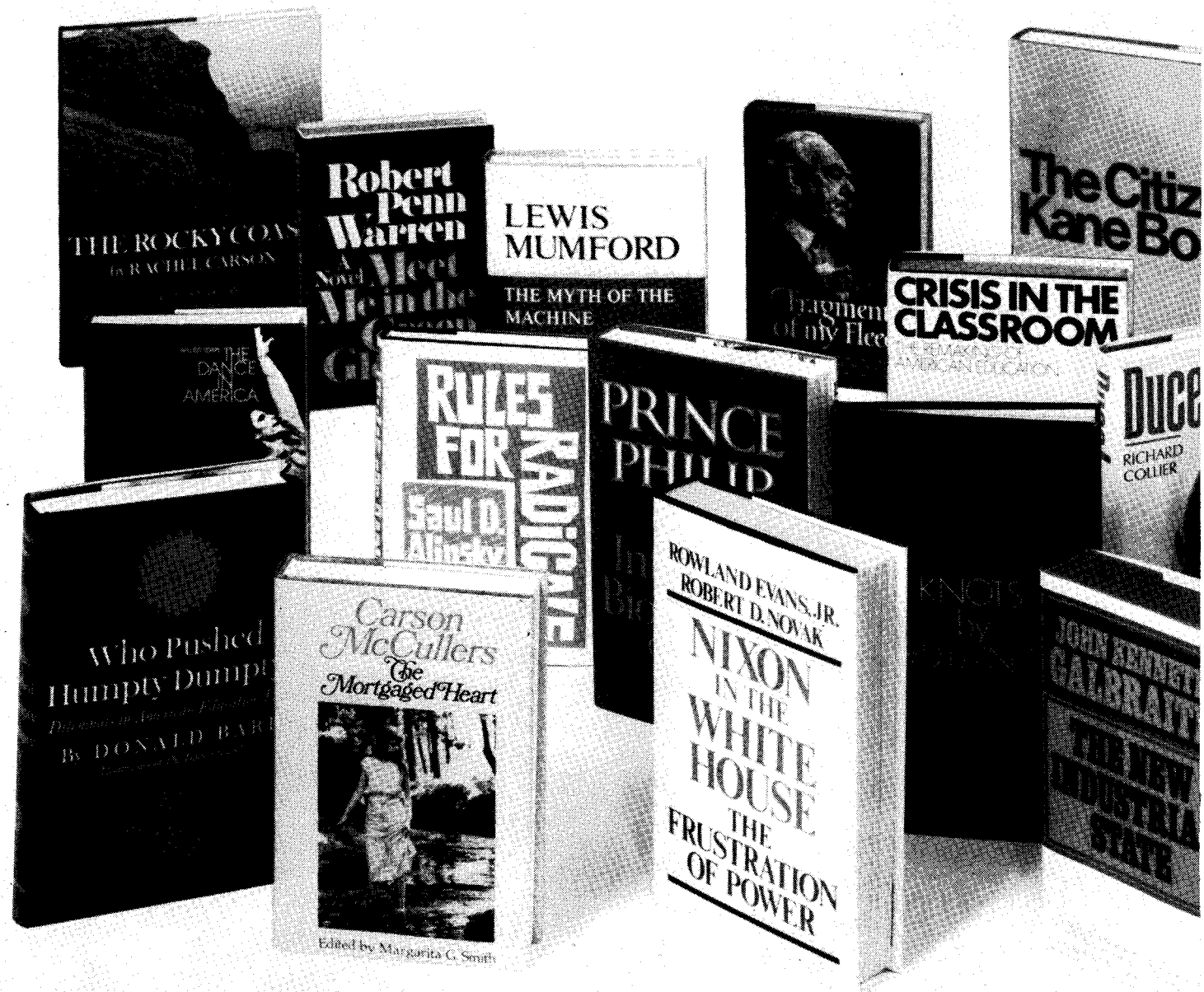
We may have the answer.

Request our free booklet:
"To Find a School to Fit the Child"

Bunting and Lyon, Inc.
Wallingford, Conn. 06492 (203) 269-3333
Representatives in most major cities

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

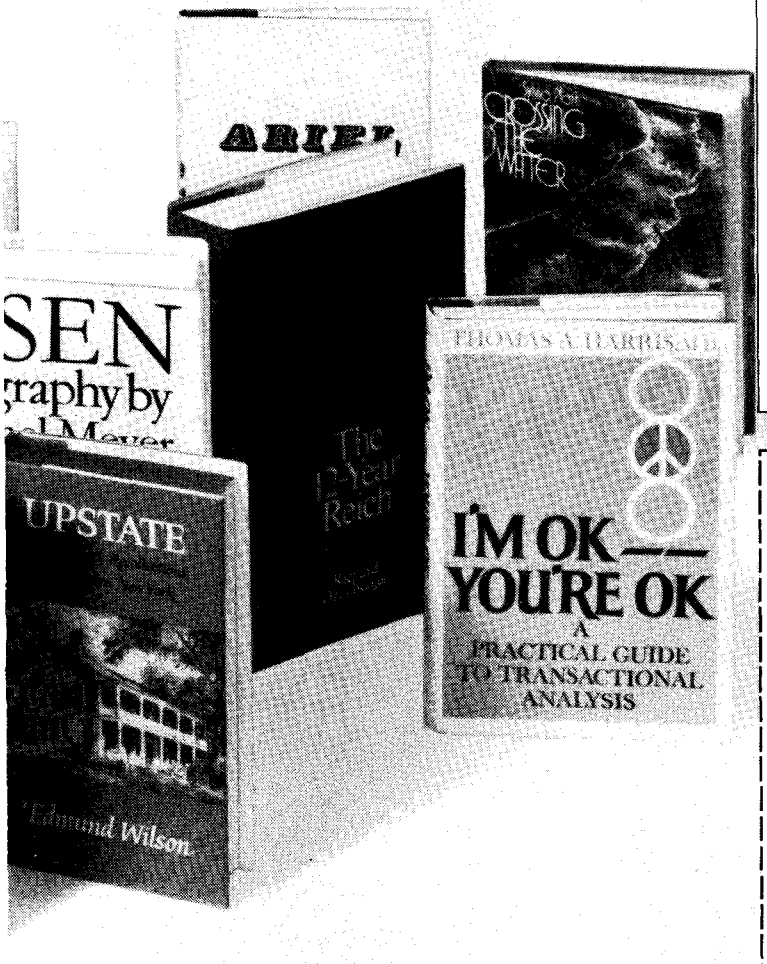
A Special Charter Membership Exclusively for Saturday Review Readers



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Join the new Saturday Review Book Club where you get outstanding books at outstanding savings. Start your membership today with an immediate savings of up to $51.45.

You've been a good friend to Saturday Review. Now our new book club would like to return the favor by bringing you the most thought-provoking, incisive and rewarding books being published . . . and at substantial savings. If you accept Charter Membership today, you may have any 4 books described here for only $1 (an immediate savings of up to $51.45). All you have to do in return is accept 4 additional books during the coming year from a list as varied as the world around you. Every book you choose will be identical to the publisher's edition in format, size and quality. Yet, as a Charter Member of the new Saturday Review Book Club, you will save an average of 20%—often more—on the books you buy. This special Charter Membership offer is exclusively for Saturday Review readers, and is available for a limited time only. So be a friend, join today.



Any 4 for just $1. That's friendship for you.

196. Crisis in the Classroom
Charles E. Silberman. Publ. price, **$10.00**

328. The Citizen Kane Book
Pauline Kael, Herman J. Mankiewicz & Orson Welles. Publ. price, **$15.00**

395. Ariel and Crossing the Water
Sylvia Plath 2 Volumes counts as one. Comb. publ. price, **$10.90**

291. Prince Philip
Basil Boothroyd. Publ. price, **$8.95**

252. Nixon in the White House
Rowland Evans, Jr. & Robert D. Novak. Publ. price, **$8.95**

305. The Mortgaged Heart
Carson McCullers. Publ. price, **$7.95**

099. The New Industrial State
John Kenneth Galbraith. Publ. price, **$8.95**

268. Duce!
Richard Collier. Publ. price, **$12.50**

035. The Myth of the Machine: Technics and Human Development
Lewis Mumford. Publ. price, **$12.00**

215. The 12-Year Reich
Richard Grunberger. Publ. price, **$10.00**

143. The Rocky Coast
Rachel Carson Publ. price, **$6.95**

049. Knots
R. D. Laing.
Deluxe Edition. Publ. price, **$5.95**

276. Technology, Management & Society
Peter F. Drucker. Publ. price, **$5.95**

074. The Dance in America
Walter Terry. Publ. price, **$8.95**

126. Transformations
Anne Sexton. Publ. price, **$5.00**

158. Fragments of My Fleece
Dean Acheson. Publ. price, **$6.95**

187. The Politics of the Family
R. D. Laing. Publ. price, **$4.95**

179. Rules for Radicals
Saul D. Alinsky. Publ. price, **$6.95**

280. The Better of Goodman Ace
Goodman Ace. Publ. price, **$5.95**

018. Who Pushed Humpty Dumpty?
Donald Barr. Publ. price, **$10.00**

355. Ibsen, A Biography
Michael Meyer. Publ. price, **$12.95**

006. What I Have Learned
from *Saturday Review*
Publ. price, **$6.50**

346. Upstate
Edmund Wilson. Publ. price, **$8.95**

207. The Family
Ed Sanders. Publ. price, **$6.95**

223. Meet Me in the Green Glen
Robert Penn Warren.
Publ. price, **$7.95**

102. Stories and Prose Poems
Alexander Solzhenitsyn.
Publ. price, **$7.95**

082. Deschooling Society
Publ. price, **$5.95**

337. I'm OK—You're OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
Publ. price, **$5.95**

239. The Complete Book of Pitfalls
Dereck Williamson.
Publ. price, **$5.95**

244. Microbes and Morals
Theodor Rosebury.
Publ. price, **$7.95**

014. The Children of the Dream
Bruno Bettelheim.
Publ. price, **$6.95**

165. Mysteries
Knut Hamsun. Publ. price, **$8.95**

SATURDAY REVIEW BOOK CLUB

230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please accept my application for Charter Membership which entitles me to receive the 4 introductory books I've indicated below for only $1.

If I am not delighted with these books, I may return them in 10 days. My membership will be canceled and I will owe nothing.

If I keep them, each month I will receive the Club's free newsletter which describes the forthcoming selection and a number of alternates. If I do not wish to receive a selection, or prefer an alternate—or wish no book at all—I will instruct you on the convenient form always provided.

I need purchase only 4 books during the coming year—at savings averaging at least 20% below publishers' prices. I may cancel my membership any time after these purchases. A modest shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

03188

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss

Address _____

City _____

State _____ *Zip* _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Peking, Manhattan, Newark

America's most famous dance critic, Richard M. Nixon, praised to the skies *The Red Detachment of Women*, a ballet that he attended on his recent historic visit to Peking. He found the ballet as fine as any he had seen anywhere, and he thought the acting was superb. All I can do is echo a quotation of Dame Alicia Markova (one of the great ballerinas, now retired) who has been known to say, when completely nonplused by an unexpected turn of events, "Well . . . what!"

I saw only snatches of *The Red Detachment of Women* on television during the President's trip to the People's Republic of China, and I know that it is absolutely awful. (A film version is being shown in America now.) This propaganda ballet was presided over in production by Chiang Ching (Madame Mao Tse-tung), and it is bad not because it is propaganda but because it is dreadful theater. The dance technique, especially that of the ballerina, is of a high level. It is obviously Bolshoi Ballet in style, for the heroine soars, darts, and races like a Maya Plisetskaya, but the choreography is pre-Neanderthal, and the acting is of the fist-shaking, bayonet-brandishing, face-contorted (whatever happened to the inscrutable Chinese?) school.

There are, of course, great ballets of social comment and even of protest. And one should be understanding of the Chinese as they move from ancient courtly ways to new theatrical urgencies. In the first days after the American Revolution we produced such rousers as *The Patriot, or Liberty Asserted* and *The Independence of America, or The Ever Memorable Fourth of July 1776*. But, dear Madame Mao, whatever has happened to Lady Precious Stream?

The City Center Joffrey Ballet is once more in residence at the City Center Theater. A report on new works will come later, but I can tell you right now that the company itself has never danced better. It has always been youth-oriented, but now it has some old pros (in their mid-twenties!), giving the troupe a patina of sophistication over its basic buoyancy. This product of Robert Joffrey—director, teacher, occasional choreographer, re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morseless perfectionist—is indeed one of America's great dance companies. Unlike the internationally celebrated American Ballet Theatre, the Joffrey has no stars; you just go, look, admire, and make your own star in the privacy of your mind and with your publicly clapping palms.

Shortly before the Joffrey dancers returned to their home theater, the National Ballet of Washington, D.C., co-directed by Frederic Franklin and Ben Stevenson, paid a visit to the City Center and proved with ease and prowess that it had every right to be considered a "national" company. The opening was a trifle tense, and Carmen Mathe in *The Sleeping Beauty* seemed desperately calculating in an attempt to duplicate the stage manners of Margot Fonteyn (all she came up with were mannerisms, although she is an excellent dancer). But after that the company settled into repertory beautifully. Franklin is justly famous as a master in training a corps de ballet, and his current corps is superb; and Stevenson, young and intense and a lively choreographer, is giving the troupe a new zest.

Often the National Ballet, a decade old this year thanks to the continuing support of Mrs. Richard J. Riddell, uses famous guest stars, among them Dame Margot, and thus it has been called by some of its principal dancers "rent-a-corps." But for New York it was totally on its own. Its resident *prima ballerina*, the Australian Marilyn Burr, is a dazzler. Her technique is genuinely prodigious with high leg extensions, space-carving leaps, and balances that convince you that she could step onto a single *pointe* and, unsupported by a cavalier, eat lunch. She is also a good actress, ranging from a flashy creature in *Don Quixote* through the girlish Aurora to a sad Cinderella. If she does not project great warmth, she does display a cool charm.

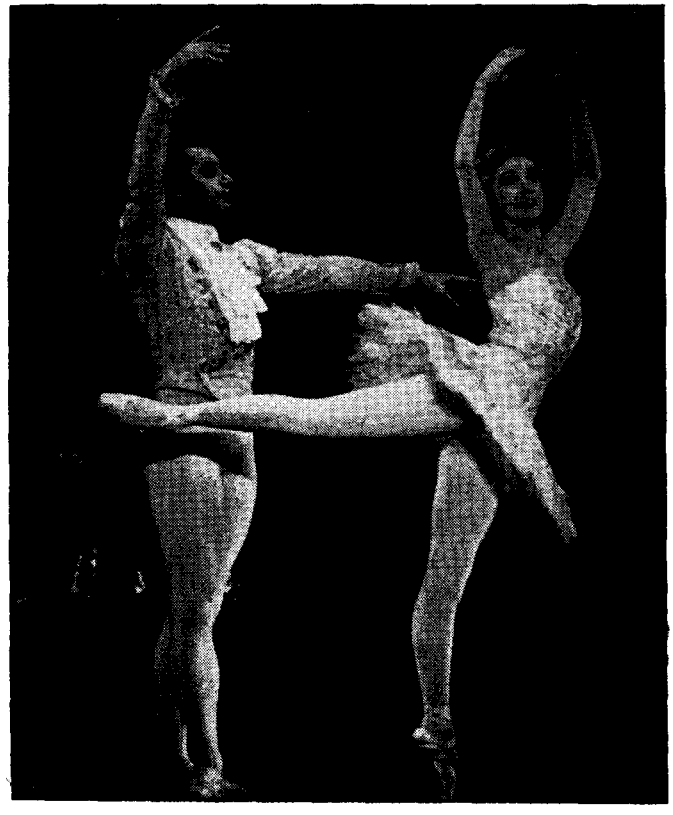
Other front-runners in the National Ballet that one would take instant note of are Jane Miller, a lovely lyrical dancer; Gaye Fulton of ballerina stature; Kirk Peterson, who is certain to guide his virtuosity and his winning personality, plus that almost indefinable quality called "taste," toward stardom; and, perhaps, Luis Fuente (late of the Joffrey group), who has no taste whatsoever, except bad taste, but whose technical accomplishments partially atone for a makeup that went out with Carmen Miranda, grimaces of all sorts, and the strutting of a child-like bully. (He should be soundly spanked, because he's too good to waste.)

The National Ballet stresses classical ballets and does them well. The new *Sleeping Beauty* (directed by Stevenson, after Petipa, de Valois, and Ashton stagings) is splendidly paced. My only objection was to Peter Farmer's tendency to have each act a predominant color. Contemporary ballets were also on view, and the best were Stevenson's poetic and touching *Three Preludes* (Rachmaninoff) and Anton Dolin's bravura display for four males, *Variations for Four* (Marguerite Keogh).

For touring, the National Ballet feels it needs superstars, and Dame Margot has been its very special guest artist this year. In Newark she packed huge Symphony Hall for *The Sleeping Beauty*, and once again she worked a brand of magic that no other ballerina possesses. It wasn't simply that she had the audience cheering its lungs out, it was that people traveled to Newark for a unique brand of therapy: Said one, "I just needed Fonteyn." Genevieve Oswald, curator of the Dance Collection of the New York Public Library, has said that once when she was so discouraged about the collection that she planned to give up the entire project, she went to see Fonteyn dance and found herself restored and rededicated. In Newark Dame Margot did the same thing to all of us.

Princess Aurora is sixteen years old, and Dame Margot is well beyond fifty, but there is no discrepancy whatsoever, for the world's *prima ballerina assoluta* has captured in her great art the spirit of youth, and in the movements of her body a perfection of line unmatched in the world of ballet. In ballet repertory she has played for more than a quarter of a century the Sleeping Beauty, a role in which she has no peers. As a dancer in anything, Margot Fonteyn IS beauty. □

Dame Margot Fonteyn, at fifty-two, has captured the spirit of youth. As the sixteen-year-old Aurora in the National Ballet's "The Sleeping Beauty" she exhibits "a perfection of line unmatched in the world of ballet."



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Definitions Gap

Re: Nicolas H. Charney's editorial "Science—Communicating Its Relevance" [*SR*, Feb. 19]. Ignoring the opportunity to open a discussion of the distinctions between "hard" and "soft" sciences, I specifically take exception to his list of past triumphs of "science": the iron plow, the stirrup, the printing press, etc. These are all technological developments based only tenuously, if at all, on scientific study. Even the nuclear reactor, although first built by men identified as scientists, is a product of the discipline now called nuclear engineering.

While the scientist studies nature using certain specific tools, with his only goal the revelation of her secrets whatever they may be, the engineer (or technologist) attacks a specific problem related to human needs, with no specification of method. His solution may reflect a recent scientific discovery (the nuclear reactor, the laser), or it may be a clever use of well-known principles (the trash compactor, the printing press). In any case, it should be clear that science cannot change society, it cannot even be "harnessed," but technology may. A careful distinction between these two need not be a denigration of either, but it is most important. . . . The slurring together of science and technology will only compound the problem. For example, President Nixon, in his Technological Priorities Program, proposes a large outlay for technological development, but little for basic research, a matter of grave concern to scientists.

Professor Robert A. Rudin,
The Cooper Union,
New York, N.Y.

I am disappointed that Mr. Charney made no specific mention covering advances in engineering. Mindful that the editorial did not claim to be addressing itself to engineering achievements, I must point out, however, that space exploration, cryogenics, computers, nuclear reactors, etc., represent development in technology, largely attributable to engineers, as contrasted with developments in science.

The function of taking scientific knowledge, using the forces of nature for the development of practical application, techniques, devices, or systems, has long been and will continue to be the activity of the engineer. Yet engineers are too frequently overlooked as having made a major contribution to what is loosely referred to as an advancement of science.

George Nagelberg,
Queens, N.Y.

Saturday Review of Science should be lauded as representing a realistic way of alleviating many of the unwarranted technological fears that plague the nonscientist. The problem of unsafe foods, medicines, and pollution can best be solved when a less chaotic medium of understanding is created. Such is not the sole responsibility of the press and the university, however. The ultimate solution will come when there are concerted and multifaceted programs in which many institutions of society are involved. Private industry and the federal government . . . will have to initiate intensive educational programs. . . . When the dust settles from the current wave of countercultural rhetoric and scientific indictments, we will have recognized that problems created by science must be solved through science and with collective support from all segments of society. Otherwise, the dust won't settle, and we won't be around to pick up the paper.

William E. Moore,
Southern University,
Baton Rouge, La.

Ashes in the Salt Cellar

May I commend John Lear on his informative piece dealing with the move to bury high-level atomic waste in Kansas ["Radioactive Ashes in the Kansas Salt Cellar," *SR*, Feb. 19]. Mr. Lear encapsulated, to use one of his terms, a difficult, highly technical matter into understandable language.

As one who fought nearly alone for more than a year against what the Kansas Governor later termed AEC arrogance, I realized early how difficult it is to make the ordinary citizen understand what is involved. I am happy that I won allies, and that a year's campaign in Congress and in the state has helped shift both public officials and public opinion.

Representative Joe Skubitz (R-Kan.),
Washington, D. C.

I have just read John Lear's story concerning the AEC's ash-disposal problem, and I feel I should let you know how I feel about this one-sided journalism. First of all, it is treason, and I don't believe a word of it. We all know that if "hundreds of thousands of gallons" had spilled out of "leakproof" containers, the U.S. government would have stepped in and done something about it. And who knows more about what that salt will do with those bombs in it, you or the professional physicists?

Grove Richardson,
Citronelle, Ala.

We, the Lyons Chamber of Commerce Nuclear Advisory Council, as well as most of the business comunity of Lyons, Kansas, who are conversant with the true facts regarding the establishment of a radioactive waste repository here, enter a vigorous protest about your article.

The people in Lyons are more concerned than people anywhere with the complete safety of this project. Through association, we are convinced of the sincerity and honest desire by the AEC to isolate this extremely hazardous material from the environment for eons of time. In our associations with representatives of the AEC we have found them forthright, candid, and frank in expounding the pros and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cons of the repository and their tests here. Quite frankly, we have more confidence in the AEC scientists with whom we have associated over a period of years than we have in some of our own state people, whom you quote quite profusely, but who, we have found, talk out of both sides of their mouths. It's puzzling to us why Mr. Lear made no attempt to contact or interview an AEC scientist associated with the project.

Walter C. Pile,
Manager, Lyons Chamber of Commerce,
Lyons, Kan.

Mr. Lear replies: Mr. Pile does not seem to remember that I spoke to him by telephone, and, of course, he does not know of the numerous conversations I had with AEC officials.

Mistaken Identity

Having read William Glasser's "The Civilized Identity Society" [*SR*, Feb. 19], I found the notion of four types of society to be an interesting descriptive history of man. At the same time, I was most disturbed by some mistaken notions concerning the neurological basis of behavior. Statements such as, ". . . the need for intelligent cooperation became built into the human nervous system" and ". . . the inherent neurological need for men to cooperate for the common good has been mainly suppressed. . ." caused me to look at the issue cover to see if it was really devoted to science. There is simply no scientific basis for the assertion that man tends, on the basis of his nervous system, to be cooperative. Current scientific evidence would lead one to conclude that man is born with the ability to acquire both cooperative and competitive behaviors, and that environmental contingencies will largely determine which of these he performs.

Professor Julian Rappaport,
University of Illinois,
Urbana-Champaign, Ill.

Dr. Glasser is certainly going to be the first on his block with his concept of a new society that he is unembarrassed to label "civilized identity society." While correctly evaluating previous societies in evolutionary multiples of millions of years, or thousands, or hundreds, his own historical perspective is from a distance of—count 'em—twenty years.

What is twenty years but a flyspeck on the calendar of civilization? Rushing into print with hasty conclusions is a serious derangement of the day. If the good doctor had had to manually transcribe each of the sentences of his pontification, perhaps we would have been spared yet another exercise in jumping to conclusions.

Hannah Sampson,
Torrance, Calif.

Weensie

How delightful is Sidney Harris's blow for the proper spelling of "minuscule" [Phoenix Nest, Feb. 19]. However, trying to reverse the habits of the North American public may be like King Canute's attempt to stop the rising tide. Still, tides do stop rising, and perhaps this one would if it were pointed out that the usual misspelling probably follows from a mispronunciation: The word is pronounced *minuscule*. Further useful information to help one's memory: It is a diminutive of *minus*, and so means, roughly, weensie. It was first applied to certain kinds of written small letters (i.e., lower-case).

Fortunately, that's all I know about "minuscule."

John S. Barss,
Andover, Mass.

Female Too

Re: "Homosex: Living the Life" [*SR*, Feb. 12]. Congratulations on your enlightened article on *male* homosexuality. Evidently, Faubion Bowers does not know that the term refers to females as well as males.

It is disheartening to find male chauvinism present even in the treatment of homosexuality. One does not have to look in the closets to find gay women. A great many gay women are active in Daughters of Bilitis and in the various contingents of the Women's Liberation movement. Even the more conservative National Organization for Women passed a resolution in September 1971 acknowledging lesbians and lesbian oppression as valid concerns for feminist efforts.

Marie Allan,
Greater Hartford Gay Feminists,
Hartford, Conn.

Forewarning

Relieved though I am to find myself characterized as "amiable," Cleveland Amory's Trade Winds of me [Jan. 22] stank of patent ignorance and misrepresentation (*e.g., that "self-portrait" was not "mimeographed"* but Xeroxed and self-identified as an extract from a forthcoming book), in addition to misquotation and sheer joke-missing (e.g., I said, "Please delete wife, who has been deleted," not what was quoted). That autobiographical statement was lent to Amory, incidentally, to repair an unfamiliarity with my writing that remained painfully evident. So much condescending error, accompanied by gross generational hostility and/or cynical reportorial motives, inadvertently illustrates a principle of old-boy untrustworthiness that was, in its original context, articulated as a gag, whose humor Amory seems to have missed in the course of confirming its truth, at least for himself—that this particular over-forty is simply not to be trusted by or with young writers. Be forewarned, my colleagues.

Richard Kostelanetz,
New York, N.Y.

Mr. Amory replies: *Gee, and some of my best friends are thirty-nine.*

Mailbag Note

Please address comments about articles that have appeared in *Saturday Review* to "Letters to the Editor." Inquiries should be sent to "Reader Services." Articles or poems submitted for publication should be sent to our "Contributions Department." The address for all of the above is 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR THOSE WHO DREAM OF A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Many still dream of a quiet place by the sea, and yet there are only a few left. Pine Knoll Shores is one of them.

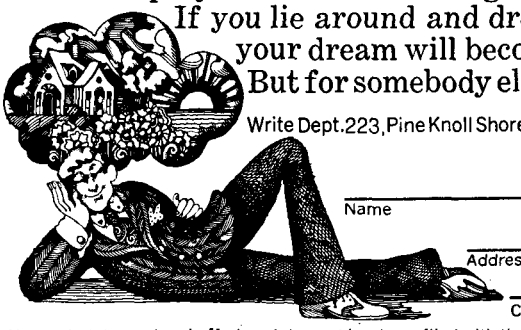
This rare community is tucked away in tall timber and thick vegetation on an island off the coast of North Carolina.

It's ideal for a vacation retreat, retirement or an investment, because we intend to keep it the peaceful place that it is.

We have a beautiful booklet describing Pine Knoll Shores. Its people. And the types of homes that have been built.

We hope you'll send for it right away.

If you lie around and dream too much longer, then your dream will become a reality. But for somebody else. **PINE KNOLL SHORES**



Write Dept.223, Pine Knoll Shores, P.O. Box 736, Morehead City, N.C. 28557

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

Note—A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider and in addition thereto the assigned advertising number. NYA #1080-1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Boys Will Be Boys

There are fashions in movies, just as in everything else. And because fashions change quickly and movies take a long time to make, there is always the danger that a film may be completely out of style by the time it hits the screen. Such certainly seems to be the case with the new John Wayne picture, *The Cowboys*, which has recently been the unfortunate recipient of a whole wave of unfavorable notices. The current critical trend, I am happy to note, is strongly slanted against violence in films. From the reception accorded *The Cowboys*, however, one would imagine that Wayne had invented it.

Actually, there has always been violence in the movies, and on occasion pitched even more intensely than now. Historians arguing the relative merits of the climactic fistfight in the various versions of *The Spoilers* (the first was in 1915) are not likely to mention in the same breath the admittedly bloody encounter between Wayne and Bruce Dern in *The Cowboys*. And while the sight of a dozen or so kids wiping out a band of rustlers has its sanguinary aspects, it is a model of restraint compared to the wholesale slaughter in Kurosawa's *The Seven Samurai*, long considered a classic.

What is happening, I suspect, is not so much that films are changing (although a good deal of the violence today has a psychopathic tinge that I don't seem to recall from the past); I'm not even sure that audiences are changing to any significant degree. The predominantly youthful audience with which I saw *The Cowboys* burst into applause when Wayne downed the villainous Dern and shrieked in horror when Dern shot him in the back. There were also small waves of approval as the kids ingeniously ambushed Dern's gang of rustlers. It was all very Saturday afternoon.

The big change seems to be in the people who are writing about the movies these days. Understandably, their orientation is more social than cinematic, particularly as they look at crime in the streets and the horrors of Vietnam and relate these to the samples of sadism so abundantly available on the contemporary screen. In protesting the violence, they are also protesting police brutality, unpunished criminal acts by our military, and the callous disregard for civil rights under the guise of "law and order." Any critic who could write in a vacuum today, especially about a medium that is as immediate and affecting as film, would be sadly lacking in his responsibilities.

But important as this social awareness is, it strikes me as unfair to use it as a weapon against a picture that offends the moral sensibilities of the critic. For years, the main charge that the critics made against the movies was that they were merely escapist entertainments, and they argued that pictures should be "about something." Today, increasingly, pictures are "about something"—but now the critics are unhappy unless that "something" reflects their own views.

Mark Rydell, the director, producer, and part author of *The Cowboys*, was, I think, genuinely shocked by the virulence of the attacks on his picture. Although I suspect he was being just a bit disingenuous when, on several occasions, he referred to it as a "fairy tale," the main thrust of his narrative is entirely within the tradition of the American Western. The forces of good and evil are clearly and broadly oversimplified, with virtue inevitably triumphant. The venerable theme of youth hardening into manhood under the influence of a heroic father-figure (as in Howard Hawks's *Red River*) is here reiterated about a dozen times over. Some of the scenes appear as direct quotations from Hawks and John Ford classics.

One reason, I imagine, that many of my colleagues have found *The Cowboys* so disturbing is simply that its protagonists, under Wayne's tutelage, really are *boys*, ranging from nine to fifteen years of age. It is infinitely more shocking to see kids shooting and knifing than to see the same actions performed by adults. One aspect of all this seems to have been generally overlooked, however. The boys are not killing out of revenge, nor do they take any pleasure in murdering the rustlers. They had signed on to get the herd to the railhead. If they had returned home after Dern killed Wayne, they would have remained boys; by assuming their responsibility, they became men. Given the basics of the story, the boys could hardly have turned back; to have done so would have deprived the picture of its point.

Some have charged Rydell with irresponsibility (at the very least). What they are really demanding is a foresight that could predict, two years before the release of his picture, the worsening conditions in our society that have made *The Cowboys* such a touchy subject; what they choose to ignore is the skill with which he has made patently unpalatable material touch his critics. Nor can I help wondering whether, if the star had been George C. Scott, instead of the politically controversial John Wayne, their response would have been the same. □

"Hadley has a lot more to learn about ecology."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RELIVE THE GOLDEN AGE OF SWING WITH

BIG BANDS REVISITED

77 OF THE GREATEST HITS OF OUR TIME IN ONE GREAT COLLECTION.

Now, in your own home, you can thrill once again to 77 of the greatest hits of all time. The original performances . . . as recorded back in the '30s and '40s by the Big Bands and Top Vocalists who made them famous. All on 7 of the most fabulous records you've ever spun on your phono.

It's BIG BANDS REVISITED . . . a monumental collection of never-to-be-forgotten performances. If you're old enough to remember bobby sox and scuffed white bucks, you'll remember every one of these performances as the music you listened to, danced to, and made love to.

Hear the big sounds of big bands like Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and so many others. And the great vocalists who first became popular singing with the big bands: Peggy Lee, Frank Sinatra, Doris Day, Bing Crosby, Fran Warren and others. They're all original, all great, all in BIG BANDS REVISITED. And all enhanced by Columbia Records' "Dynamic Dimension Sound" electronically re-recorded to simulate today's amazingly full, rich, modern stereophonic fidelity.

A COLUMBIA MUSICAL TREASURY

77 ORIGINAL RECORDINGS ON SEVEN 12" LONG-PLAYING RECORDS

ONLY $16.95

plus postage and handling

Also available in 3 twin-pack cassettes and 3 twin-pack 8-track cartridges. Your choice . . . only $21.95 each plus postage and handling.

Yes, all the fabulous hits of the never-to-be-forgotten Swing Era now can be yours in BIG BANDS REVISITED. The rare items . . . the impossible-to-get recordings . . . the once-in - a - lifetime performances you've always wanted for your record collection. Own them . . . enjoy them . . . over and over again.

BIG BANDS REVISITED is not available in any store. You can only get this fabulous 7-record set through the mail. So order yours . . . today!

UNIQUE INDEX SLIP CASE!

BIG BANDS REVISITED is packaged in a handsome library case with an inner slip case. Each of the 7 records is individually contained in a protective sleeve. A handy index lets you locate any selection in an instant!

Here are some of the all-time hits you'll be listening to:

"SWING KINGS" GLENN MILLER I Got Rhythm; BENNY GOODMAN Jersey Bounce; LIONEL HAMPTON How High the Moon; GENE KRUPA Let Me Off Uptown; WOODY HERMAN Caldonia; ARTIE SHAW Nightmare; COUNT BASIE One O'Clock Jump; GENE KRUPA Drumboogie; CHARLIE BARNET Skyliner; DUKE ELLINGTON Take the "A" Train.

"MEN WITH A HORN" HARRY JAMES Trumpet Blues; CLYDE McCOY Sugar Blues; RUSS MORGAN Does Your Heart Beat for Me; CHARLIE SPIVAK My Devotion; GENE KRUPA WITH CHARLIE VENTURA Yesterdays; TOMMY AND JIMMY DORSEY Moonlight in Vermont; BUNNY BERIGAN I Can't Get Started; HENRY BUSSE Hot Lips; BENNY GOODMAN Sing, Sing, Sing; TOMMY AND JIMMY DORSEY I Should Care; BUNNY BERIGAN Dixieland Shuffle.

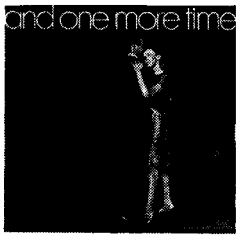
"SPOTLIGHT ON VOCAL" BENNY GOODMAN WITH PEGGY LEE All I Need Is You; LES BROWN WITH DORIS DAY Sentimental Journey; GUY LOMBARDO WITH BING CROSBY You're Getting to Be a Habit With Me; HARRY JAMES WITH HELEN FORREST Skylark; HARRY JAMES WITH FRANK SINATRA All Or Nothing At All; HARRY JAMES WITH DICK HAYMES I'll Get By; ORRIN TUCKER WITH WEE BONNIE BAKER Oh, Johnny, Oh Johnny, Oh; HAL KEMP With Plenty of Money and You; CLAUDE THORNHILL WITH FRAN WARREN A Sunday Kind of Love.

"SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE PARTY" CHARLIE SPIVAK Autumn Nocturne; HAL McINTYRE I Get a Kick Out of You; LES BROWN I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm; DUKE ELLINGTON Perdido; JIMMY DORSEY Manhattan; DUKE ELLINGTON Mood Indigo; LES BROWN Leap Frog; WOODY HERMAN Early Autumn; RAY NOBLE-Goodnight Sweetheart.

"SOUNDS HAPPY" RAYMOND SCOTT In an 18th Century Drawing Room; KAY KYSER Three Little Fishies; HORACE HEIDT Ti-Pi-Tin; THE MODERNAIRES Juke Box Saturday Night; COUNT BASIE Taps Miller; ORRIN TUCKER Billy; WILL BRADLEY Celery Stalks at Midnight; RAYMOND SCOTT Toy Trumpet; TONY PASTOR Indian Love Call.

"ON THE SENTIMENTAL SIDE" KAY KYSER Ferry Boat Serenade; SAMMY KAYE The Three Bells; FREDDY MARTIN April in Paris; EDDY HOWARD I Don't Know Why (I Just Do); FRANKIE MASTERS Scatterbrain; GLEN GRAY For You; LIONEL HAMPTON Stardust; ABE LYMAN Charmaine; HENRY BUSSE Jealous.

"MOSTLY PIANO" FRANKIE CARLE 12th Street Rag; EDDY DUCHIN My Melancholy Baby; WILL BRADLEY Beat Me Daddy (Eight to the Bar); ELLIOT LAWRENCE Five O'Clock Shadow; FRANKIE CARLE Chopin's Polonaise in Boogie; COUNT BASIE Red Bank Boogie; FRANKIE CARLE Sunrise Serenade; CLAUDE THORNHILL Snowfall; TEDDY WILSON Blues in C-Sharp Minor.



FREE! 12" LP RECORD (or cassette), (or 8-track cartridge)

"AND ONE MORE TIME"

Just mail the coupon now and we'll include, absolutely free of any charge or obligation, this exciting collection of 10 more hits of the Swing Era: HARRY JAMES — You Made Me Love You; BENNY GOODMAN — Let's Dance; EDDIE DUCHIN — Three O'Clock in the Morning; SAMMY KAYE — Melody of Love; KAY KYSER — Who Wouldn't Love You; LES BROWN — Twilight Time; HAL KEMP — Got a Date With an Angel; WOODY HERMAN — Woodchopper's Ball; GENE KRUPA — Boogie Blues; XAVIER CUGAT — Walter Winchell Rhumba.

JLP INDUSTRIES INC. Dept. 124, 75 East 45th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me the Big Bands Revisited checked below. I understand I may return the item for a prompt and complete refund if not delighted.

	Price	Postage and Handling	Total
☐ 7 record set	$16.95	.90	$
☐ 3 twin pack cassettes	$21.95	.85	$
☐ 3 twin pack 8-track cartridges	$21.95	.85	$
Total Order			$
Sales tax (N.Y. residents only)			$
Total Enclosed			$

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorial

When Growth Becomes Cancerous

Growth is the only evidence of life.
Cardinal Newman, in
"Apologia pro Vita Sua"

How unexceptionable those words seemed only a relatively short while ago. Now we can hardly help wondering whether Cardinal Newman's maxim will not have to be rewritten to read: "Continued growth is a sentence of global death." That, at least, is the thrust of two reports recently released by prestigious groups in London and Rome. The two:

A Blueprint for Survival, issued in January by thirty-three British scientists and philosophers, maintains that "the principal defect of the industrial way of life with its ethos of expansion is that it is not sustainable." Without a halt in the exponential growth of industrial society, the study warns, life as we know it will end "in a succession of famines, epidemics, social crises, and wars." While *Blueprint* calls for a society that "would depend not on expansion but on stability," it adds: "This does not mean to say that [such a society] would be stagnant—indeed it could well afford more variety than does the state of uniformity at present being imposed by the pursuit of technological efficiency."

The Limits of Growth, published last week by the Potomac Associates of Washington, D.C., forecasts a worldwide collapse within a century unless the growth of population and industry is halted and a "global equilibrium" is established. The report was issued under the auspices of the Club of Rome, an international group of scientists, economists, and industrialists concerned with the quality of life, as the first phase of its Project on the Predicament of Mankind. Using computer models created at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the authors concluded: "Our attempts to use even the most optimistic estimates of the benefits of technology did not in any case postpone the collapse beyond the year 2100."

Both studies marshal chilling statistics to underscore man's predicament. *Blueprint*, for example, notes that, with some 500,000 man-made chemicals in use, entire ecosystems may be endangered in ways that we cannot even imagine; no fewer than 280 species of mammals and 350 of birds are already threatened with extinction. To those who insist that man's survival "is surely more important than that of an eagle or a primrose," the report says, "we repeat that Homo sapiens himself depends on the continued resilience of those ecological networks of which eagles and primroses are integral parts." *The Limits of Growth*, for its part, notes that, if the world's population continues to grow at its present rate, it will have doubled to seven billion by the year 2003—and we will have run out of farmland.

Is all of this mere overstatement—doomsday prophecies by latter-day Malthusians? Some experts think so. They challenge the MIT computer models as distorted, or riddled with insufficient data, or both. They point out that technology, for all the harm it has done, has also come up repeatedly with substitutes for dwindling raw materials. They note that man, for all the damage *he* has done, is not without resources, particularly the ability to bring about change. The British magazine *Nature* wrote, in response to *Blueprint*: "Those who prophesy disaster a century or more from now and ask for apocalyptic remedies overlook the way in which important social changes have historically been effected by the accumulation of more modest humane innovations."

One of the more cogent criticisms of the two reports has been leveled by Yale's Henry C. Wallich, an economist. "To stop growing now, generations before the real problems of growth arise, if ever, would be to commit suicide for fear of remote death," Wallich wrote recently in *The New York Times*. If the intention were to freeze world output and therefore world income, he went on, that would mean keeping the poor, including those in underdeveloped countries, "frozen into their inadequacies." If the idea were to solve that problem by equalizing incomes, that would mean "drastic cuts in upper-income standards to bring them down to the average American family income of about $10,000, to say nothing of a cut to average world income."

Then, too, there is the issue raised by Elliot L. Richardson, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. During a recent symposium on the Club of Rome report, Richardson noted that drastic regulations would undoubtedly have to be imposed to slow or halt growth, and he voiced the hope that "the destruction of our liberties and freedom" would not ensue. Yet it is hard to see how truly effective measures could be implemented without the surrender of important liberties.

As for precisely what measures might be adopted, the two reports are rather vague. *The Limits of Growth* calls for stabilizing population and industrial capacity; reducing pollution and the consumption of raw materials; recycling resources and restoring eroded land; and continuing to shift the emphasis from the consumption of manufactured goods to the consumption of food and the utilization of services. Excellent suggestions, but not very easy to carry out. Imagine how difficult it would be, for instance, to persuade the poorer nations to accept the notion of "semidevelopment" rather than the full development toward which they have usually aimed (though only seldom with much success).

There may be exaggeration in the *Blueprint*; we may have more time to rescue this planet from our excesses than *The Limits of Growth* would lead us to believe. But we cannot be sure precisely how much time is left. The Italian industrialist Aurelio Peccei, head of the Club of Rome, has expressed the hope that the group's report will open "a new phase of awareness, inquiry, and finally political action." If it achieves only that much, it can be counted a success.

Ronald P. Kriss

Novel Ways of Paying for a Party

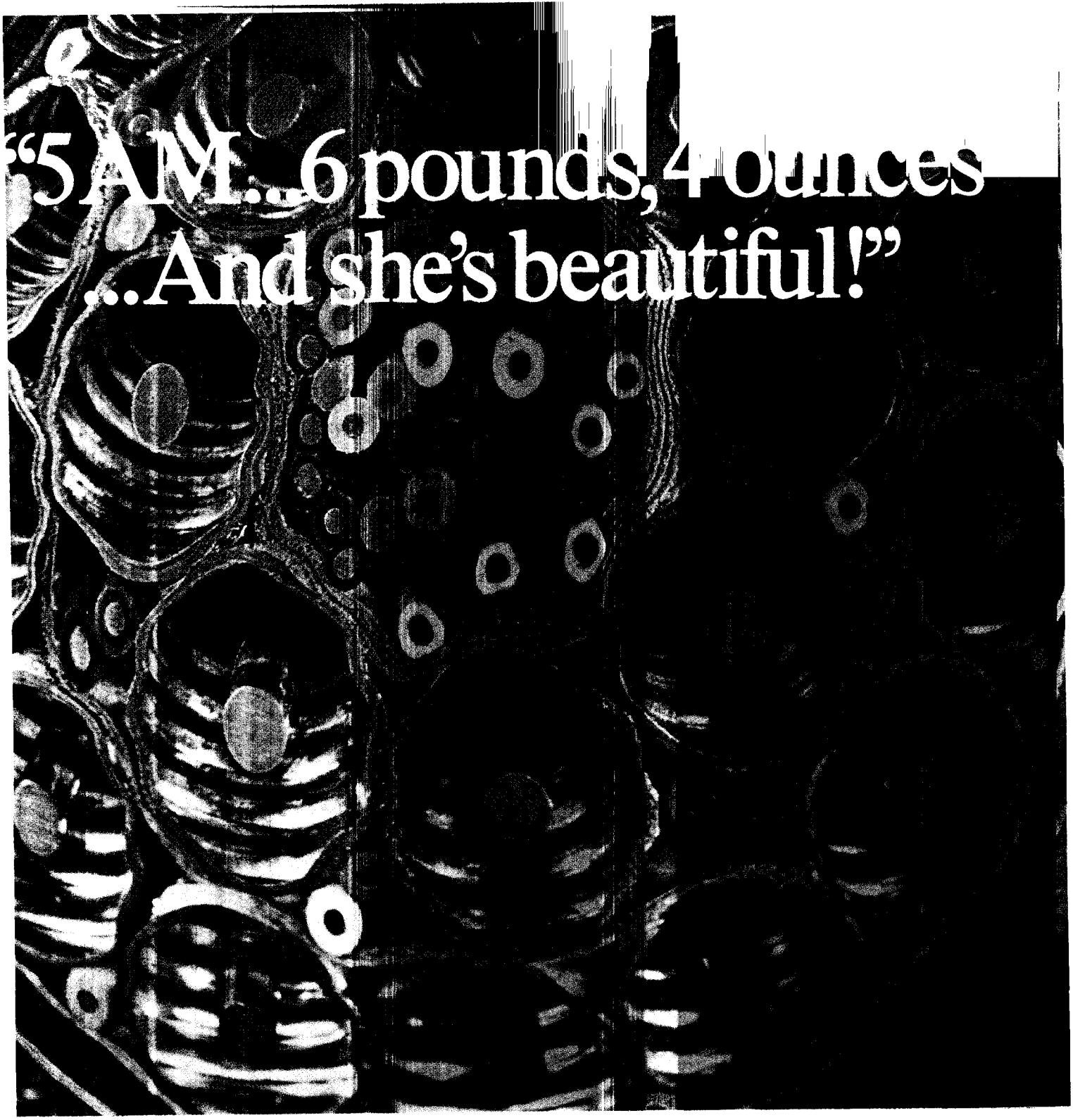
The allegation that the International Telephone and Telegraph Company wriggled out of three antitrust suits by getting one of its subsidiaries to underwrite a sizable share of the expenses for the 1972 Republican Convention in San Diego raises all sorts of intriguing possibilities.

Perhaps polluters who are being prosecuted for dumping noisome effluents into the Hudson or the Mississippi could arrange to have the charges dropped by paying all expenses for some political party's convention aboard a well-appointed riverboat. Maybe California's Democratic Party could spring Charles Manson from prison in exchange for the use of the Spahn Ranch for its next get-together; considering the parlous shape of the state party—and "parlous" is a gentle word for a party that includes under one roof such diverse types as Sam Yorty, Joseph Alioto, and Jesse Unruh—nowhere less remote would do.

And why couldn't New York's Mayor John Lindsay try a reverse twist—inducing both the Republicans and the Democrats to underwrite his huge municipal budget by promising never, never to promote his not-so-fair city as the site of a national political convention?

R.P.K.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"5 AM...6 pounds, 4 ounces ...And she's beautiful!"

There are lots of babies born every minute. Followed by lots of happy phone calls. And we've come up with a new kind of cable to handle all of them. In fact, it can carry 90,000 two-way telephone conversations. All at the same time. That's some 60,000 more than the previous cable.

This new cable is not only more efficient, it's also stronger and more flexible. And all this with less than half the copper needed for the old kind.

We're Western Electric — at the heart of the Bell System. And making things that help deliver good news is one of our specialties.

Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

REPRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Texaco announces some good news for all living things on this earth.

If man continues to let pollution go unchecked, all of us, even creatures in the most faraway forests, will one day feel its effects. So, for all living things on this earth, Texaco would like to announce some good news concerning our environment.

At Texaco, we've created a new department for environmental protection. It's made up of Texaco people who are dedicated to finding ways to protect the earth, the air, and the water. This department will guide the Company's continuing efforts to help protect the environment, while Texaco provides the petroleum energy people need. We're all aware of the problems of pollution. We hope teaming up all our experience will help us find practical solutions.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRELAND

Religious War—or Class Struggle?

BY MIRIAM REIK

Ulster's mini-civil war—let us call it by its right name—is being fought between Catholic and Protestant, but the central issues are secular, even when cloaked in the powerful rhetoric of a religious crusade. There is doubtlessly an element of religious fanaticism in Ireland and a great deal of bigotry, but when one Northern Irishman bashes in the head of another, he is not really trying to change his neighbor's mind about the Pope or the doctrine of the Real Presence. The divisions in Irish society were first established in a time of religious warfare, and the historical experience of the island has steadily deepened those divisions that carried a terminology—Catholic and Protestant—that is no longer appropriate.

Besides obscuring the issues, the labels Protestant and Catholic make the sides seem more monolithic than they are. It is true that Ulster is so polarized by now that not much room is left for the middle ground, but the split is not a neat one. Both sides have a mess of parties, splinter groups, semisecret associations, and wholly illegal or quasi-legal armed groups within their blocs. In Ireland, politics breeds factions like rabbits, and they all fall in and out of alliances with one another at a mad rate. All these factions appeal to history for sanctions or for a hero or two, and this makes the lines between historical interpretation, political invective, and religious exhortation razor-thin at times. "Remember 1690," a slogan plastered all over Ulster, is all at once a curse on Catholics, a particular reading of history, and a reminder to vote the Unionist ticket. Children in Protestant schools learn that William of Orange was Ulster's savior; republican offspring think Wolfe Tone a martyr (though he happened to be a Protestant); and the new generations of the civil rights workers will be fed the socialism of James Connolly with their pabulum. These conflicting historical traditions combine religion and politics into a potent mixture that leads to petrol-bomb warfare in Ulster faster than anywhere else in the world.

Ulster today is a victim as much of historical precedent as of events of the moment. William of Orange (above) drove a Catholic army out of Ireland in 1690 and is revered as a Protestant saint.

England lost its chance to make Ireland a permanent appendage back in the twelfth century when the first Anglo-Norman knights set their mailed feet on Irish soil and overwhelmed the pastoral Irish tribesmen. Had the English completed the conquest then, Irish history might have taken a wholly different turn. As it was, for the next four centuries the English were usually too busy with other wars to assert their power in Ireland. England found the time for a reconquest only when it was already too late. The Reformation had come, and it was a Protestant monarch, Elizabeth I, who invaded a Catholic Ireland in an age of savage sectarian wars. It was then, in the seventeenth century, that Ireland's fate was fixed.

Before the calamitous seventeenth century ended, Ireland was conquered yet again, and its conquest is celebrated by the annual Orange parades in Ulster. James II, deposed by an English Parliament that feared his Catholicism, came to Ireland to raise an army with which to regain his throne. The two events commemorated by the parades are the lifting of his siege at Derry and his later defeat by William of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690. King Billy is revered by Protestants for saving Ulster from the papist forces—they do not like to be reminded that the Pope, for good reasons of his own, supported the Protestant William, not the Catholic James. William's settlement finally fixed the special significance of the seventeenth century for modern Ulster. There was more forfeiture of land—virtually all that remained in Catholic hands—plus the malicious Penal Laws, a code that ensured that no Catholic would accumulate property or power, receive a higher education, or ever, ever rise in society.

In this welter of events, the tribal lines that once separated the natives from one another were dissolved and the people were united by their common hatred of the colonists. They could therefore begin to grow together into a true nation. But because they were dispossessed, this potential nation, at the very moment of its birth, became Ireland's ragged tenant class instead. Ever since, this subterranean nation has repeatedly struggled to express its identity in the form of political power and self-government. It has been consistently thwarted by England and the Ulster colonists, and this, in part, is what Northern Ireland's troubles are all about. It is absolutely basic to nationalistic factions such as the Irish Republican Army that they know they are Irish, while the Protestants know that they themselves are not. What exactly they *are* remains uncertain, even among themselves, for while they are not Irish and are fierce British patriots, neither are they English. It is the familiar identity problem of the colonist. Were Ireland an African island and its natives black, no one would doubt that Ulster's troubles show the classical symptoms of a colonial struggle. But because Ireland is next door to England and its natives are white, it is somehow regarded as a more natural part of the British domain, like Scotland or Wales, and its chaos is then seen as a bizarre, anachronistic theological combat. It was only by virtue

Miriam Reik, a dropout professor from Temple University, has written extensively on international affairs and has made several trips to Northern Ireland.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of seventeenth-century circumstances that interwove nationality with religion that the distinction between native and colonist came to be symbolized in the difference between Catholic and Protestant, but that distinction has remained a deep fissure that reaches into and splits every aspect of Irish society.

The Orange parades are therefore not simply celebrations of the victory of Protestant Truth over Romish Heresy. They are meant to symbolize the conquest of an inferior people by a superior one and the Williamite establishment of the Protestant Ascendancy.

Most of the Orange marchers are working-class people, and this makes Ulster's Protestant Ascendancy one of the most peculiar ascendancy classes in the world. It not only includes the usual landlords, merchants, industrialists, and the like, it also has the support of large masses of the Protestant poor, and this gives the ruling minority the complexion of an oppressive majority. The Protestant poor are not bog-poor like the most impoverished of the Catholic farmers, but their lot is not much better, and they are convinced that Catholic advances would be at the expense of the little they do have. It is one of the aching misfortunes of Irish history that these lower-class Protestants have been persuaded that they participate in the ascendancy to the extent that they are slightly better off than the Catholics and are therefore somehow superior to them, rather than fellow sufferers. The thinner the economic edge a Protestant holds over his Catholic counterpart, the more threatened he feels, and consequently, by the operation of a nasty psychological law, the more bigoted he becomes. These, then, are the people who respond to the demagoguery of the Reverend Ian Paisley, leader of Ulster's Protestant bigotry, for he confirms their belief that strength lies in attacking rather than joining the Catholics, and he makes it a piety to boot. "I have hated God's enemies with a perfect hate," he said, meaning the Catholics. That this rivalry among the poor merely serves to hold wages at a minimum and lock both Protestant and Catholic into poverty seems obvious to almost everyone but the workers. It is certainly obvious to their employers, who encourage it.

That is what the other part of Northern Ireland's troubles are all about—the general breakdown of democratic processes that result from the systematic discrimination against Catholics. If the IRA has a nationalist policy in which Ireland's reunification is primary, the civil rights movement has a social policy in which unity among the poor of all faiths is primary. The movement therefore stresses such issues as housing and employment inequities and the basic social injustices of the system. It is not surprising that the movement, though determinedly nonsectarian, tends to become a Catholic movement. It merely means that the movement has fallen victim to that deep fissure in society that is always reproduced in some sectarian form in all of Ulster's political life.

When the last great Irish earls rose in revolt in the early seventeenth century, Queen Elizabeth I crushed them in a series of wars that lasted thirty years.

The fact that Dr. Paisley is the leader of Belfast's Free Presbyterian Church occasions the sad reflection that Ireland's hopes for sectarian peace once rested on the Presbyterian and other nonestablished churches (about 35 per cent of the population). In 1791 Theobald Wolfe Tone, a middle-class Protestant radical, formed the revolutionary Society of United Irishmen in Belfast, hoping to bring Ireland the egalitarian ideals of the French Revolution. His rank and file were the Catholic peasantry, but his lieutenants were mostly Ulster Presbyterians, a group that, though Protestant, was not integrated into the ascendancy and that found Tone's democratic, nonsectarian ideas attractive.

The most disturbing effect of the revolutionary turmoil in Ireland was that many of those Presbyterians and Dissenters on whom Tone had counted then moved rapidly to the right. Government troops had intimidated some. Others merely wanted a return to stability. Still others backpedaled because they were appalled by the revolutionary consequences of their own former liberalism. Many, to remove suspicion of their sympathy with the movement, joined the Orangemen, the militantly Protestant ancestor of today's Orange Order. When the Great Rebellion of 1798 failed, Tone committed suicide, and England, to gain control over the turbulent colony, absorbed it by the Act of Union of 1800. Dublin's Parliament (scandalously corrupt) agreed and, after a scant eighteen years of activity, simply voted itself and Ireland out of existence. Not until 120 years later was Ireland reborn.

The Great Rebellion, that time when Catholic and Protestant fought together for Irish liberty, thus turned into one of those bitterly failed revolts that so melancholically fill Irish memory. Intended to end sectarianism and win independence for Ireland, the Rebellion aggravated the first and, in the Act of Union, lost even the shadow of the second. The flight of many Presbyterians to a conservative right marked the beginning of their assimilation into the ascendancy structure and the disappearance of that tolerance that had formerly distinguished them from the established churchmen.

Within the next forty years, backlash turned the once liberal city of Belfast into the center of sectarian violence that it is today, with the Presbyterians in full, reactionary support of the ascendancy and the lower classes split illogically along religious lines instead of joined along economic ones. The fierce rivalry for leases existing in the countryside between Catholic and Protestant tenants was now transferred to the cities. A rivalry for jobs came about as periodic spells of dearth and famine sent hordes of the rural poor, mainly Catholic, flooding into Ulster's industrial centers. Belfast became fully one-third Catholic, and there, as in other cities, the Catholics, by their sheer numbers, caused growing disquiet among Protestants. Their willingness to work for starvation wages undercut the Protestant laborer, making Catholic weakness as objectionable as Catholic strength might have been, and the middle class feared them as it has always feared the dirty, the illiterate, and all those who have little to lose.

Protestant fears sharply increased when Daniel O'Connell, a strikingly effective orator, first organized the Catholic rural masses into a surging movement for political rights. This threat to Protestant power eroded whatever amity survived between the two faiths. A series of fanatical, but talented, anti-Catholic preachers fanned the sectarian flames and led the nonestablished churches into an alliance with the Church of Ireland, on the one hand, and with the Orange Order, on the other. This alliance of Protestant interests—embracing nearly all Protestant churches, most positions of wealth and power, and almost all classes—is still essentially with us. Under the influence of those eloquent clergymen and their vilifications and ridicule of the Catholics, Belfast experienced its first sectarian riots in 1835 and again in 1843.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

f its struggle would be obvious.

Since revolution proved exceedingly difficult in the nineteenth century (all the attempts were duds), grievances were expressed through mass violence as in the riots, or through selective terror, as in the dynamitings by the Fenians (a secret society bent on national liberation by armed revolt), or as in the boycotts and flare-ups of agrarian crime, which protested the wretched land-tenure system. Radical reform through constitutional means in the tradition of O'Connell was an alternative, and the central parliamentary issues for the rest of the century were the agrarian problems and home rule.

Gradual reform muted the land issue by the early twentieth century as the land was slowly transferred from the hands of English landlords to those of the tenants, but home rule—the demand by moderate nationalists for an independent legislature—was a more persistent problem. It was clearly understood that a truly representative Dublin Parliament would have a Catholic majority, and this caused the Protestants to link all Irish nationalism with Catholicism. They became bound to the idea of maintaining union with England as the only way to escape being engulfed by the Catholic masses.

Home rule had a cruelly complicated history, but one thing was made clear in the elections of 1885: The great majority of Irishmen wanted it, except for Ulster's Protestant counties. The extremist clergy whipped the people up about the impending calamity of papist domination ("Home Rule Is Rome Rule," Ulster placards still warn), money poured into the Orange Order, Unionist clubs sprang up all over Ireland, the monolithic Unionist Party was formed, and Ulster dug in for the next round. This came in 1912, when a very modest home rule bill was passed, to take effect in 1914. Nearly half-a-million citizens signed a Solemn League and Covenant that bound them not to recognize a home rule parliament. The Unionists formed the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF) of some 100,000 men. Arms began to flow into the northern counties, troops drilled, and there were suggestions, that Ulster would resort to a unilateral declaration of independence if pressed.

Belfast is a city whose history is pocked by civil unrest and rioting. Early in this century, the Unionists—opposed to Irish home rule—rose in revolt.

Today, the Catholic population of Belfast is the target of police and British army harassment, and that population retaliates with taunts, bricks, and, occasionally, bullets. Above, a group of young people in the Catholic sector are routed by tear gas.

The main body of moderate nationalist feeling in Ireland seemed to accept the bill, but radical nationalist groups, such as the Irish Republican Brotherhood, an heir of the Fenian tradition, and Sinn Féin, found the bill inadequate. Sinn Féin (Ourselves Alone) held that union with England had been illegal to begin with and urged Irish MPs to withdraw from Parliament. These Dublin-based radical groups replied to Ulster's UVF by forming their own Volunteers, and still a third private army was garnered from striking workers by the socialist James Connolly. Civil war seemed imminent when World War I broke out and the government put home rule on ice. The radicals, however, followed tradition and saw their opportunity in England's troubles. Connolly's small army joined the large nationalist Volunteers, and they seized central Dublin on Easter Monday, 1916. The Irish Republic was declared.

It was a terribly botched affair. Orders and counterorders got scrambled, timing was off, the people failed to rise, and after a bloody week the rebels surrendered. England did what any wartime government would have done; it promptly—and unwisely—shot the leaders. Sinn Féin's popularity immediately soared in the minds of the shocked public, and many who had been moderate home-rulers became radical separatists. Sinn Féin swept the 1918 elections and declared the first Dáil Eireann (Irish Parliament) under Eamon de Valera, a surviving 1916 commandant. But since England considered the Dáil an illegal assembly, and most of the Sinn Féiners were either in jail or being hunted, the Dáil went underground. Fierce guerrilla warfare began between the Volunteers and the Royal Irish Constabulary, later supplemented by the notorious English units, the Black-and-Tans.

Ulster's Unionists now faced the fact that opposition to any form of self-government in Ireland was a lost cause, but they wanted Ulster exempted from any home rule settlement made between Dublin and London. This exemption was substantially granted by a bill of 1920 that stipulated two parliaments in Ireland, one in Belfast and one in Dublin, both with very limited powers. The Dáil rejected it out of hand, but Ulster accepted partition unilaterally, though it reduced Ulster from the traditional nine counties to six. Of the six counties, three were heavily Protestant and Unionist, one was mixed, and two were primarily nationalist and Catholic. Had Ulster kept its other three counties, an overall Unionist majority would have been difficult to maintain and Ireland's revolution might have been completed. As it was, the London politician-cartographers drew boundaries that gave Ulster the largest amount of territory compatible with a comfortable 2-to-1 Unionist edge. That is still the Protestant-to-Catholic ratio among Ulster's 1,500,000 people, but Unionists worry about the intensive breeding habits of Catholics.

The Dáil finally accepted a separate treaty with England, but de Valera, leading a large minority and backed by an anti-Treaty faction of the national forces (then called the Irish Repub-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Throughout the centuries, Ulster's Protestants have repeatedly displayed a v

"Ireland never was so quiet as it is now" reads the caption of this 1922 cartoon, illustrating the Special Powers Act.

lican Army), opposed it and resigned. The pro-Treaty side, ensconced as the rulers of the new Irish Free State, then waged war against its erstwhile allies in 1922-23, during which the Irish proved themselves capable of inflicting brutalities on each other that were quite up to anything the British had done. The victorious pro-Treaty side formed the party now known as Fine Gael (Tribe of Gaels), which recognizes partition but which will on no account admit to liking it. Part of the anti-Treaty side under de Valera eventually formed Fianna Fáil (Soldiers of Destiny), which has never recognized partition but which lives with it by wrapping international relations in a careful ambiguity. Sinn Féin, the political arm of the IRA, has always refused to seat its MPs on the grounds that, because of partition, the Irish Parliament is invalid. There we may leave the south as it began building its singularly counter-revolutionary, capitalistic state, free in name but profoundly linked to England through its economy.

Meanwhile, within a few years after partition, Ulster developed the whole political apparatus so characteristic of it today. The new state had first to establish its security. In 1920 civil war and sectarian violence still raged as members of the UVF looted and drove Catholic families from their homes, and nationalists made reprisals. To help the regular police restore order, England raised an armed Special Constabulary. The "B" Specials, a part-time citizens force of about 10,000 men, kept their weapons at home and were recruited largely from the UVF —the very people whose rampaging they were supposed to stop. The force, particularly hated by the Catholics, was disbanded in 1969 to appease public opinion, and a new group, the Ulster Defense Regiment, was raised in its place. Curiously enough, many of the UDR men seem to be the old "B" Specials in new uniforms, a fact that has gone far to discredit government promises of reforms.

The police forces have immense powers under the Special Powers Act, which was originally devised to deal with IRA activists in 1922. When invoked, the act allows arrest on suspicion of endangering the state, indefinite confinement without trial (and in Ulster that can mean years and years), searching without warrants, suspension of habeas corpus, and almost anything else. The Prime Minister of South Africa was so taken by it that he offered to trade all of his own country's repressive legislation for that one little act. It has always been used primarily to suppress Catholic agitation, as it is being used now under the government's internment policy.

The power of the vote no less than the instruments of force rests firmly in Protestant hands. Ulster's political history since partition is therefore excessively simple. The first government was overwhelmingly Unionist, and it has just stayed that way ever since. The Unionist Party is powerfully supported by the Orange Order, though outsiders find it difficult to believe how much weight the order carries because of all its hocus-pocus of secret rites, elaborate symbols, and extravagant titles. Yet Unionists who don't belong to the order have trouble getting nominations, and the Unionist council, the party's central committee, reserves a sixth of its membership for the order.

The Unionist Party consolidated its control by abolishing proportional representation in local elections and by such gerrymandering that local councils are often Unionist even when its supporters are a distinct minority. Since local councils control housing, Unionists can also manipulate voting patterns by population distribution, putting Catholics where their votes will be wasted, and using Protestant votes to maximum effect. Derry (Londonderry on Unionists' maps) is a flash point for riots, because the system worked so brazenly there: The city is 70 per cent Catholic, but until recently its council was composed of twelve Unionists and eight Nationalists, a feat accomplished by literally stacking Catholic families in one district.

Finally, local councils control many government jobs, and the religion of an applicant for them or other employment is easily identified by the school he went to. Belfast's industrial mainstay, the Harland and Wolff shipyards, offers an example of this selective process. The shipyards employ 10,000 people, of whom 500 are Catholics, though Belfast is one-third Catholic. Everywhere in Ulster's Catholic areas, able-bodied but unemployed men loiter on the streets looking forward to what could easily be half a lifetime of joblessness and welfare doles, and many emigrate to escape. Unionists approve since emigration helps to stabilize the Catholic population.

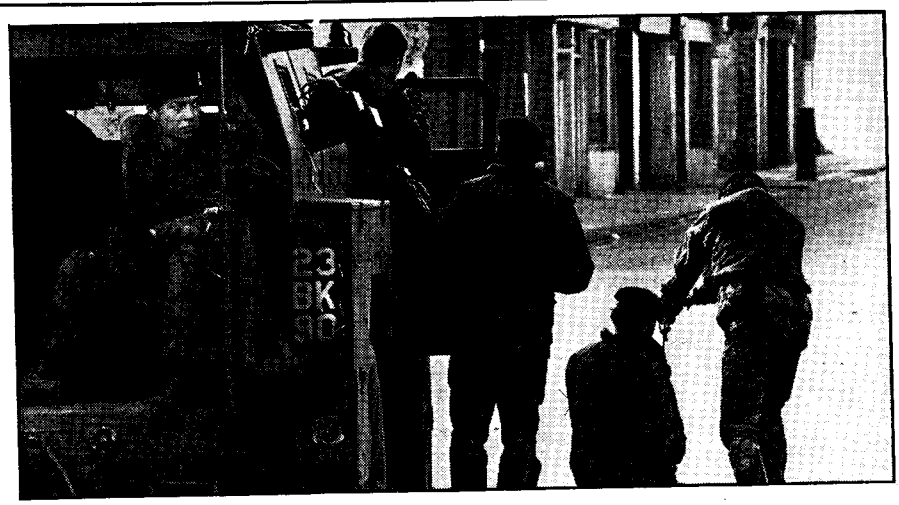
In many ways, Ulster's present crisis is a replay of the nineteenth-century riots, but there are new wrinkles in the plot. In 1963 Capt. Terence O'Neill became Prime Minister, bringing with him a certain hopeful aura. He was a deft politician and a moderate as Unionists go, a member of the gentry who was offended by the grosser displays of religious bigotry. This harmonized with the ecumenical winds blowing out of Rome and with certain liberal English influences. A rapprochement was also pending between the two Irish governments, and in 1965 O'Neill met with the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Sean Lemass, to discuss such things as trade agreements.

A hardly noticed cloud in the picture was the Paisleyite phenomenon. When the Archbishop of Canterbury visited the Pope in the spirit of religious amity, Paisley promptly called him a traitor; then there was his famous trip to Rome during which he handed out anti-papal pamphlets. Ecumenism, a creeping form of popery to him, was joined in his mind to republicanism by way of Catholicism, and this led him to become increasingly political until he provoked an attack on a Republican club that ended in a riot. The unemployed, the small manufacturers and farmers, the declining classes who listened to him felt that they shared his alienation from those in power and from the strange new world in which the Pope

The "B" Specials, a part-time citizen force recruited in 1920 to help police put down Catholic rioters, were a ruthless regiment that used their arms indiscriminately to restore their ideal of order.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tential for backlash.



The British troops sent to Ulster to aid police in establishing law and order quickly lost their neutral status in the eyes of the Catholics, who claimed the soldiers raided only their neighborhoods.

and the Irish Republic were becoming respectable. No one represented so forcefully their feeling that the Catholics had become a threatening foreign population (they had been "interfering in Ulster," he said), and he offered, with passionate directness, to pay the fare of any Catholic who would leave Northern Ireland.

Aside from Paisleyites, a number of extremist groups sprang up, the best known of which is the Ulster Volunteer Force (UVF, named after the 1913 UVF, which opposed home rule). In 1966 the UVF declared war on the then quiescent IRA. When the UVF carried out a series of murders, O'Neill outlawed it as "a sordid conspiracy of criminals." No one knows exactly how large the UVF is, but it is known to be well-armed, if only because there are an enormous number of licensed weapons in Ulster (virtually all in Protestant hands) and an extraordinary number of gun clubs for a region not given to shooting as a sport.

Aside from trying to dampen the extremists, O'Neill had to deal with the increasingly noisy civil rights movement—a wide variety of groups that have in common their wish to extend civil rights in Ulster and that are mostly organized under the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA). Since civil rights discrimination is mostly along sectarian lines, the Unionists easily associated the movement with the old enemies, Catholicism and republicanism. In this Paisley also excelled. Whipping up backlash by his sustained rhetorical assaults, he confronted growing civil rights demonstrations with increasingly tumultuous Paisleyite counterdemonstrations. By 1969 Paisley had gained enough political punch to contest O'Neill in the general elections, and he came joltingly close to winning. As a liberal Protestant clergyman told me, "At first, we thought he was a joke. Now he's a menace."

No one knew that better than O'Neill, whose position was unenviable. Ulster's rioting, particularly the brutal behavior of the constabulary, had received wide international coverage, and Harold Wilson's Labour government was putting heavy pressure on O'Neill to tidy up the image by granting some reforms. So O'Neill kept making promises that he couldn't fulfill, because each promise caused renewed backlash. The aroused right wing of his party was in revolt as well. The Minister of Home Affairs, William Craig, had to be dumped when he began making sounds about a separate Ulster, and the Minister of Commerce, Brian Faulkner, together with the Minister of Health, resigned when O'Neill murmured about a few reforms. The hard-liners wanted order restored, not by concessions, but by strenuous applications of the billy club to Catholic heads.

Paisley is sometimes depicted as locked in combat with Bernadette Devlin, but that is an oversimplification. Devlin, like Paisley, has had a magnificent press. A twenty-one-year-old coed who becomes an MP, who is a plucky fighter and a dashing champion of the underprivileged, makes irresistible copy, but her reputation in America far outstrips her actual influence in Ulster. The party with which she is associated, People's Democracy (PD), began as a university-based group and moved steadily left under the pressure of events until it emerged as the most radical in the civil rights movement. In 1969, when the more cautious elements of the movement wanted to slow down and see if O'Neill's promises of reform would be kept, PD opted for continuing pressure, and organized a march from Belfast to Derry. A Paisleyite mob called the Loyal Citizens of Ulster ambushed the marchers at Derry's Burntollet Bridge with bottles, stones, and wooden cudgels with nails driven through the ends. That one incident decisively lifted Ulster's level of violence, and some eighty marchers were treated in the hospital. Soon thereafter, Miss Devlin won the election for a seat in Westminster, there to pursue PD's goal of uniting the working classes of Ulster across sectarian lines into a proletariat coalition against Unionism.

Although Burntollet and other incidents sharply emphasized the sectarian side of the conflict and worked against PD's interdenominational aim, things have changed recently. Since Miss Devlin assaulted Home Secretary Maudling in Parliament last month, she is probably the most popular political figure in Ireland, and almost any Catholic will vote for her. But she is still left without a feasible program or party organization. In time, the working classes were duly radicalized, to be sure, but radicalized toward NICRA (which has grown rapidly) or toward the revitalized IRA, not toward a workers coalition.

As the situation deteriorated, O'Neill could no longer keep the right wing of his party under control and simultaneously satisfy Harold Wilson's impatient demand for reforms, so he resigned. His successor, Maj. James D. Chichester-Clark, did no better, and serious rioting was again sparked by the Orange parades. The rioting had two momentous effects: First, British troops were called in to restore order. Catholics welcomed the troops as protection from armed Protestant mobs. The constabulary was no protection whatever (sometimes it joined the rioters), only one or two antique guns had turned up to shield the Catholics, and the IRA was nowhere in sight.

The second great effect of the riots was to cause an upheaval within the almost totally discredited IRA, which had been inactive since the early 1960s. For some years, Marxist radicals had been joining the IRA and Marxist groups cooperated with it on a limited basis, though they were more oriented toward social and political programs than the traditional IRA men, who clung to their military tactics. At the January 1970 *Ard-Fheis* (annual meeting), the traditional faction walked out, claiming that the process of "infiltration and take-over" by "radical groups" had undermined the basic tenets of republicanism, led to military unpreparedness, and had consequently left them unarmed when events es-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

calated in Ulster. The remaining delegates, the Official IRA as they came to be called, responded by saying that the others, the Provisional IRA (or Provos), were reactionary. The two IRAs (and Sinn Féins) went their separate ways. The Officials worked largely through Ulster's civil rights movement on the theory that society needed further democratization before an armed offensive could be considered, and the Provos went to work rearming. It was anyone's guess, when a bank or post office was robbed, whether the money would go for Provo or UVF guns, but either way it was always for guns.

The Catholics regained faith in the IRA slowly at first, more rapidly as hope in other alternatives was lost. Over the years since partition, Ulster Catholics had to some extent lost touch with southern Ireland. Their republican fervor was also diminished by the fact that Ulster is far in advance of the republic in social services. If one must be unemployed, and there is much hard-core unemployment all over Ireland, Catholics wondered if it might not be better to be unemployed with more rather than with less welfare. As late as the summer of 1970, many Catholics would have settled for a little peace, but the fact that Heath had by then formed a Conservative government in England (the party traditionally sympathetic to the Unionists) soured the outlook. A decisive disillusionment that summer came when the British troops also disqualified themselves as a neutral peace-keeping force by initiating full-scale raids in Catholic neighborhoods, and *only* Catholic neighborhoods, in search of arms. Carried out in an incredibly ham-handed way, the raids left the Catholics feeling utterly helpless again. There was a precipitous use of tear gas, indiscriminate arrests, some wanton looting and destruction of property, including, most unforgivably, religious objects. A Catholic whose week's wages were stolen or whose home was turned into a shambles was already half-radicalized. Almost overnight, housewives who used to scuttle out to offer the soldiers tea as if they were friendly neighborhood cops now compared them to the Black-and-Tans and sent their sons out to paint "NO TEA" (practically a declaration of war in Ireland) on the walls.

Renewed IRA activity also stirred up the south. Until then, the Irish in the republic took surprisingly little interest in Ulster's crisis. While anyone who was at all respectable still stood for reunification of the island, no one who was very respectable would dream

The legacy of hate, born half-a-dozen centuries ago, is passed faithfully from generation to generation, and the children of Ulster are the current heirs.

of doing much about it. Besides, Dublin's population is as cheerfully conservative as any in the world, and the whole civil rights movement baffled them. The IRA, on the other hand, was something that everyone understood. That summer, when two Cabinet ministers were dropped because of alleged complicity in Provo gun-running, things became comfortably familiar again, if not downright operatic. The old republican issue began to grip them again, especially after two more ministers resigned, one out of sympathy, the other because of "failing health."

The ministers, both of the right wing of the ruling Fianna Fáil party, were rumored to have been trying to kindle the substantial potential for militant republicanism among the huge rural population and thus snatch party control from its present Taoiseach (Prime Minister), Jack Lynch. Honest Jack, as he is sometimes called, has since been engaged in a juggling act between his right wing and the British that is almost a parody of the struggle in the Unionist Party. For outlawed organizations, both IRAs have remarkably free rein, mostly because repressing them would topple the government. Tacit approval of the Provos is in the Taoiseach's interest too, because it keeps the IRA split, and no government wants a unified private army on its soil. Moreover, Lynch wants nothing to do with the Officials' idea of uniting the proletariat on both sides of the border, which would fell his government. Above all, no matter how outraged he manages to sound, he must stop short of actual intervention in Ulster since he is not about to take on the British army or ruin the republic's crucial economic relations with Britain. Lynch has kept alive on a generous distribution of lip-service to everyone.

Major Chichester-Clark was less lucky. The Provos were carrying on a brisk bombing campaign and had begun to shoot soldiers, which eventually forced the Officials to shoot soldiers as well—apparently they did not want to appear less committed. The soldiers were shooting back and hitting almost anyone. The Unionist hardliners sent Chichester-Clark to Heath for approval of tougher measures, but while Heath gave him more troops he was still abiding by his truce with Wilson to keep Ireland a bipartisan issue by not doing anything unconscionably repressive. Chichester-Clark resigned in the spring of 1971, out of what seemed like sheer exasperation, and Brian Faulkner, a right-winger, won the party election for Prime Minister. The event was fantastically reported in American newspapers as a triumph of moderation, probably because Protestant crowds had stood outside Stormont in the rain and chanted for the still more rabid hardliner William Craig. Faulkner did indeed make some speeches about the virtues of moderation, but he was simultaneously putting noted anti-Catholics in his Cabinet and getting Mr. Heath to approve of more rigorous measures. It was under Heath/Faulkner that troops were permitted to use automatic instead of single-shot fire, and it was under them that the policy of internment was initiated.

Internment and the freer use of firearms by an army serving in an unnerving situation may go down in history as the policies that doomed Union-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ism. In oppressive societies, it is always hard to tell whether an outlaw is a thug, a Robin Hood, or a crackpot, and one of the effects of internment and such incidents as Bloody Sunday is to make the distinction more or less irrelevant. Whole communities moving outside the law are no longer thugs, Robin Hoods, or crackpots but a potential revolution. Catholics are now demonstrating massively that they reject the authority of the state by joining ever larger protests, by refusing to pay rents and utilities bills, by cooperating with NICRA and the two IRAs (if only they could aim better and stop blowing up children and other Catholics by mistake, it would be easier). Housewives bang loudly on ash-can tops when patrols are coming, and their sons join the IRA as quickly as internment scoops up others in its endless mopping-up operation. Citizens groups, aided by the IRA, have mostly taken over the jobs of the police and courts for the Catholics. When the men are carted off, women take leading roles in these groups, and a spontaneous form of Women's Lib may be coming into being as a result.

For many Catholics, their major goals had been a parliament that would represent them adequately and more social equality; reunification was secondary. But since their faith in any political processes within a Unionist state has been shattered, there has been an upsurge of nationalist feeling that accounts for the cooperation between the IRA and NICRA. The early achievement of the nationalists in getting candidates into Stormont and beginning to build an effective parliamentary opposition has thus become pretty useless; people don't believe in debates anymore. The opposition MPs have left Parliament and organized an "alternative assembly" and will not even consider talks with the Unionists until internment ends.

Various finales to Ulster's drama have been proposed, all of them bristling with difficulties: Faulkner is convinced that the restoration of order is the nub of the problem and that a solid dose of coercion would reduce things (i.e., Catholics) to the *status quo ante;* Craig thinks that the English will desert Ulster; he is organizing the forces of Orange resistance; Paisley seems to believe that Ulster will fight and fall, and he is trimming his sails accordingly. He is sprouting a new kind of social demagoguery designed to line up the Protestant lower classes behind him against the well-heeled Unionists (who will presumably go down), and he apparently hopes to emerge as the spokesman for the Protestant masses when

The presence of British troops in Northern Ireland has been far more the rule than the exception since partition was ordered. Above are the hated "Black and Tans."

the dust finally settles. On the other side, many civil rights workers favor direct rule from London on the assumption that the whole Orange-Unionist system of patronage will collapse when Stormont is abolished. Official Sinn Féiners, however, would find that a step backward. With theoretical purity, they point out that old-style colonial rule would merely be replacing slightly more subtle neocolonial rule. The Provos, no matter what happens, aim to show that no government is viable as long as the wretched border exists. Lynch, meanwhile, is merely hanging onto his seat with all his might, trusting that when the storm blows over he will still be there.

A difficulty in all these scenarios is that no one really knows who will be negotiating with whom when the time comes. Lynch will probably have little to say since England slaps his wrists every time he does say something. It is certain that any solution ultimately depends on London, and Heath is under pressure to take over Ulster's entire security now, on the theory that the troops would then again be accepted as a neutral force. But no one believes that this would be more than an interim measure, and there is the ugly possibility that it would have the reverse effect. Heath is presently unprepared either to back Faulkner fully by more repressive measures (the Labour Party would howl) or simply to throw up the whole miserable mess by withdrawing; neither does he want to maintain a huge garrison in Ulster. He will therefore try to come to some kind of accommodation with all parties so that the troops can evacuate while leaving Ulster as intact as possible. Substantial reforms would have to be wrenched out of Stormont. The point beyond which Ulster will not go in making reforms and the minimum that the Catholics will accept would have to be hashed out at the conference table. The trouble is that these maximum and minimum points may not be the same. The Unionists will almost certainly not be able to yield enough reforms to gain Catholic agreement without destroying their own political machine, and that they will not do.

Heath's government, however, may be brought down before any settlement talks, either on unification or another issue. Wilson has already made it clear that his party would favor a plan for reunification of Ireland in fifteen years, with the interim time used for making suitable adjustments and constitutional modifications. It is the only kind of solution that will satisfy the more extreme nationalists, who increase daily, but his suggestion met with the predictably violent indignation of Faulkner and with hints that a unilateral declaration of independence would be made if Ulster were driven to it.

The political cynic and the Protestant optimist speculate on yet another possibility, that the anger and energy behind the present crisis will simply fizzle out or be redirected, as they so often have been before in Irish history. The people will weary of struggle, and Ulster will settle down to the old depressing realities of small daily bigotries and large economic inequalities, at least until the next time.

The remotest possibility of all is that England, heartily sick of the Irish and facing increasing divisions at home on the issue, will just throw in the towel. That Ulster's problems are essentially colonial is clear merely from the presence of British troops, and that the vast machinery of Unionism could not exist within the framework of justice is equally clear fom the intricate system of discrimination that it fosters in Ulster. Perhaps, then, the Irish should be left to determine, as best they can, a fate that is their own. An objection to this possibility is that a British withdrawal would leave the Protestants unprotected, but the Protestant minority now in the Irish Republic lives unmolested. Moreover, when partition was imposed on Ireland, supposedly to protect the Protestant minority, England thereby created the Catholic minority in Ulster and left it with no protection whatever. It is time for England to take its boot off that other minority's neck. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR $1,992* YOU CAN DRIVE THE CAR FERRARI DRIVES.

Mind you, we're not talking about the car Ferrari builds.

We're talking about the car Ferrari drives.

For his own personal use, he drives a Fiat 128. And all it costs is $1,992.*

It's not that he feels the Fiat is any better than a Ferrari.

He just feels the car we make is a more sensible car to drive around town in than the car he makes.

However, his reasons for choosing the 128 instead of one of the other fifty small cars sold in Europe are worth mentioning.

First of all, it has front wheel drive. Which gives you better traction than rear wheel drive on things like ice and snow. And better handling because the same wheels that are moving the car are also steering the car.

It has rack and pinion steering. Which, if you've been ogling Ferraris, you know is what they put on Ferraris.

It has self-adjusting disc brakes in front and independent coil suspension.

It also gets better gas mileage than a Volkswagen. (Not that that was one of Ferrari's main concerns.)

And on the inside, where small cars are really small, the 128 is huge.

Even though it's shorter on the outside than a Volkswagen, on the inside it's bigger than an Oldsmobile Cutlass.

(This is due partly to the fact that we've mounted the engine sideways and partly to the fact that we've figured out how to make better use of space than other small car manufacturers.)

It comes with radial tires as standard equipment.

Lastly, the 128 has something sensible in the trunk you won't find in other small cars. Room. 13 cubic feet of room — unhampered by the spare tire, which we've mounted up front with the engine.

And if you need any further proof of its extraordinary qualities, the Fiat 128 has won more "Car of the Year" awards in Europe than any other car in history. And recently, in America, it was elected "Economy Car of the Year" by Motor Trend Magazine.

Now, if you've been trying to choose between the dozen or so small cars sold here in the States, you might keep all this in mind.

You might also stop in at your local Fiat Dealer's showroom, take out a 128, and see how it feels to drive around like Ferrari.

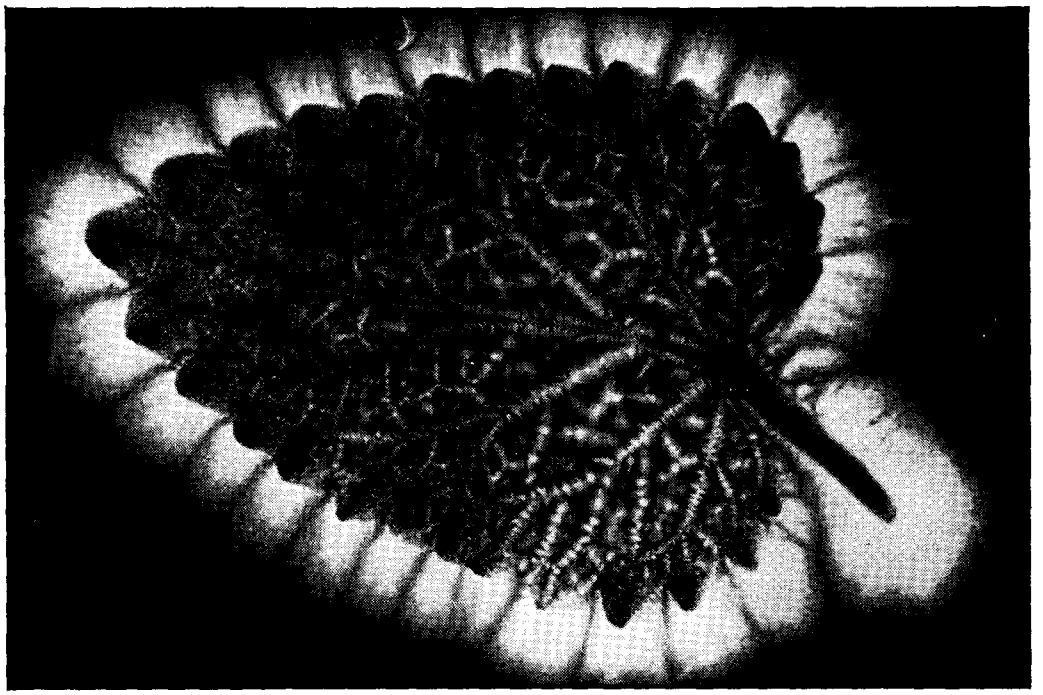
FIAT

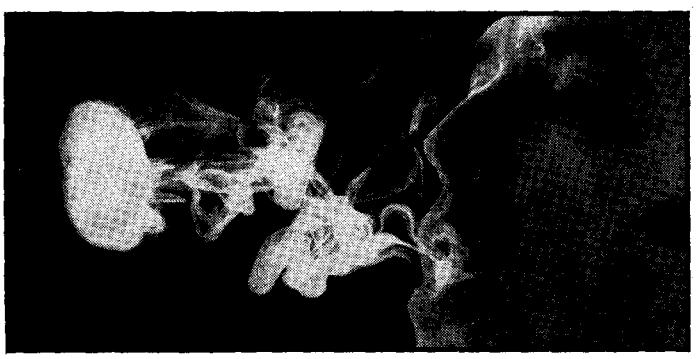
The biggest selling car in Europe.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, POE. Transportation, state and local taxes, optional equipment, dealer preparation charges, if any, additional. Overseas delivery arranged through your dealer.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review of SCIENCE





Science transcends national borders. In the following pages, an American scientist examines the state of parapsychology in the U.S.S.R., the Governor of Delaware talks about how his state is preserving its coastline, and a former Peace Corps volunteer recalls how he developed new ideas about the roots of language while living in an African village.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHOWDOWN ON DELAWARE BAY

An interview with Governor Russell W. Peterson by Sally Lindsay

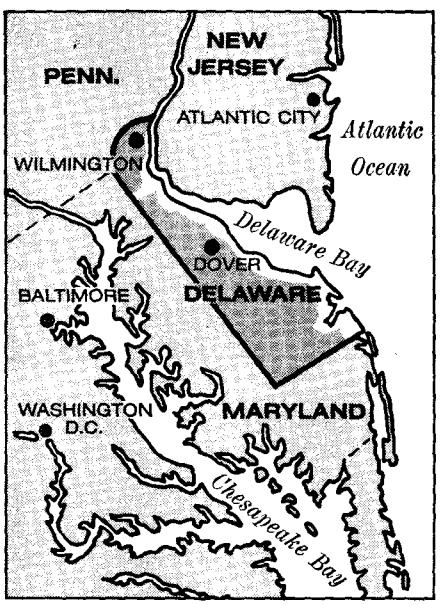
A drama is unfolding in Delaware that on one level involves a straightforward conflict over land and water use but on another reflects the current debate over national priorities. At stake is the future of Delaware Bay and the state's coastal areas. Heightening the conflict is the arrival of the era of supertankers and an accident of geography.

Delaware, the country's second smallest state, is best known as the home of the Du Pont family and as a favored location for business incorporation—some 70,000 United States companies are chartered there. Furthermore, Delaware has a priceless natural asset that has made the state the object of not entirely welcome notice: its bay.

Delaware Bay is one of three spots along the entire United States Atlantic Coast with water deep enough to accommodate supertankers of 250,000 to 350,000 dead-weight tons. Now going into service, these vessels have drafts of sixty-five to eighty-five feet. The other deepwater sites are Long Island Sound off Montauk, New York, and Machiasport, Maine. Deep water plus open land and ready access to the major population centers of the Middle Atlantic States have combined to make the lower Delaware Bay region irresistible to entrepreneurs relying on the use of supertankers.

The state thus attracted nationwide attention when its Republican Governor, Russell W. Peterson, signed the Delaware Coastal Zone Act of 1971 that barred heavy manufacturing industry from locating in a two-mile-wide strip along the state's 115-mile coastline. The first state law of its kind, it specifically banned oil refineries, petrochemical complexes, and basic steel and paper mills. In addition, the act prohibited the construction in the bay of marine terminals for the transshipment of liquid and solid bulk materials. Welcomed under a permit system, however, were such "nonpolluting" enterprises as automobile assembly plants, and garment, jewelry, and leather-goods factories.

"The coastal areas of Delaware are the most critical areas for the future of the state in terms of the quality of life," the act proclaims. "It is therefore the declared public policy of the state of Delaware to control the location, extent, and type of industrial development in Delaware's coastal areas. In so doing, the state can better protect the natural environment of its bay and coastal areas and safeguard their use primarily for recreation and tourism."



Delaware Bay and River—gateways to major East Coast markets—are desirable locations for industry. White strip in above map indicates coastal zone now put off limits to heavy manufacturing by controversial Delaware law. The act also bans offshore artificial islands.

The law's immediate effect was to block several hundred million dollars worth of planned projects.

Shortly after Peterson took office in January 1969, Shell Oil Company, which began buying coastal property in 1961 and today owns a 5,800-acre site near Smyrna at the head of the bay, announced long-deferred plans to build a $200-million refinery on its land, with an associated petrochemical plant to follow. At present, Shell has eight refineries in the United States, but none on the East Coast, one of its major markets.

The Delaware Bay Transportation Company, a consortium of thirteen of the nation's leading oil companies, Shell among them, proposed in 1970 the construction of a freestanding 3,200-foot-long dock six-and-a-half miles out in the bay to berth supertankers bringing crude oil to the region. Two forty-eight-inch pipelines would run the crude oil to the shore. There, on 1,800 acres of coastal land that the consortium bought in 1958 near the mouth of the bay, it would build a storage-tank farm from which onshore pipelines would feed the petroleum to existing refineries.

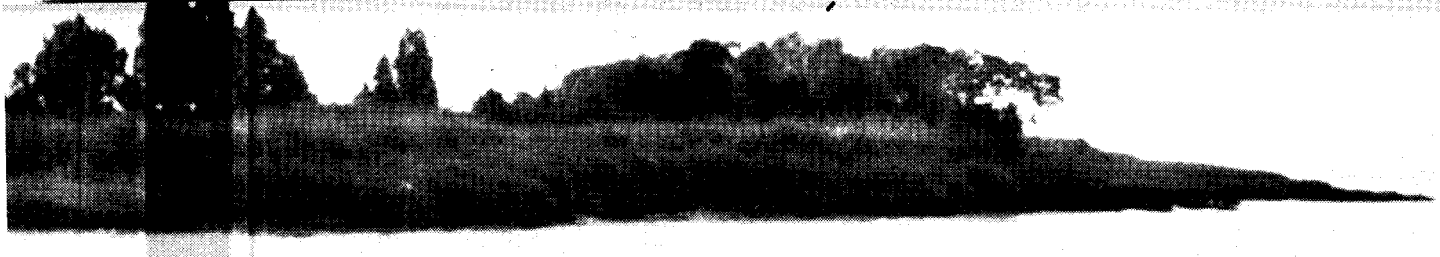
A Texas-based company specializing in the transportation of solid bulk materials, Zapata Norness, Inc., had another proposal for a transfer facility in the bay: a 300-acre terminal where millions of tons of domestic coal headed for world markets would be stored in fifty-five- to sixty-five-foot piles for transshipment from self-unloading barges to giant deep-draft carriers. The Zapata project included subsequent plans to expand the terminal to 500 acres and to add the handling of iron ore for export.

Concern about the impact of these large-scale proposals on the undeveloped lower-bay area caused Peterson to 'blow the whistle." By executive order, he slapped a one-year moratorium on all construction along the river and bay and appointed a task force to develop a master plan for the future use of the state's coastal areas. The provisions of the 1971 Coastal Zone Act essentially embody the recommendations made by the Governor's task force.

The basic question raised in Delaware was this: Should a natural asset be exploited simply because it's there?

Delaware's bay frontage, where Shell and the oil consortium hoped to build, is today a stretch of tidal wetlands, salt marshes, woodlands, and shallow estuaries, dotted with wildlife preserves.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DISTRIBUTED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The state's oceanfront contains a succession of state parks and beaches cut by an inlet leading to small protected coastal bays. The wetlands provide food for fish and birds. The beaches, parks, and bays provide recreation for Delawareans and tourists. Both shore lines are endangered by the threat of oil spills from existing heavy water traffic.

Delaware already has one of the largest oil refineries in America, the 140,000-barrel-per-day Getty facility, situated about three miles north of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. Six additional refineries line the Delaware River near Marcus Hook, Pennsylvania, just over the Delaware state border; four are in Pennsylvania, two across the river in New Jersey. About 70 per cent of all the oil coming to the East Coast moves through Delaware Bay and Delaware River. About 175 tankers of up to 50,000-ton capacity ply the river each month to make direct oil-refinery deliveries.

Delaware already has a steel mill near Marcus Hook. The prospect of supplies of coal, iron ore, and petroleum concentrated along a single stretch of the bay area would, it was feared, inevitably lead to the development of additional steel mills and other heavy industry in the area, introducing unacceptable quantities of pollutants into the air and water.

During the six weeks the coastal zone bill was debated before becoming law last June 28, it was vigorously fought by an impressive lineup: the Delaware Chamber of Commerce; the state Building and Construction Trades Council; Shell; Getty (also a member of the oil consortium); the eleven other consortium oil companies; Zapata Norness; and the United States departments of Commerce and Treasury. Arguments against the bill invoked the importance of economic growth, the need to fill the projected energy requirements of the East Coast, the promise of jobs and tax revenues, and the ubiquitous "national interest."

"All of us . . . are caught at a critical point in time," said a Shell vice president at a hearing before committees of the Delaware legislature. "On the one hand, we have the crisis of the environment. And that is a very real thing. On the other hand, we have a growing energy crisis. That, too, is very real. These two crises have the potential for meeting on a collision course. It is my belief that such a collision does not have to occur."

The crux of Shell's argument was that industries should not be banned by class, but rather each industrial proposal should be considered on its individual merits. Shell asserted it could build a clean refinery that would not endanger the environment. To prove its point, the company invited members of the task force and the legislative committees considering the bill to visit two of its existing refineries: the Norco installation near New Orleans, nominated in 1971 for a Louisiana Wildlife Federation conservation award, and the Anacortes facility on Fidalgo Island, Washington, in Puget Sound.

Austin Heller, a task-force member and secretary of the Delaware Department of Natural Resources and Environmental Control, visited those refineries. "They were quite well maintained," he says, "but were not pollution-free by any means." The technology to build a pollution-free refinery, he states, "is not yet here."

Borrowing "a little federal muscle," Zapata Norness enlisted support from the Commerce and Treasury departments to fight the ban on its proposed offshore terminal. "Unless the United States is able to receive these [oceangoing] bulk carriers, our ability to compete will be seriously damaged," wrote a Treasury Department assistant secretary in a letter to the Delaware House of Representatives urging defeat of the zoning bill.

"It is important that a terminal be built . . . to retain United States control and flexibility, promote U.S. flagshipping, and to maintain for U.S. industry the capability to ship and receive goods at the lowest possible cost," wrote the Commerce Department's assistant secretary for maritime affairs in another letter asking rejection of the bill.

Supporting the bill were conservationists, environmentalists, and concerned Delawareans. "It's our coastline," proclaimed a mailing piece issued by a citizens' group. "Coastal zoning will save it for us and our children."

In the middle of the different merits of the debate stood the Governor, pledged to promote the state's economic well-being but equally determined to keep the bay and adjoining areas free from the proposed industrial complex.

Despite his stand, Peterson is not anti-industry, as some have charged. In fact, he comes from industry, having spent twenty-seven years at the Du Pont company as a research chemist and division manager before a mounting interest in community affairs, specifically prison reform, led him into politics. But he does believe that certain industries belong in certain areas. "We can and must be selective," he says.

Passage of the Delaware Coastal Zone Act ended the first chapter in the debate over the future of the bay. But no one considers the issue closed. At the request of the Delaware legislature, the Governor has appointed a twelve-man committee to study oil transport in the bay and river and recommend ways to decrease the danger of spills. The committee will work with the United States Department of Commerce, which is making a feasibility study of offshore transfer terminals in sea water outside state limits. Many officials in the state government expect that efforts will be made to challenge the zoning law in court or amend it to remove the ban on offshore islands. In the meantime, Peterson has initiated a move on the county level to back-zone Shell's property from its present category of heavy industry, fought for in a bitter struggle when the land was first optioned twelve years ago, to its original category of farming and general use. And a bill patterned on the Delaware act has been introduced in the New Jersey Assembly to bar heavy industry and offshore transfer facilities from the Jersey side of the bay and lower Delaware River.

Always eager to talk about the zoning act he fathered and the environmental questions it raises, Governor Peterson recently agreed to an interview in his office on the second floor of Legislative Hall in Dover, the state capital.

Sally Lindsay: I believe you have the distinction of being the only Governor in the United States who has a Ph.D. in chemistry. Have you used your science background in your job as Governor? Governor Russell W. Peterson: Yes, I've found it useful in talking about energy, about atomic energy, about fossil-fuel plants, and about the biology of the bay and the wetlands. But, more importantly, scientific training is a discipline where you look for the facts, put up certain propositions, and then test them to see if they make sense. You get trained in how to go about

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We say that you cannot have certain installations along the coastline."

Getty Oil refinery and related power plant at Delaware City have an air pollution problem. This facility, built in 1957, would have been barred from its site under the Coastal Zone Act of 1971.

solving problems. And I'm convinced, the longer I'm Governor, that exactly the same approach is needed in this office. It's really what applies in management in many fields. Most of my career in the Du Pont company, the last ten years anyway, was in management, and I think the background and experience were helpful. There are some other areas—being acquainted with the political forces at work, for example—that my background didn't provide. So I got clobbered a few times.

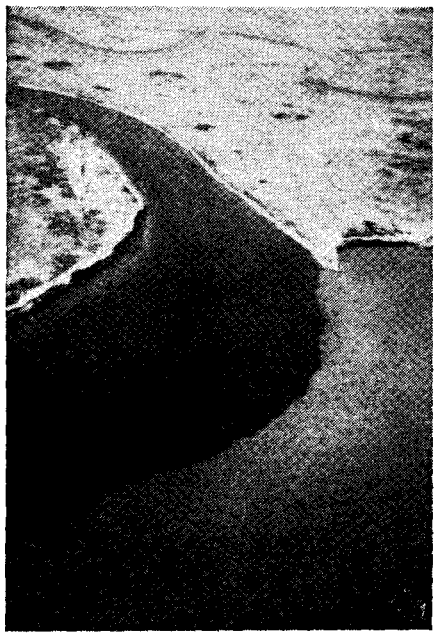
Do you think that in the future some form of scientific training might become a prerequisite for high elective office? I think that what's primarily needed is a good general education. I would not recommend that everybody running for office get a Ph.D. in chemistry. But I certainly think that anyone who is going to be a leader in the community ought to have an appreciation of the many scientific and technological factors that are involved. I don't want to be disrespectful to lawyers but I think we have a disproportionate number of them in Congress and in Governors' offices around the country. Their training is very valuable in their area, but other areas are equally important. I think a well-rounded education would be best for someone who wants a job like mine.

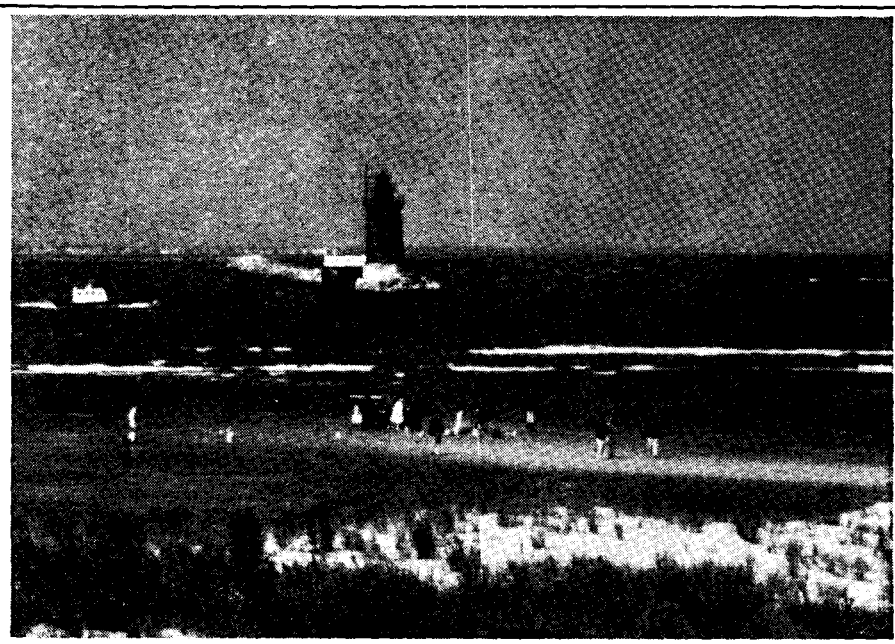
Your statement in connection with the Delaware coastal zoning bill that "jobs are important but so is the quality of our environment" has been widely quoted. Was the real issue, as you saw it, jobs versus environmental protection? No. It wasn't a question of either jobs or maintaining our natural environment. It was a question of whether to use the same piece of land for recreation and tourism or for one of the most rapid industrial explosions anyplace in the world. The nub of the argument was whether we should make blanket rules outlawing certain industries, like refineries, in certain areas, or whether the decision on zoning should be based on guidelines and the merits of the individual case. We say that you cannot have heavy industry in certain areas; you cannot have certain installations along the coastline. They are incompatible with other valuable uses of the land. All you need to do is drive north from Wilmington to Philadelphia up around the Marcus Hook [Pennsylvania] area, and you see a collection of storage tanks, pipes, towers, and waste-treatment lagoons. Even if you assume that this section is completely free from pollution, the question arises: "Is this compatible with the kind of environment we've built in Delaware, the kind of recreational open country we have here?" And obviously the answer is no. We have a unique setup here, a relatively unspoiled countryside. It's an asset to millions of people, not just Delawareans. In fact, tens of thousands of people from Washington and Baltimore and Philadelphia come here every year to use it, enjoy the hunting, the fishing, the swimming, the boating, the sunbathing close to the ocean. It's a tremendous asset. I therefore look upon Delaware as having a responsibility to the region—to hang on to what we have here.

At the time you made the decision to promote that bill did you consider that a political risk was involved? Oh, absolutely. Most of the reaction that I got in this office for the first few months was against me. From the state Chamber of Commerce and the oil companies directly, law firms that represent the oil companies, farmers who had sold land to the oil companies and who hoped to profit from the increased value of the land they still have, developers. They went right through to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"One thing that has been driven home to me is that our democratic process does work."





Tidal wetlands (left) and the beach facing Lewes lighthouse at the mouth of Delaware Bay (right) are examples of the state's "relatively unspoiled countryside." Both areas are threatened by oil spills from heavy tanker traffic.

the very end fighting. It took the general public months before they began to tune in on the significance of this. Then I got more and more support for the bill. But my training and background are not such that I would weigh things on the basis of the number of votes that I thought a decision would bring.

How were you able to withstand the combined pressure of all those highly organized interest groups when the bill was under discussion? We were just persistent. Fortunately, we had a majority of the votes in both houses. They did a lot of talking and a lot of arguing about it. After the bill got through the House, we had a major problem in the Senate. There was a whole bunch of attempts to amend it. But each amendment was voted down, some of the critical ones by just one vote. The bill finally went through with a few votes to spare. But the pressure will be on for a long time to come. For many, many years. One of the people in the oil companies has been quoted as saying, "We will be around here a lot longer than Peterson will." [Delaware Governors are limited to two four-year terms.]

Former Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans is reported to have said, "You are interfering with the prosperity and security of America." How did he become involved, and what was your response to that statement of his? I don't remember his using precisely those words. He did ask about my loyalty to our region and to our country. He stressed that we needed to have energy in America, we needed to have petroleum coming in, we needed to have a good merchant marine. And therefore we needed ports that could take the big, new, deep-draft vessels. I told him yes, I agreed that some of those things were important. But it was equally important to have some of the open environment we have in Delaware. That was vital to the people. And we ought to put that on the scales along with these other factors to decide which was going to get priority.

Were you able to get him to change his mind when you met with him in Washington? No. When I first went to see him, he wanted to convince me to drop the entire idea of excluding refineries, basic steel mills, and basic pulp mills. I made it clear that the whole objective was to be sure we didn't have those enterprises in this area. That was the whole purpose of the bill. When I left, he said, "Let me ask one thing of you; don't exclude the offshore [coal and iron ore] unloading stations." I told him that I would think about it. And I did. And I decided that we ought to exclude those things, too.

Can you imagine a time within the next four years when you might change your mind about offshore oil terminals and a pipeline running to refineries on the coast? Right now I can't. But I'm willing to listen. We have a committee studying how we can move oil that goes up our bay and river more safely. The practice now is for large and medium-sized vessels to come a few miles into the mouth of the bay to get into some deep water and away from the rough seas. They then partially unload onto barges. When the tanker's draft is small enough, the lightened tanker and the barges move up the bay and river to the refineries. That's a hazardous operation. Any day we might have a major oil spill and we're worried about it. I'm sure the committee will consider such things as an offshore unloading station with a pipeline. They also will consider what, in my opinion, might be a reasonable solution—that is, to have a boom [a floating ring] around the area so that until the transfer onto barges is completed the entire procedure is enclosed. Then if a spill occurs, it can be cleaned up before the vessels move out. And traffic might be restricted only to barges moving up the bay and river. They move under the control of a tug and can be manipulated and handled much more safely. That's just one of several possibilities

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that could avoid a pipeline running up the river and bay.

How would you propose that the country meet its energy demands as projected for the next decade? I think moving to nuclear plants is the way to do it. Nuclear power plants will be the most economical ones and, in my opinion, the ones that will contribute the least pollution—less pollution, at least, than using fuel oil.

The problem of getting rid of the radioactive waste products has not been solved yet, has it? The magnitude of that problem, in my opinion, is less than the problem of the sulfur dioxide and sulfur trioxide that is coming out of the stacks now in our present fossil-fueled power plants. Much of the radioactive waste can be reprocessed and some of the material reused. I believe that putting nuclear plants off the coast, as the Public Service Commission of New Jersey is now investigating, has a lot of merit. Thermal pollution is one of the key problems. A lot of heat is generated in a nuclear plant and a lot of water is needed to cool it. If you go out several miles off the coast where there is a tremendous quantity of water moving back and forth, thermal pollution should be an insignificant problem. Then all you need to run to the shore is an electric cable.

Does the state of Delaware at the moment have any control over reckless development of its coastal area for the purposes of tourism and recreation? Do you have any way of seeing that your coast doesn't become a solid line of motels and hot-dog stands? We certainly don't want that to happen. Local zoning has the responsibility for that. So far they've done a pretty good job in Delaware compared to some of the other states. The local Chambers of Commerce are very, very diligent in setting up their own guidelines to be sure they don't ruin a good thing. But we have no state authority to stop somebody from putting up a hot-dog stand where it shouldn't be.

In your opinion, is there some cutoff point in population growth and industrial development of any kind beyond which Delaware should not go? I don't have any quantitative target but I have a qualitative concern. It is that we should not endeavor to win some record for building up the population of Delaware. I think that much of what makes our state attractive is dependent upon our not having too many people living here. I think it's important that we provide jobs and opportunities for our own growing population. However, we're not living in a little world all by ourselves. If we have attractive opportunities here people from outside are going to want to move to Delaware, as they have been doing. But I think it would be dead wrong to have some objective of getting the maximum number of industrial establishments here in order to build up our population.

Would you go as far as the Governor of Oregon who said, "I'd like to have you visit, but please don't come to stay"? I wouldn't go quite that far, no.

Oil refineries and steel and paper mills have to go somewhere. Where would you put them? Well, let's talk about oil refineries. I think that existing refineries could markedly increase their capacity. I had the assignment at Du Pont of increasing the capacity of major plants. It's done repeatedly. People say, we can't increase any more than we've already done. Then someone says do it, and it gets done. We have already allocated a certain amount of space to the operation of refineries, and the challenge ought to be to use that space much more effectively instead of messing up some other land around our country. We need to give high priority to some of the other aspects of living, such as enjoying the beaches and the hunting and the fishing and the open spaces. If we give enough priority to those aspects of life, you can bet we'll find alternate solutions to these other problems. I think it's very important that all over America—all over the world, for that matter—people start drawing lines around choice pieces of real estate and say, look, this is off limits for certain kinds of operations.

If the new industrial plants that will be needed are forced to locate in places where it's uneconomic to operate, everything will cost more. Do you think the public is ready and willing to pay more for such things as electric power? I think absolutely that the public is willing and able to pay more to gain this recreational opportunity.

Do you see a way to reconcile growth and environmental protection? Yes. I think population growth in the world—in America—is one of the major problems that leads to fouling up our environment. I believe that a reasonable control over the population is in order. That's why I've been a strong proponent of Planned Parenthood. The tremendous explosion of population in any one area is bound to cause problems with the environment. Take this Delaware coastal zone. If a hundred times more people came to enjoy the hunting, the fishing, the swimming, and the boating here, it would not be a very attractive spot.

How long do you think as highly attractive a piece of real estate as Delaware can protect itself against the persistent incursions of industry? Well, look what's happened in New York City. Central Park is still there. You have a tremendous pressure for building space. Higher and higher office buildings go up all around the park, but still there's a hunk of land right there in the center of the city that people have decided to hang on to.

Do you anticipate a time when the United States might have a national policy concerning land use and energy growth? That's a possibility. We already have a national policy on the interstate arteries of transportation, the highways, the airways, and the waterways. I hope, though, that we don't get to the point where the federal government starts dictating where private enterprise can and should be located in a state or a county. But there can be some legitimate arguments in favor of federal government involvement in this area.

What, in your opinion, can the average citizen who has no political clout do to protect the environment in this country? If you have enough citizens who are determined to protect the environment, and we do have, they can organize so that they *do* have political clout. One thing that has been driven home to me in the three years I've been Governor is that our democratic process does work. When people really get exercised about something, their representatives respond. If a substantial number of people believe in cleaning up our environment, and if they work at it, they will be heard. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SCIENCE OF SMOKE RINGS AND DOUGHNUTS

Will our problems go up in a puff of smoke?

BY FRANK KENDIG

Tornadoes sweeping across the Great Plains, eddies produced by the stroke of an oar, whirlpools formed when water enters the drain of a tub or sink —all are examples of vortices, whirling cores of fluid that may occur in any liquid or gas. These vortices are known as line vortices because in each case the axis about which the fluid moves is a line. Wrap the axis into a circle, however, and the result is a doughnut-shaped cylinder of whirling fluid known as the vortex ring.

Perhaps the most familiar example of the vortex ring is the orally produced smoke ring. Others include the mushroom clouds formed by atomic blasts and the smoke rings that accompany the firing of large military guns. A particularly dramatic vortex ring is produced whenever a missile is test-fired from an underground silo. Tongues of flame rise from the silo, followed by a perfectly formed doughnut of smoke. The missile then appears and slips through the hole in the doughnut on its way to the target area.

Vortex rings have interested scientists for some time. In the nineteenth century, they were investigated by such researchers as Helmholtz and Kelvin. They are being studied today by Dr. George E. Mattingly, Jr., a young assistant professor of civil and geological engineering at Princeton's School of Engineering and Applied Science.

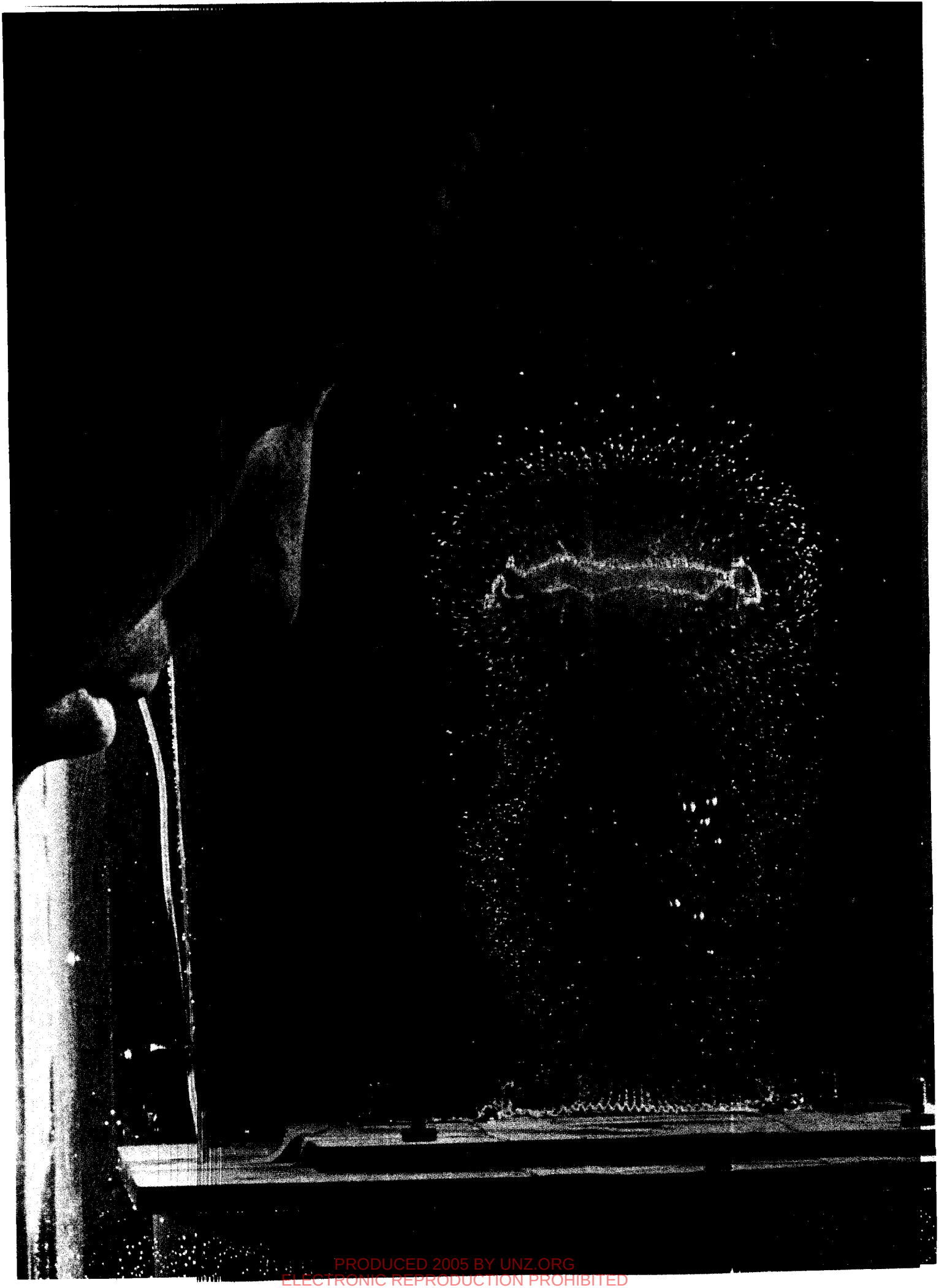
Among other things, Mattingly has discovered that vortex rings provide an extremely efficient means of transporting one fluid through another. "The internal movement of the vortex ring creates a self-contained propulsion system," he explains. Although the ring may change in shape and size, it maintains its cohesion and will not mix with the surrounding fluid until its internal energy is dissipated.

Because of the properties of cohesion and self-propulsion displayed by vortex rings, Mattingly suggests that they may some day provide a means of fighting pollution with pollution. He notes, for example, that large, mechanically produced smoke rings might be employed to carry away industrial smokestack effluents. This would be particularly advantageous during thermal inversions. Normally, temperature decreases with altitude, but in a thermal inversion cold air is trapped beneath a layer of warmer air. Effluents also are trapped, resulting in dangerously high levels of pollution. According to Mattingly, vortex rings could be used to penetrate the inversion and carry pollutants to the clear, windy skies above. "We now know enough about vortex rings to predict just how much energy will be needed to put a ring at any height," he says. "Naturally, these calculations won't apply if there's much of a wind, but if it's windy there's probably no inversion to begin with."

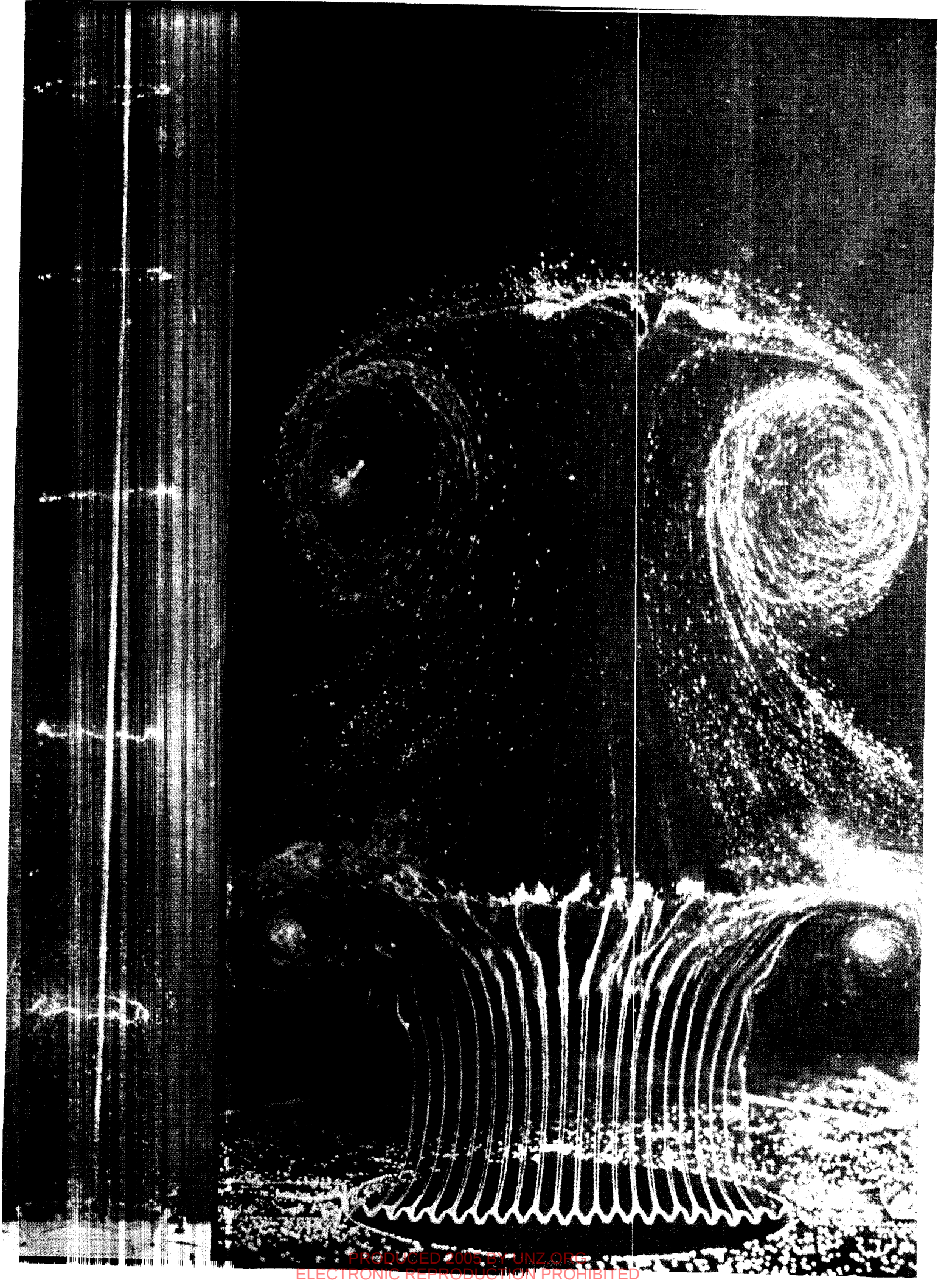
Mattingly also suggests that vortex rings of clean air might be used to

Dr. George E. Mattingly, Jr. (right), watches the generation of a vortex ring. He remembers being fascinated as a child by the old Times Square billboard (above) that produced real smoke rings from the mouth of an apparently satisfied Camel smoker.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



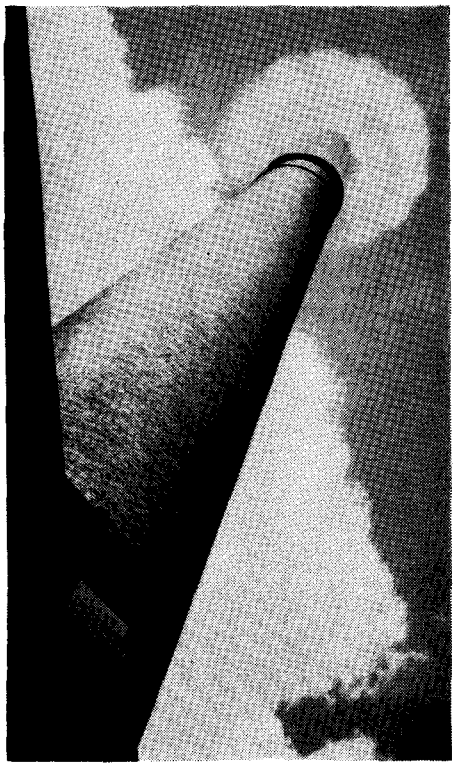
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

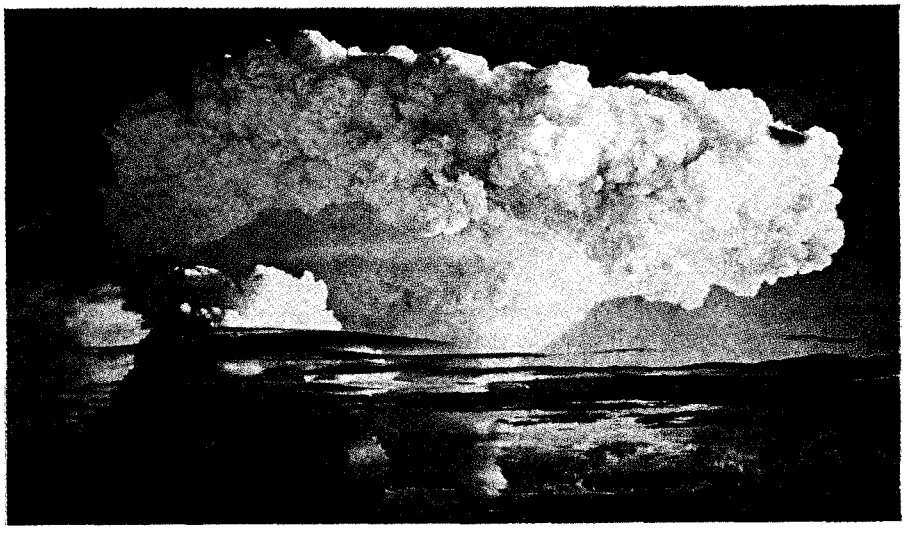


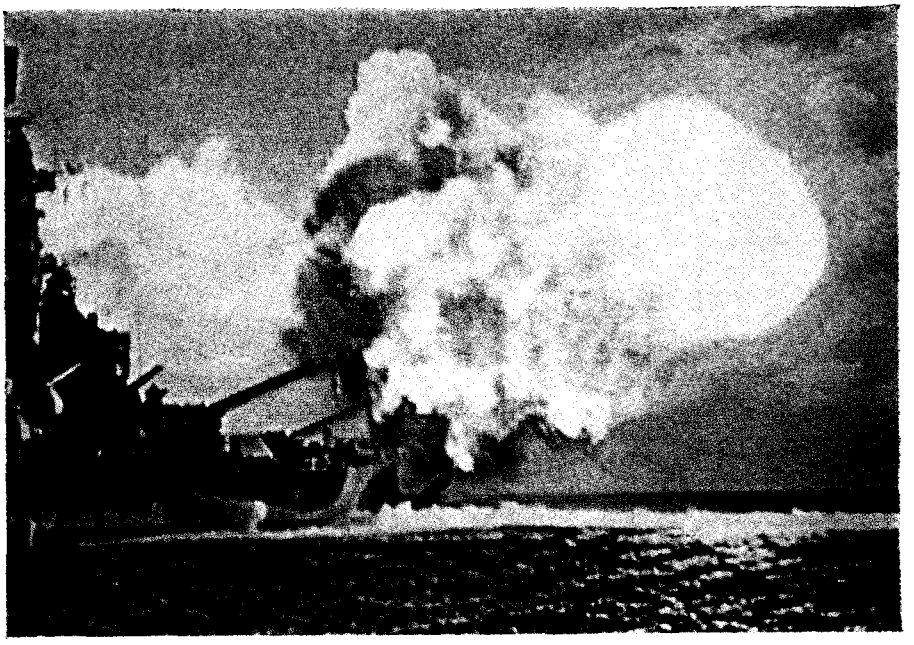
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vortex rings might make the skies around our major airports considerably safer spaces in which to fly.

A multiple exposure (far left) captures a vortex ring as it rises in a tank of water, propelled by its own internal energy. The lyre-shaped figure at left consists of two vortex rings, fired one after the other. The lower ring, as shown by the streams of bubbles, will soon be pulled through the hole of the upper ring in leapfrog fashion. The mushroom cloud (right) of an atomic blast is an example of a vortex ring, as is the burst of smoke emanating from a naval gun (lower right). The photograph below is a simulation of how smoke rings may be used to fight pollution.







PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vortex rings may some day carry silver iodide crystals into clouds for artificial rainmaking.

break up or defuse the thermal inversion itself. When the ring penetrates the inversion layer, it might agitate the air to such an extent that the inversion would dissipate. Furthermore, Mattingly speculates that elliptical or egg-shaped vortex rings might do an even better job. The elliptical rings he has produced in the laboratory display an erratic wobbly motion that might add to the agitation of the inversion layer and thereby speed up its dissipation.

Similarly, vortex rings fired downward in water some day might be used to defuse or destroy thermoclines (boundary layers in water where the temperature changes sharply) thus promoting circulation and oxygenation. Anyone who has dived into the waters of an abandoned quarry and suddenly come upon a layer of icy water at about ten feet below the surface has experienced a thermocline.

Mattingly has been studying the behavior of vortex rings at the Lewis F. Moody Hydraulics Laboratory of Princeton's engineering school. Because of the ease of generation and control of test conditions, his experiments have centered on the behavior of vortex rings in liquids, primarily water. His findings, however, are applicable to vortex rings in air, for the laws of vortex behavior are the same in any fluid.

Mattingly produces vortex rings by forcing water through a circular aperture, or by abruptly moving a heavy metal plate with a circular hole in a tank of water. In both cases, the ring is formed as the water passes through the hole. It meets the calm waters on the other side, and rolls up into a doughnut-shaped ring of whirling fluid.

To facilitate study of the rings, Mattingly employs what is called the hydrogen bubble flow visualization technique. The technique is based on the fact that when electrical terminals are placed in water and electrically energized, the water breaks down into its component parts: Oxygen is given off at the anode; hydrogen at the cathode. For his vortex-ring experiments, Mattingly stretches a thin platinum cathode wire across the aperture where the ring is formed. Tiny hydrogen bubbles are produced along the wire and are captured by the vortex ring as it is generated. The bubble patterns allow the ring to be easily seen and photographed.

Another possible application of vortex rings is being studied by George E. Shepard, a Princeton senior working under Mattingly's direction. Shepard and Mattingly are investigating the possibility of applying vortex rings to the serious turbulence problem now plaguing major airports. Large aircraft such as the 707 and the 747 trail powerful line vortices that linger long enough to endanger small planes. According to Mattingly, a vortex ring of air fired from the ground might intercept and dissipate the so-called tip vortices left by large planes, thus making the skies around our major airports considerably safer spaces in which to fly.

To examine this possible application of vortex rings, Shepard and Mattingly have constructed a model in which a wing is towed through a tank of water. When the wing reaches a certain point, a vortex ring is fired from the bottom of the tank. The ring rises through the water and clearly destroys the vortex pattern left by the wing.

The success of his vortex-ring experiments has led Mattingly to consider other applications. Vortex rings, for example, might be used to aerate the deep waters behind large dams. "There's a serious water-resources problem involved here," he says. "Water discharged from the base of a dam is often so low in oxygen that it can hinder plant and animal life when it enters a stream. A vortex ring composed of aerated surface water fired downward might provide a useful way to oxygenate deep water before it is discharged into a stream. Of course, you could install a hose and accomplish the same thing, but the vortex ring might not require such continuous activity, and probably wouldn't be nearly as turbulent. Princeton's water-resources program is now considering further research on this use of vortex rings." Mattingly also suggests that vortex rings might prove an efficient means to carry silver iodide crystals into clouds for artificial rainmaking.

The study of vortex rings also may yield valuable information to architects and designers. High winds striking tall buildings often form violent flow patterns, resulting—as many urbanites can testify—in broken windows and other damage. These flow patterns are functions of the shape of the building, and knowledge of their behavior may lead to safer designs and construction techniques.

Mattingly began to study vortex rings soon after he joined the Princeton faculty in 1969. In June of 1971 he received a grant from the National Science Foundation to continue his research. Whatever his future findings, it is already evident that his work on the vortex ring will amount to more than just a puff of smoke. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seagram's V.O.
For people who get the most out of life.

They seem to do everything. And they do it right. Even when it comes to having a drink. It has to be Seagram's V.O. Very special. Very Canadian. Known by the company it keeps.

Seagram's V.O. Canadian

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Building a better

Camaro with Rally Sport equipment in Colorado's Rocky Mountain National Park.

Your new Camaro. "One of the

That's what *Road & Track* magazine said about Camaro, the only American car in their top ten. Naturally, we appreciate the compliment and we're sure Camaro owners agree with *R&T*.

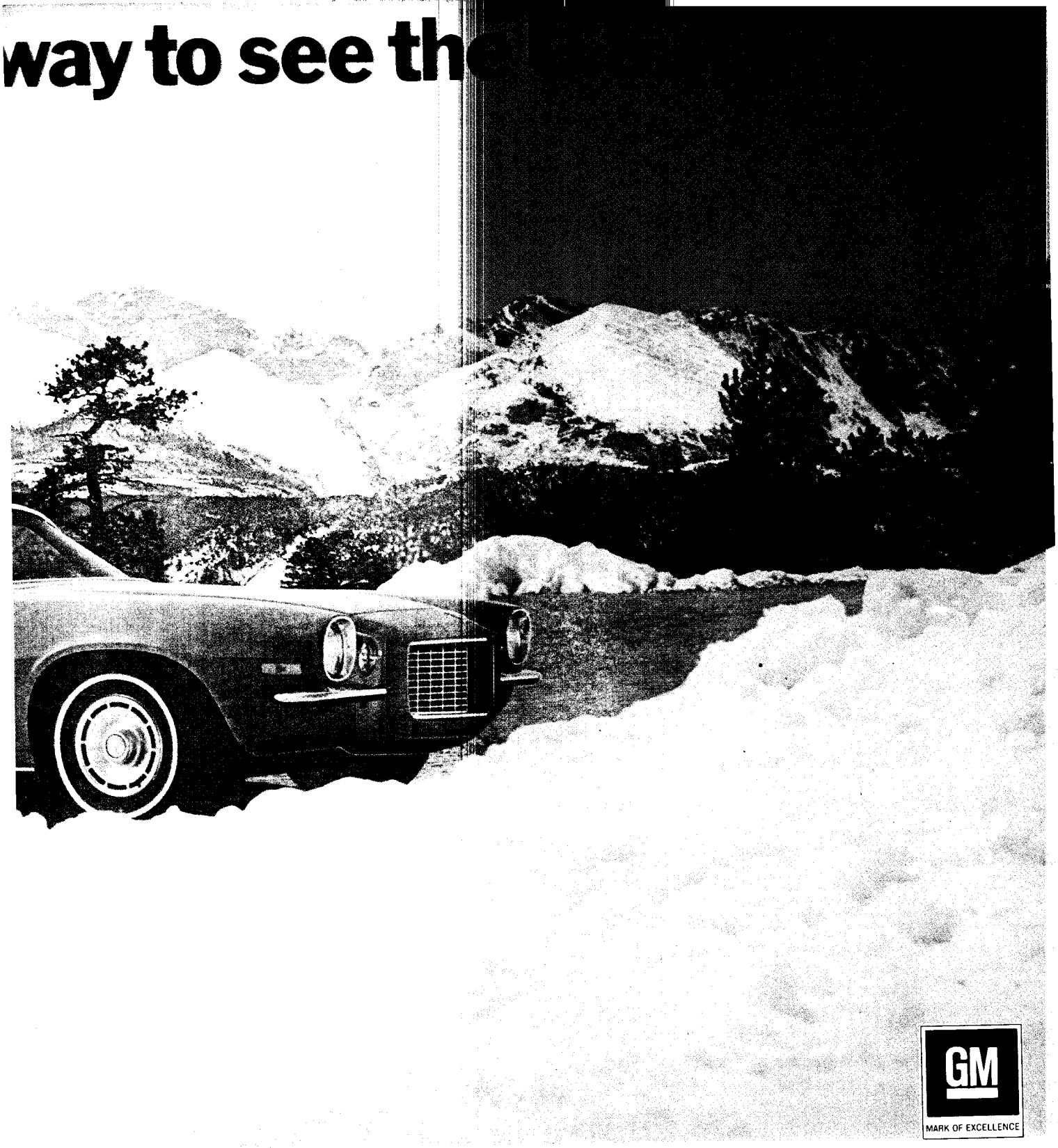
Of course, *Road & Track* goes into a lot of detail supporting their claim—fine-tooth-combing such features as suspension, brakes and driving position. Probably more detail than most people want.

When you talk to Camaro owners you' find that most of them simply say they like Camaro because of the way it looks an drives—both 6-cylinder and V8 models.

Maybe they don't completely understan the technicalities of why it's so easy to drive

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way to see th



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

.0 best cars in the world."

ut they do know it is a lot of fun.

Fun whether on a mountain-road ski acation or a quick trip to the mall; to ake the boredom out of driving to work, or) take the girls out to lunch.

So if you read *Road & Track*, try 'amaro and you'll find everything they say ; true. If you don't understand technical talk, take a drive in Camaro anyway.

You'll be able to "feel" the difference and you'll understand us when we say: We want your new Camaro to be the best car you ever owned.

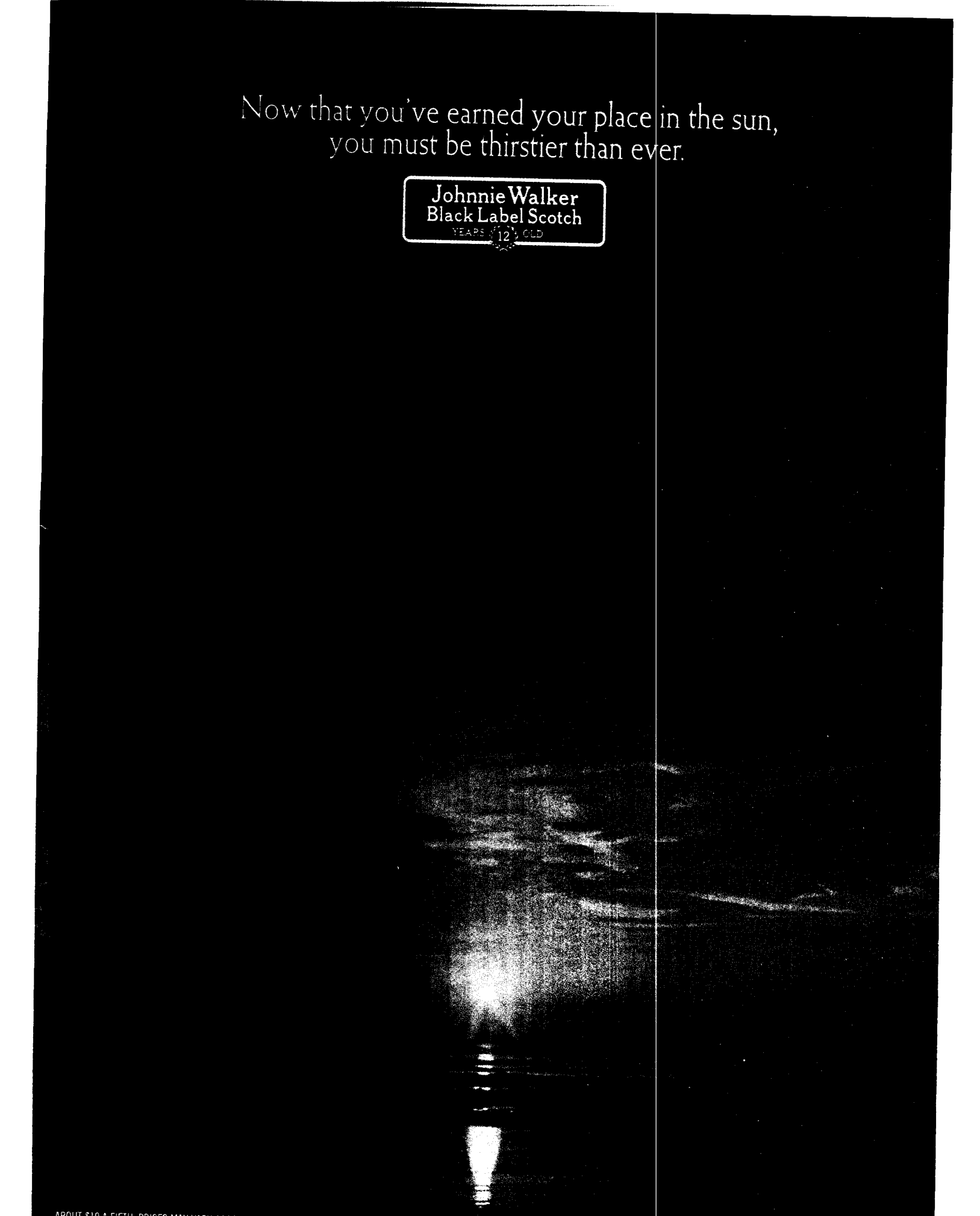
Chevrolet

There's so much to see, make sure you're around to see it. Buckle up.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now that you've earned your place in the sun,
you must be thirstier than ever.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label Scotch
YEARS 12 OLD



ABOUT $10 A FIFTH. PRICES MAY VARY ACCORDING TO STATE AND LOCAL TAXES. 12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOOLS FOR UNRAVELING THE PAST

BY BARBARA FORD

On a hot, dusty day last summer, four people slowly moved up and down a field of newly cut wheat near Gravina di Puglia in southern Italy. Ropes tied to stakes divided the field into rows. One woman in the group carried an aluminum tube with a can-like apparatus attached to each end. Beside her, a man held a cable that ran from the tube to a box strung around the neck of another man. A woman with a notebook completed the quartet. The group halted every few steps, and each time the man with the box peered into a view finder and called out the numerals he saw. The woman with the notebook wrote them down.

Prospectors? Yes. But instead of looking for oil or minerals, the group in the Gravina wheat field was seeking a buried Neolithic site. The tube, cable, and box are parts of an instrument called the cesium magnetometer, which can detect variations in magnetism as far as twenty feet below the soil. A similar, less sensitive instrument is used by many United States airlines to detect metal objects on passengers. The magnetometer was developed for industry, but the device used at Gravina was modified by Varian Associates for the use of the Museum Applied Science Center for Archeology (MASCA) of the University of Pennsylvania.

Elizabeth Ralph, the associate director of MASCA, was the woman with the notebook. She had brought the magnetometer (one of two owned by MASCA) to Gravina at the request of Dr. George Bass, a professor of archeology at the University of Pennsylvania. He and Dr. Peter Vinson of the University of Alberta (Canada), the codirectors of the Gravina excavation, were convinced that there was a Neolithic settlement somewhere below the field, a belief based largely on Vinson's discovery of Neolithic potsherds in the field the summer before. A small sinkhole excavated in the field by Bass and Vinson yielded promising finds.

Before Miss Ralph arrived with the magnetometer, the two archeologists spaded up a 30-meter-long trench without results. Digging trenches across the entire 240-meter by 220-meter field would have taken years. With the magnetometer, however, the survey of the field took a week. When it was completed, Miss Ralph pasted the magnetometer readings in her notebook onto a grid representing the entire field,

The terra-cotta head above, fired in the fourth century B.C., was taken from Thurii, an ancient Greek city built on the site of Sybaris. The site was found with a cesium magnetometer.

then circled figures indicating the position of magnetic features. Here, archeological objects were likely to be found. She staked out five spots, and Bass and Vinson began a trial excavation. Before long, they uncovered Neolithic and Bronze Age tools, pottery, and animal bones. In the first layers, the bones were of domesticated beasts; below, the bones belonged to deer and rabbit. The pottery also varied in the upper and lower layers.

Chemists at MASCA's laboratory on the University of Pennsylvania's Philadelphia campus are now busy dating the pottery uncovered by the archeologists. The results are still uncertain, but Bass thinks the stratification of the finds may help clarify the chronology of prehistoric ages in southern Italy.

It is a typical success story for MASCA, one of two large world centers (the other is at Oxford University in England) engaged in the development of technology for archeologists and anthropologists. MASCA started out in 1951 as a laboratory devoted to the carbon-14 dating technique, but in the last decade it has expanded its research to include other dating techniques and the development of archeological prospecting tools. Its services now are available to other institutions and even foreign governments. Half of its staff is composed of anthropologists, including its director, Dr. Froelich Rainey, who also is director of the University Museum; the others are physical scientists. Miss Ralph, a physicist, had never set foot on an archeological site before she joined MASCA in 1951. "In fact," she admits cheerfully, "I never even knew the University Museum existed when I studied physics on the University of Pennsylvania campus."

Most of the techniques MASCA employs are based on the application of atomic or nuclear phenomena discovered during and after World War II, explained Miss Ralph as she conducted an informal tour of the MASCA facilities in the basement of the University Museum. The principle behind the cesium magnetometer is the "Zeeman effect," which states that the electron levels of atoms split when the atoms are placed in a strong magnetic field. To detect this splitting, the magnetometer excites the electrons by various means. So sensitive is the device that not only can it detect objects twenty feet below the surface but it can indicate whether they are rocks or objects such as roof tiles and pottery. The magnetometer has been used at more than forty sites in a dozen countries during the past decade.

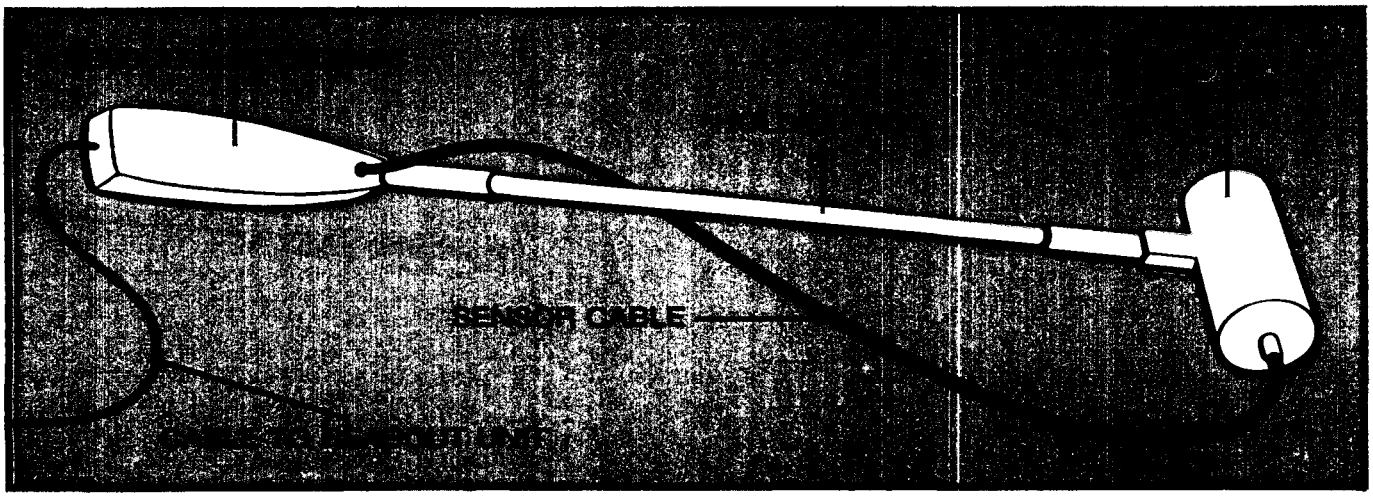
"This is a cesium magnetometer," said Miss Ralph, lifting a long metal rod lying on a laboratory table. "I can't show you how it works, because there's too much metal here." If the area surrounding an object is strongly magnetic, she explained, the background will show more magnetism than the object the archeologist is trying to find.

When she visited the rocky island of Thera in Greece with the cesium magnetometer not long ago, Miss Ralph found the soil so magnetic that the instrument was virtually useless. At the Greek site of Elis, on the other hand, conditions were so perfect that she located a buried city within a few days. Archeologists were able to uncover the ruins as she proceeded ahead of them with the magnetometer. To date, however, the big triumph for the cesium magnetometer is the discovery of what is thought to be the Greek city of Sybaris in southern Italy. Around the sixth century B.C., Sybaris was the home of a wealthy, luxury-loving population, from which we derived the term "sybarite." The city was razed around 510 B.C. in a war with a neighboring city.

Archeologists had been searching for Sybaris for 100 years without success;

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New dating techniques can place objects within 100 years of their correct age.



The portable cesium magnetometer depicted in the drawing above is carried over archeological sites to locate magnetic features. The sensor, which contains a cesium lamp and a cesium vapor cell, is located in the can-shaped apparatus at right; the electronic components are in the box at left. Under proper conditions, the device can distinguish between rocks and tiles or pottery at depths of up to twenty feet.

in 1961, however, an expedition headed by Rainey began what may turn out to be the final hunt for the buried city. All the group knew about the location of Sybaris was that it was said by ancient historians to lie in the arch of the Italian boot near the sea and between two rivers. For the first few summers the party turned up nothing but a few uninteresting Roman structures. Rainey had brought along MASCA's proton magnetometer, but Sybaris was thought to lie about twenty feet below the surface, and the proton device can locate magnetic features only to a depth of about six feet.

By 1965, however, Varian Associates, working with MASCA, had produced the cesium magnetometer, which not only is capable of sensing objects at a depth of twenty feet but also works much faster than earlier instruments. Miss Ralph brought one of the devices to the supposed site of Sybaris. The first buildings it detected turned out to be Roman, but the following year it picked up strong anomalies—areas of unusual magnetism—at the level of Sybaris. Drills soon indicated the remains of structures and numerous fragments of pottery and large roof tiles. Excavations by the Italian Department of Antiquities, now in progress, should provide final proof whether, after 2,500 years, Sybaris has indeed been found.

For sites where a magnetometer is not feasible, MASCA employs older prospecting tools: seismographs, metal detectors, resistivity instruments, aerial photography. The resistivity apparatus, a little black box with a galvanometer and four cables leading to four steel probes, has turned out to be the second most useful piece of equipment in the MASCA toolbox. When the probes are placed in a line and an alternating current is sent through the two outer probes, the resistance of the ground between the inner two probes can be measured, even in the presence of magnetic "clutter" that would throw off a magnetometer. Best prospects for the apparatus are shallow historical sites, particularly in built-up areas.

Metal objects that do not lie deep in the soil can be uncovered with a simple metal detector, the "treasure probe," which sends out magnetic waves that become distorted when they meet metal. "Dr. James Pritchard, the associate director of the museum, took a metal detector to Lebanon last summer to find unexploded shells in his excavation," said Miss Ralph. "He didn't find any shells but he did locate several hordes of Roman coins."

One prospecting technique that may one day prove more helpful in locating archeological sites is aerial photography, according to Bruce Bevan, a geology student with a background in electrical engineering. Bevan is handling MASCA's aerial photography section. "This is a site in the Thames Valley in England," he said, holding up photographs of a barley field with a distinct pattern of lines across it. "All these lines are buried Roman walls. The walls have caused the soil in that area to be drier, making the crops grow differently." By making repeated flights over the Thames Valley site, MASCA has shown that these variations are visible only at certain times of the year, often early in the germination season.

Bevan added that MASCA has hopes of obtaining usable data from the Earth Resources Technology Satellite (ERTS) being launched by the U.S. in the spring or summer of 1972. "The smallest thing we can see on a big satellite photograph is about one hundred feet long, but that would include ancient roads and other long, linear objects," he said.

Finding archeological sites is only half of MASCA's job; the other half is dating them. The core of the dating operation is the carbon-14 laboratory headed by chemist Barbara Lawn in the basement of the University of Pennsylvania's physics building. In the past two decades the laboratory has published more than 2,000 carbon-14 dates. It is one of the few laboratories devoted exclusively to carbon-14 dating for archeology. The technique is based on the fact that all plants and animals ingest small amounts of radioactive carbon 14. When they die, the ingestion stops, and decay begins at the average rate of thirteen disintegrations per minute per gram of carbon. The rate decreases as the dead organic material ages.

After a sample of the ancient organic material is reduced to pure carbon dioxide in an elaborate chemical setup, the carbon-14 disintegrations can be measured in a proportional counter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rate of disintegration determines the age of the sample to within 100 years.

Of course, it isn't quite that simple. In recent years the burning of fossil fuels and thermonuclear explosions have affected the carbon-14 decay in organisms. Furthermore, a few years ago archeologists began discovering embarrassing discrepancies between the carbon-14 dates of Egyptian events and the dates suggested by ancient astronomical observations. The carbon-14 technique placed some of these events several centuries too late. Now, however, Miss Ralph and MASCA anthropologist Henry M. Michael have worked out a correction table for carbon-14 dates based on information obtained by tree-ring-dating long-lived bristlecone pine trees. Using the correction table, an archeologist can now come up with a carbon-14 date accurate to within a century.

What causes the discrepancies in carbon-14 dating is a controversial subject, but it now looks as though a number of factors play a part in increasing or decreasing the amount of radioactive carbon in the atmosphere that organic material then ingests. A variation in the intensity of cosmic rays is one possibility. The intensity has been shown to rise when solar flares occur, and some astrophysicists believe this rise leads to an increase of carbon 14 in the atmosphere. Documented changes in the magnetic fields surrounding the earth also may affect the cosmic ray intensity. The changes do occur—the earth's magnetic field was about 50 per cent stronger in Roman times, for example—but the question is: Have the changes affected the amount of carbon 14 in the atmosphere?

Elizabeth Ralph thinks the changes in magnetic fields do play a part in the amount of atmospheric carbon 14, but she also ascribes some of the variation to changes in the equilibrium between the atmosphere and the ocean. She admits, however, that it is extremely difficult to assess the magnitude of the equilibrium effect on a worldwide basis.

In spite of these problems, the carbon-14 technique has proved to be invaluable to archeologists, but Miss Ralph believes that a newer method of atomic dating, one that she and chemist Mark Han of MASCA helped to develop, will prove almost as useful. The method is called thermoluminescence.

The basic principle of thermoluminescence, which was first noted in 1663 by the English scientist Robert Boyle, is that energy stored in inorganic material can be stimulated by heat and released as light. The big advantage of using thermoluminescence for dating archeological finds is that, unlike the carbon-14 technique, it can be used on the inorganic, fired-clay material found in many archeological sites. Until the new method was developed, the only way the age of clay objects could be determined was by dating the organic material with which they were associated in the excavation. With thermoluminescence the clay itself can be dated.

When clay is in its natural state, it contains radioactive elements that bombard other elements, raising some of their electrons to unstable levels. When the clay is heated in firing, the unstable elements return to a stable position, giving off light. At this point the thermoluminescent clock of the newly fired object is at zero. But as the years pass, the fired object again accumulates radioactive damage. When fragments from the object are heated a second time, they release an amount of light that corresponds to the amount of radioactive damage suffered by the object since it was originally fired. In general, the older the pottery, the greater the glow that can be observed.

As with carbon 14, though, there are problems. "Unless you do a complete analysis of the object, thermoluminescence is risky," cautioned Mark Han. A complete analysis includes not only measuring the light an object emits when heated but also measuring both its inherent radioactivity and its susceptibility to radioactivity. To check all three factors, a chunk of material about an inch square and a quarter-inch deep is needed.

As might be expected, MASCA is often reluctant to take that much material from a work of art. A few years ago the University Museum received what was purportedly a beautiful Etruscan terra-cotta figurine on which it decided to use a short-cut version of thermoluminescence. Only two factors were checked, the amount of light emitted and the susceptibility to radioactivity. The results indicated the statue had been created between 780 B.C. and A.D. 300. Shortly thereafter, a similar "Etruscan" statue in the Metropolitan Museum of Art was checked for inherent radioactivity and proved to have an extremely high level. The glow it would emit would be due largely to this inherent radioactivity, not to its great age. The statue had to be modern. Dismayed, MASCA sacrificed a few more grams of their statue's arm to continue their own check. The level of inherent radioactivity was shown to be so high that the statue's age was reduced to one-tenth of that indicated by the light it emitted. Instead of being 2,000 years old, it was only 200.

Thus far, MASCA has published only twenty-five thermoluminescence dates, but Miss Ralph feels the new technique will someday be as popular as the carbon-14 method, at least for periods dating back to the beginnings of pottery-making (around 9000 B.C.). Even now, the age deviation for some kinds of pottery is roughly the same as that for objects dated with carbon 14—about 100 years. In fact, thermoluminescence dates may be more reliable in some instances. Thermoluminescence dates for pottery found aboard a ship wrecked off Jamaica have been accepted as more credible than carbon-14 dates, because the wreck is thought to have occurred around the time of Columbus's voyages to the New World, one of the periods for which carbon-14 dates are in doubt.

Significant as MASCA's achievements have been in the past twenty years, not all archeologists, even at the University of Pennsylvania, are eager to accept its technical help. "There is resistance to the new techniques because archeologists don't understand them," said Rainey. "Only one in a hundred has any conception of modern physics and what it can do." Dr. Bass, who depends heavily on such technological aids as sonar and television in his own specialty, underwater archeology, has suggested why the new methods are avoided by some archeologists schooled in the classical tradition: "They accuse underwater archeologists of being gadgeteers."

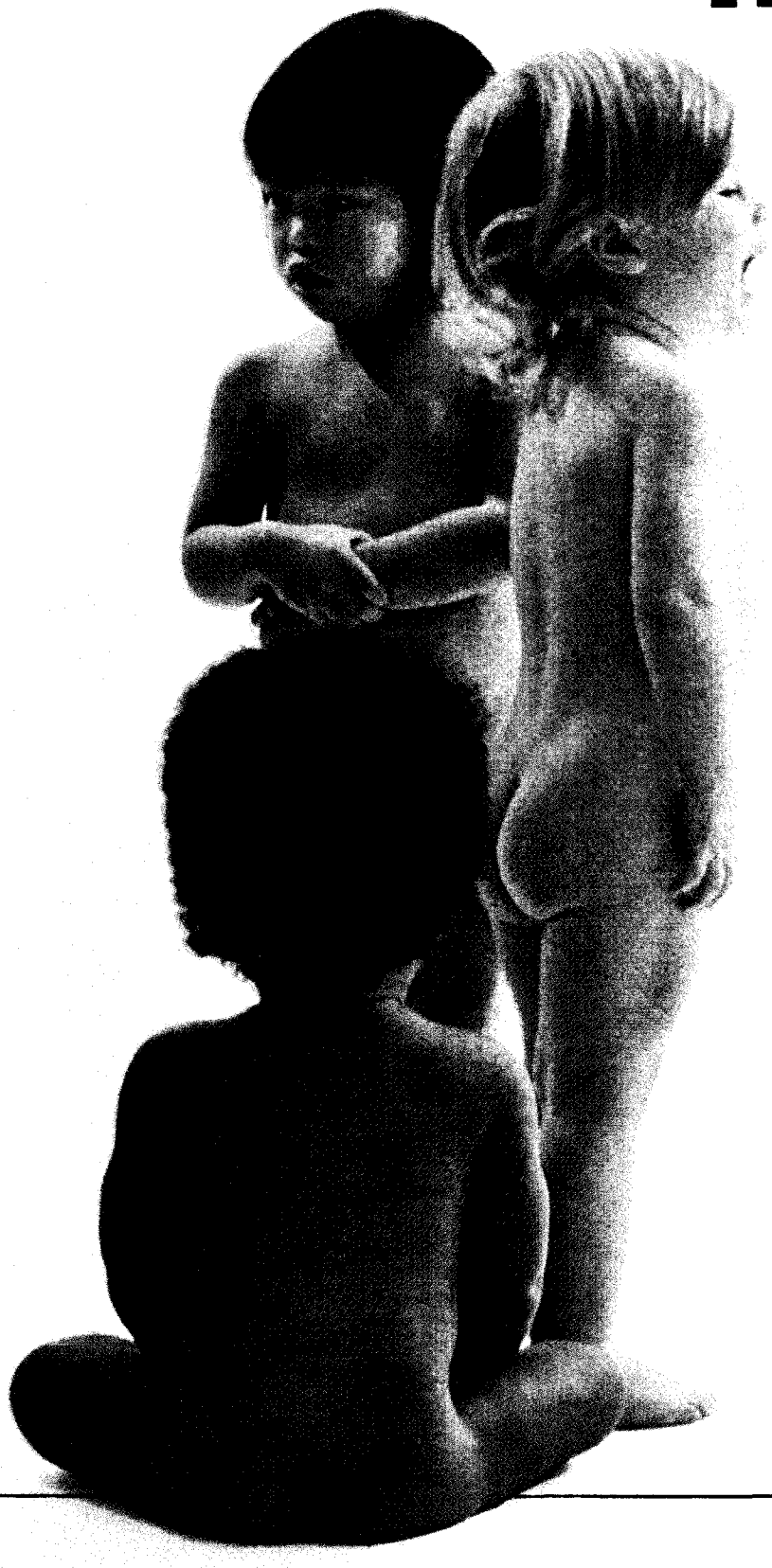
According to Bass, "Many archeologists get involved in the subject through its more romantic aspects, as I did, and the use of these techniques takes something away from this. I was talking once with a noted archeologist —not from this university, by the way —and I said, 'Wouldn't it be great if there was a machine that could dig through a mound, test the sherds, and give us a reading?' He said that would take all the fun out of it." □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE INNATE

The speech of infants may provide a clue to the evolution of language.

BY EDMUND BLAIR BOLLES



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GRAMMAR OF BABY TALK

During our undergraduate days my friends and I were continually appalled by our own ignorance. There were hundreds of novels we had never read, branches of science we knew nothing about, and an unknown number of great thoughts we had somehow missed. The courses we were taking seemed only to obstruct our nervous attempts to overcome this ignorance. Our commonplace fantasy was "I'd like to go off to the woods for a couple of years and do nothing but read and think." We would all agree, sigh a bit, and then return to the busy work of chasing a degree.

I, however, lived out this fantasy when I joined the Peace Corps and moved to an African village for two years. During that time I read several hundred books, wrote one, and began to speculate about subjects, such as linguistics, that I had never formally studied. Alone in a small village, I developed what I considered a tendency to be heretical. I began to accept, for example, the long-discarded notion that men have innate ideas about things, or at least an innate prejudice to look at things in certain ways. The result of my speculations was a new desire: to visit a city with well-stocked libraries so that I could examine these ideas in greater detail.

Soon after I returned to the United States, I started to read some studies of language and learned that over the past fifteen years there has been a revolution in the field of linguistics. The old beliefs have been overthrown. Heresy is in. In the early Sixties, Dr. Ruth Weir, at Stanford University, discovered that her two-and-a-half-year-old son drilled himself in English grammar while alone in bed. Shortly after that a number of other investigators almost simultaneously reported the presence of a grammar in even the simplest sentences spoken by infants. Reports from other parts of the world then showed that the same grammar was found in the utterances of babies destined to speak completely different languages. Despite the great disparity between Russian and English grammar, for example, the grammar of Russian and English baby talk is identical.

These new discoveries have forced linguists to abandon a number of common-sense assumptions: that all grammar is learned; that the first language a person learns is the one spoken around him; that the ability to talk is developed by practice.

The leading figure shaping the new linguistic theories is Noam Chomsky. In 1957, when not yet thirty, Chomsky published a book, *Syntactic Structures*, that promptly gained him an international reputation among linguists. Chomsky was trying to find a way of composing a "generative grammar" for a spoken language—a series of mathematically precise rules that would allow the construction of any correct sentence in a particular language and exclude the formation of incorrect ones.

The investigation of generative grammar had already existed as a branch of mathematics and had proved useful in devising computer languages. Chomsky, however, applied this study to the more difficult task of investigating naturally occurring languages. To do this, he developed a complex new mathematical grammar, which he called "transformational grammar."

Since I had managed to avoid taking a single math course in college, the fact that I would have to learn "recursive function theory" should have been enough to persuade me to forget the linguistics revolution. I did not abandon my inquiry because of the happy discovery that Chomsky promoted one of my favorite heresies.

Until the late Fifties, the emphasis of linguists had been placed almost entirely on the distinctive nature of each language. Chomsky changed that. In his 1965 book, *Aspects of the Theory of Syntax*, I came across this passage: "The main task of linguistic theory must be to develop an account of linguistic universals." I was delighted.

When I first arrived in Africa, the numerous differences between Swahili and English seemed to me the most interesting linguistic feature to consider. Then one day an old man I knew ended a conversation in Swahili with a question about an acquaintance of his. I replied with the word *"sijamwona,"* which translates into a full English sentence: "No, I have not yet seen him." As I walked off, I was thinking that there was no exact English equivalent for the tense I had just used; the inflections came at the front of the verb, and there was no literal English translation for the negative subject the tense required. Wishing I could find something useful to say about those differences, I suddenly realized that the word still expressed a verb-object relationship. Over the years I also had learned French, Latin, and German. They too had ways of giving objects to verbs. In my readings about linguistic differences, in fact, I had never heard of a language that did not have some type of verb-object relationship.

The realization that there are certain fundamental grammatical relationships common to all known languages has been one of the major advances in the linguistic revolution. Until recently, it was considered unwise to claim universality for anything. There was always the possibility that some unstudied language would lack a rule or relation hitherto found in all known languages. Then, ten years ago, it was discovered that there is a grammar of baby talk that enables children to express certain relationships (topic and modifier, verb and object, subject and predicate) before they have learned the rules of the particular language they will speak. The grammar of baby talk is a real grammar that forbids certain ways to combine words. The sentences it does generate can be described with the rigorous mathematical precision used by Chomsky.

Single words serve as full sentences when babies begin to speak. Even if a baby knows both "bye-bye" and "daddy," the two words will not be combined. Then, generally at about eighteen months, the child begins to make two-word phrases. At this point the small vocabulary of an eighteen-month-old child can be divided into two groups. The larger group contains

Edmund Blair Bolles is a young free-lance writer now living in Los Angeles. He served in the Peace Corps in Tanzania.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Language is not an invented tool. It began the way it begins today, in response to an innate drive.

what are called "open" words. These are designated by an "O" in mathematical formulations and are words that may be said by themselves (e.g., "shoe," "hot," "milk"). The second group is made up of "pivot" words. These are designated "P" and are never spoken alone (e.g., "my," "green"); they always appear with an open word. Thus the rules for generating the sentences (designated "S") of an eighteen-month-old can be written:

$$S \longrightarrow O$$
$$\text{or } S \longrightarrow O+O$$
$$\text{or } S \longrightarrow O+P$$
$$\text{or } S \longrightarrow P+O$$

The absence of any rule that allows the other possible combinations—P by itself or P+P—is reflected in the child's speech. While the infant might say "milk hot" (O+O), he never says "green my" (P+P).

By the age of two a child usually is able to construct three-word sentences. These sentences, too, are never formed at random. Rules to generate even the first three-word sentences uttered by children can be expressed in the formal manner used by Chomsky. Evidently, the child begins to distinguish the different relationships among words. Once the child knows these relationships, he proceeds to learn what Chomsky calls "transformational rules" and the acceptable ways to create the surface structure of the language spoken about him. Eventually, the grammar of the child's speech begins to resemble the grammar of the adult language spoken around him. Literal translation among English, Russian, and Swahili is no longer possible.

Researchers have found no language that children acquire in other ways. As soon as any child begins to form phrases, a simple grammar is present. Thus, even without studying all living and dead languages, linguists can assume that all adult languages include the grammatical relations of baby talk. Apparently, children have an innate prejudice for comprehending the world according to a few functional relationships.

Innate prejudice? When I was an undergraduate, the psychology, sociology, anthropology, and political science departments were dominated by the belief that all behavior can be explained in terms of stimuli and responses. To think otherwise was to be worse than foolish. And there I was in the African bush coming more and more to the conclusion that there have to be at least a few innate ways of seeing things.

I confess to a surge of excitement when I found my second heresy was a crucial part of the linguistics revolution. Compounding my enthusiasm was the fact that this notion came about through a consideration of infant speech. I had already concluded that baby talk had to be critical to an understanding of the nature of language. Unlike most words, baby words of different languages have an eerie similarity.

The Swahili word for mother is *"mama."* This is the first word spoken by the majority of babies born into families speaking English, Swahili, French, German, and heaven only knows how many other languages. Words for other close relatives can also sound alike even if they are in widely separate languages. I once talked with two Africans who happened to mention that in their tribal language the word for father was *"dadi,"* pronounced the same way American children say "daddy" when they start speaking.

Most words have complex etymologies and phonetic histories, but the first words of baby talk are invented by the speakers themselves. Thus they tend to be alike. Between six and nine months of age, a baby will spontaneously begin to babble. The baby will make a sound like "la" and repeat it so that what is heard is "lala." This phenomenon is species-specific, universal in human infants but unknown in other animals. Apparently, babbling is the result of some innate drive; it occurs even in congenitally deaf babies.

Normally, the first words appear when the baby is about a year old. These words always have the repetitive sound of babbling. Sounds such as "mama," "papa," and "dadi" are all certain to be babbled. The first words presumably are learned by the reinforcement of a randomly babbled sound. When a mother hears her baby say "mama," she will probably pick up the child, stroke it, and speak responsively. The baby quickly learns that saying "mama" has a special value.

Yet something is not quite right with this explanation of learning. Along with such words as *"mama"* and *"dadi"* that make proud parents beam, babies often develop private words not found in the parents' language. By the age of thirteen months, a nephew of mine had invented a word, "hay-daya," that seemed to translate as "pick me up." It was a regular part of his vocabulary and was dutifully learned by his parents, grandparents, and uncles. It may be that the word was accidentally reinforced, but its regular use shows how easily a baby can turn a randomly babbled sound into a word.

When I saw that the ideas about language I had developed while living in Africa were already taken seriously by linguists—only then was I willing to say aloud what I had concluded. Language is not an invented tool. It began the way it begins today, in response to an innate drive.

Before the present revolution in linguistics, it was assumed that babies learn all aspects of language from those around them. The question of who taught the first speaker was of course inevitable. It has puzzled men for centuries. Some scholars suggested that man first mimicked animal cries or uttered onomatopoeic imitations of natural sounds. Others postulated an ancient genius who developed speech in order to tell stories or as a substitute for hand signals.

These answers failed to explain where grammar came from, however, or how anyone agreed on more than a few sounds. As a result, the general belief was that the origin of language bore little resemblance to the way people acquire it today. All observable clues to the original method of language learning were thought to be forever lost.

The discovery of an innate basis for language changed that assumption. By three months of age, babies make a series of sounds. They coo, giggle, cry, and gurgle. Although these infants can communicate discomfort by shrieks and satisfaction with soft coos, they have nothing that can be called language. Because of the use of sounds as, at best, signals, and because of the absence of grammar, the early noises of babies resemble the communication found in the animal world.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Animals are able to communicate to some extent (and in a few cases to a considerable extent) with sound signals. None of them, however, develop even a crude language. The brightest chimpanzees are far more creative and gifted at problem-solving than many humans who acquire language; yet no chimpanzees have words or grammar.

The critical milestone in acquiring a language is the onset of babbling. This is a universal part of maturing and is, therefore, genetically controlled. Like all hereditary mechanisms, this control traces back to some random mutation. The first linguistic break with animals probably came at the birth of a mutant who developed a tendency to babble. While others of his species were limited to cries and coos, this peculiar individual said things like "lala," "googoo," and "mama." One day this mutant happened to associate one of his own babbled sounds with something outside himself.

And there it was. The first time this mutant babbled was as decisive a moment in the history of human evolution as the one depicted in the film *2001* when one of man's precursors first picked up something to use as a tool. The joking, myth-telling species called Homo sapiens would never have appeared if there had not been a first individual who responded to some strange drive by uttering a sound such as "ma" and then repeating himself.

The details of how language developed after the first onset of babbling are still hidden behind the thickest of hazes. It is possible that just as the human embryo growing in the womb sketches the evolutionary history of man's body, the genesis of language in the infant traces the evolution of language. If that is true, there was a long period of time when men spoke only one-word sentences. Then the descendants of the first babbler evolved an ability to grasp grammatical relationships and began to put words together.

On the other hand, a functional understanding of a relationship such as the one represented by a verb and its object could have evolved independently as part of intelligence. In that case the first babbler may have used sentences of more than one word. Presumably, the start of language was followed by an evolutionary refinement of our intellectual tools and our physical ability to make sounds, but at the moment we simply cannot be certain.

Even so, more is understood now than was thought possible only a decade ago. The discovery of a genetic basis for the presence of language indicates that men have been speaking to each other for a much longer time than we generally had imagined. The way babies acquire language is one of the few universal characteristics of humans. The genetic basis of babbling and grammar must have appeared before the days when men began to move out and cover the earth.

"He said his first word today, 'pterodactyl.'"

As long as people assumed that learning a language was the product of an advanced intelligence, scholars were reluctant to place the birth of language too far in the past. An ape only recently descended from the trees hardly seems capable of dreaming up a language. But the discovery of a genetic rather than an intellectual foundation for language dates the beginnings of language at a million or more years ago. This, in turn, explains how the many complex and peculiar features of individual languages could have arisen. Only by setting the starting date for language very far back in time can there have been enough generations of speakers to have allowed the great differences among recorded languages to develop.

One question that still puzzles us is why the genes of language were so successful that they became a universal characteristic of man. The traditional idea that language facilitated hunting, scavenging, and gathering explains little. These things are all done successfully by animals without language. In the case of hunting, language is actually a hindrance; men grow silent when they hunt.

One possible reason is the universal power of language to make people feel they share a bond. When my two African friends told me the word for "father" in their tribal language was "*dadi*" and I replied the American word was the same, a feeling of kinship swept through the three of us. This sense of intimacy is the qualitative difference between the effect of animal cries and speech. It justifies the success of language and allows us to feel a tie with a hitherto hidden and private mind. Remember the reaction of the crowd when President Kennedy proclaimed, "*Ich bin ein Berliner.*" The language he used gave extra force to what was said. There was once a time when language was new and not common to all or even most members of the species. Because of the feeling of closeness that language can bring, talkers probably preferred to mate with other talkers. This would ensure the spread of the babbling mutation. Sexual selection is responsible for many unusual features of nature. Language may be one of them. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PARAPSYCHOLOGY IN THE U.S.S.R.

BY STANLEY KRIPPNER AND RICHARD DAVIDSON

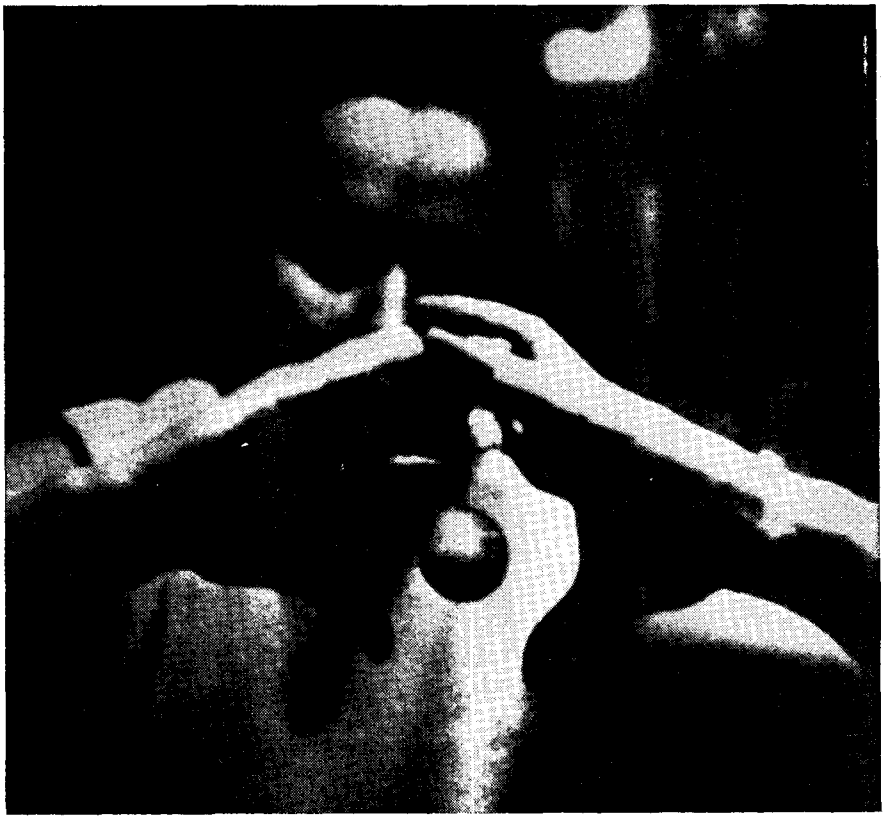
While American researchers are trying to prove that parapsychological phenomen

Last summer we traveled to the U.S.S.R. to meet with Russian parapsychologists and to observe some of their research firsthand. Although the Russians were familiar with our work at the Dream Laboratory of Maimonides Medical Center—in the past seven years the laboratory has published more than 100 articles on extrasensory perception in dreams, not only in parapsychological journals but in medical, psychological, and psychiatric journals as well—we had to carry on a lengthy correspondence with Soviet researchers before Edward Naumov approved our visit. Dr. Naumov is a member of the Department of Physics of the City of Moscow Engineering Institute and, as the Soviet Union's leading parapsychologist, directs the Institute of Technical Parapsychology.

Parapsychology, so named because it is concerned with phenomena usually considered outside the realm of orthodox psychology, deals primarily with extrasensory perception (ESP) and psychokinesis (PK). ESP refers to information that is not received through the usual senses and includes telepathy and clairvoyance. PK describes physical effects not caused by so-called natural laws or human motor activities. Objects that seemingly move by themselves or are made to move by the will of a "sensitive" fall into the realm of PK.

Perhaps the most striking discovery we made during our stay in the Soviet Union was the difference between American and Russian approaches to parapsychology. In America the thrust of research is on simply proving the existence of ESP and PK. At the Dream Laboratory, for example, we begin an experiment on ESP with an elaborate statement of purpose and methods. Then we go to great lengths to shield the subject from any type of sensory or motor cue. Finally, we analyze and evaluate the results with such conservative statistical techniques that there *must* be ESP for the results to be significant.

In the Soviet Union, however, there is little emphasis on the experimental, statistical approach or on proving the existence of ESP or PK. The Russian parapsychologists seem to harbor no doubts about the existence of parapsychological phenomena. Instead, they are seeking practical applications and an understanding of how these phenomena operate.



Performing one of her celebrated feats of psychokinesis, the noted Russian "sensitive" Nina Kulagina causes a plastic sphere seemingly to float in air. Mrs. Kulagina's other psychokinetic accomplishments supposedly include separating the yolk from the white of an egg, moving a pitcher filled with water across a table, and stopping the heartbeat of a frog.

The United States and the Soviet Union each has about six major centers for parapsychological research and about a dozen minor ones. All of the Soviet centers, of course, are government-funded. While we were in Russia, we told Naumov that only one U.S. center receives any federal financial support and that our own laboratory is privately funded, principally by the Babcock Foundation of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. At that moment, we added, the laboratory had only enough funds to operate for another six months or so.

Naumov was incredulous. "Don't your people realize the importance of parapsychology in the development of the human mind?" he asked. "This is extremely important work that you are doing, for it opens the door to creativity and human potential. Your country is a nation of businessmen. Don't they realize that it is good business to support humanitarian efforts?"

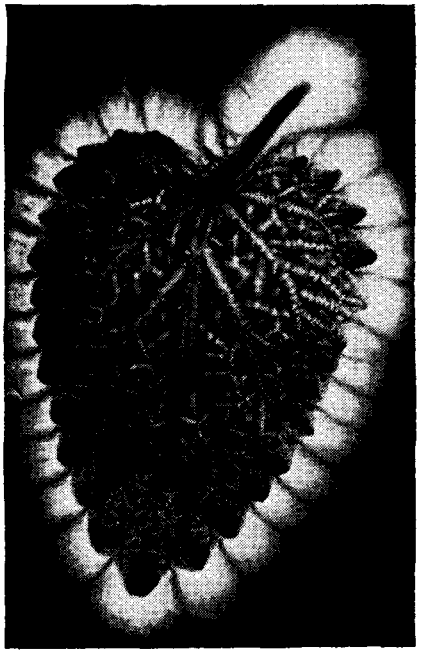
We then asked Naumov about the status of parapsychology among Soviet scientists. He produced two lists that had been compiled by his staff from all the material printed in the U.S.S.R. on parapsychology. One list contained the names of forty-five scientists who had publicly supported parapsychology research and were sympathetic to the data produced. The other contained the names of scientists who were critical—all nine of them.

This public support, however, is a fairly recent development. In the 1955 edition of the *Soviet Encyclopedia*, the definitive reference book that supplies the "party line" on all the sciences, parapsychology is defined as "the nonscientific idealistic considera-

Stanley Krippner is director of the Dream Laboratory of Maimonides Medical Center in Brooklyn, New York. Richard Davidson is a research assistant at the laboratory. Their trip to the U.S.S.R. was sponsored by the Erickson Educational Foundation in Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ist, the Russians are busy seeking practical applications.



The leaf above, supposedly fringed with an "aura" of bioplasma, was photographed with a device invented about thirty years ago by Semyon and Valentina Kirlian. The Kirlian device is said to permit bioplasmic energy to be photographed by converting it from a nonelectrical phenomenon to an electrical one.

tion of supernatural abilities of perceptual phenomena." But in the 1970 edition, parapsychology is described as "the area of psychical and biophysical research dealing with the informational and energetics possibilities of living organisms. Parapsychology considers the newest forms of sensitivity, the results of those sensitivities, and the possibilities of the human organism." You will not find any standard reference book in the United States that describes parapsychology in similarly positive terms.

In fact, much of the difference between American and Soviet approaches to parapsychology is displayed in the terminology used in the two countries to describe parapsychological phenomena. To describe perceptual phenomena, for example, we in America use the term "extrasensory perception," or "ESP." Russians, however, speak of biological information or bioinformation. Much can be said for the wisdom of this choice, for, as several American scientists have noted, any inference that events might be extrasensory or beyond the range of the senses creates immediate hostility. Anthropologist Margaret Mead, for example, a longtime member of the American Society for Psychical Research, prefers to think of ESP as "supersensory" perception or "extraordinary sense" perception.

The Soviet notion of bio-information takes many forms. If a person gains information without an agent—what we would call clairvoyance—the Russians use the term "bio-location." One special type of bio-location is bio-introscopy in which subjects identify the contents of sealed containers or envelopes. Other types of bio-location being studied in the U.S.S.R. are dowsing and dermal-optical sensitivity, sometimes known as "skin vision." In the area of dermal-optical sensitivity, experiments in both countries have shown that blindfolded "sensitives" can determine the color of a card either by touching it with their fingers or by touching a plastic envelope in which it is enclosed. But Soviet research in dermal-optical sensitivity, we were told, recently suffered an unfortunate setback: The star subject went off and joined a circus. However, new subjects are being trained, and Larisa Vilenskaya, a leading Soviet parapsychologist, has herself developed dermal-optical skills.

American researchers use the term psychokinesis to describe psychic physical effects on both living and nonliving objects. In the U.S.S.R., however, psychokinesis refers only to nonliving objects. Furthermore, the Soviets break down PK into two areas, spontaneous and experimental. Spontaneous PK refers to situations where objects seem to move for no apparent reason. Experimental PK, on the other hand, refers to objects moved by a "sensitive." These distinctions may seem to be merely semantic quibbles, but it is our belief that they point to a fundamental difference in outlook.

Only an hour after we checked in at Moscow's Intourist Hotel on the first day of our visit, we received a call from Larisa Vilenskaya. She welcomed us and said: "We have arranged for Dr. Krippner to give an address at the Institute of Psychology in the Academy of Pedagogical Sciences in Moscow on Monday. This will be the first lecture on parapsychology ever delivered at the institute. We have invited two hundred psychologists, psychiatrists, physicists, engineers, space scientists, and cosmonauts-in-training." Flattered by the invitation, Krippner accepted. It was an auspicious beginning for our stay in the U.S.S.R.

During the next week we worked on the lecture slated for the following Monday, traveled to several historic sites in and around Moscow, and were visited by a number of Soviet parapsychologists, most of them involved in psychokinetic research. One of the historic sites we visited was the Archangel Palace, the home of Catherine the Great. We told Naumov of the several movies we had seen about Catherine and of how she had been portrayed by actresses as diverse as Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, Jeanne Moreau, and Bette Davis. Naumov was delighted to hear that Miss Davis—obviously one of his favorite Hollywood stars—had played the Czarina. He was even more impressed when we mentioned that she had studied Russian for her role as Catherine in the movie *John Paul Jones*.

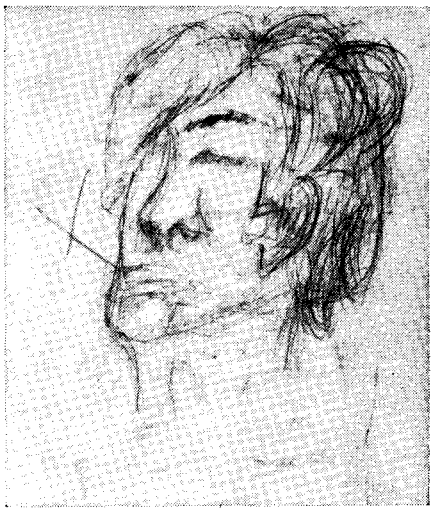
One of our visitors was G. S. Vassilichenko, a noted Russian physician and sexologist, who is a believer in acupuncture. He described how he and his colleagues use acupunture as one of several types of treatment for sexual dysfunction, primarily directing their efforts to certain points near the base of the spine. Vassilichenko is not unusual in his emphasis on acupuncture. Many Soviet physicians use it to treat various disorders, and the technique is employed at many large Russian clinics.

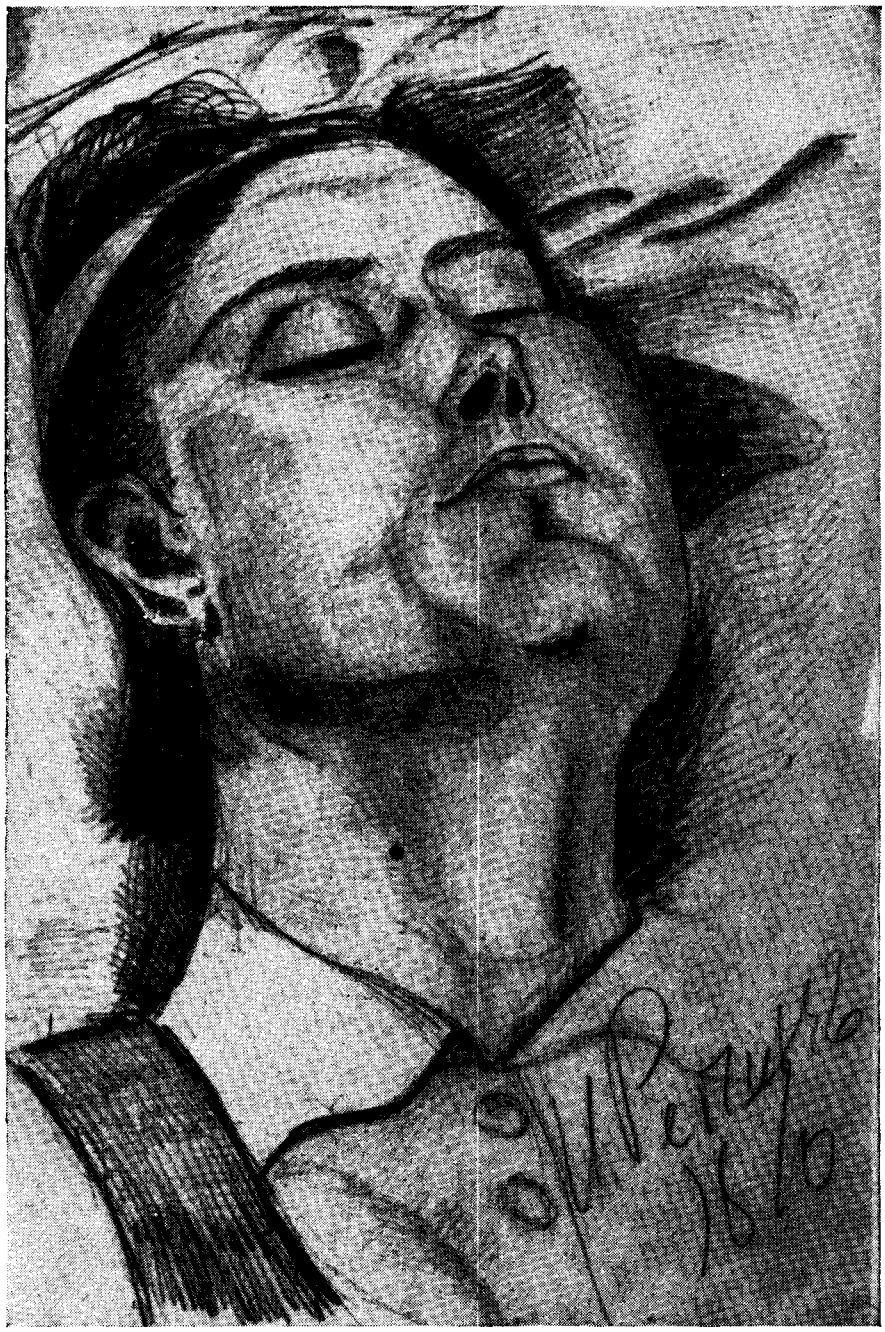
Almost everyone we met in Russia mentioned acupuncture, although it is not as widely practiced there as in China. There are, in fact, important differences between the two techniques. Instead of using needles, as the Chinese do, Soviet physicians usually stimulate the appropriate area with massage, ointments, lotions, weak pulses of electricity, injected chemicals, and even, in the case of epileptic seizures, laser beams. Although most parapsychologists in the U.S.S.R. believe in the efficacy of acupuncture, it should be noted that not all physicians who use acupuncture are interested in parapsychology. Many use acupuncture simply because it seems to work.

We also heard about acupuncture from another visitor, Victor Adamenko, a brilliant physicist who has helped

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bioplasma, presumed by the Russians to be a fourth state of matter, is a key conce





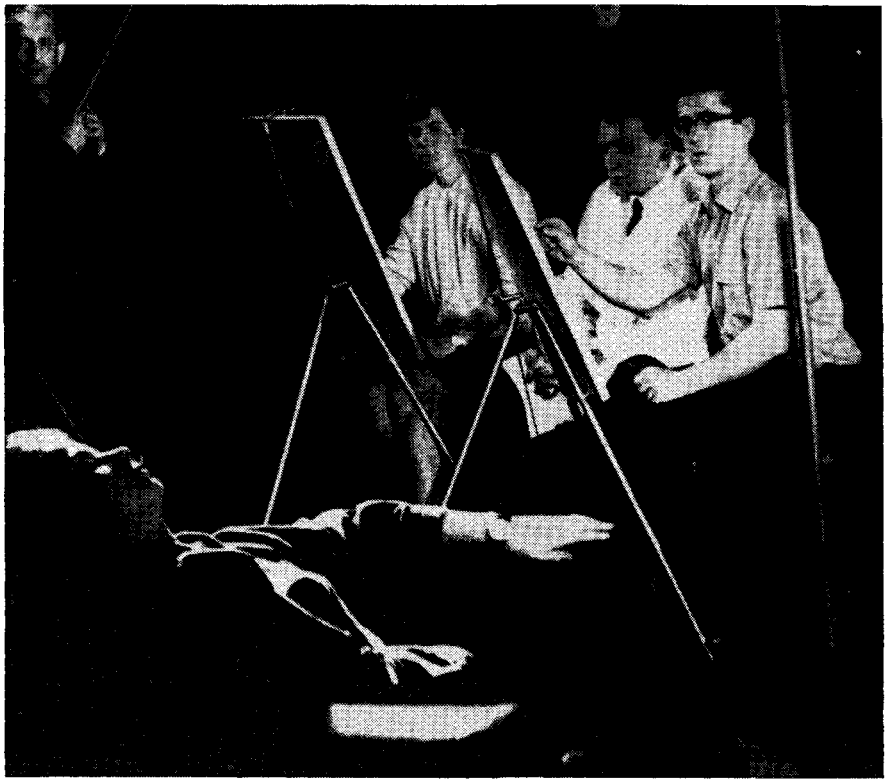
to develop the tobioscope, a device used to detect acupuncture points. We watched him demonstrate the device, which is about the size of a small flashlight. As he slowly moved it across a woman's face, its bulb flashed on and off. We were told that the light goes on as the tobioscope passes over the various acupuncture points. A bright light indicates the individual is in good health, a dim light that there is a current or future health problem. Adamenko and his associates claim to have identified more than 900 acupuncture points with their tobioscope. After the demonstration, Adamenko explained that the device measures changes in the body's "bioplasmic energy." By obtaining measures from several of the body's acupuncture points, he claims he can detect the flow of this energy and thus predict and treat disease. The bioplasmic system, he feels, will eventually be recognized as an important component of the organism, along with the circulatory, lymphatic, and nervous systems.

Adamenko then described to us his work with a device invented some thirty years ago by Semyon and Valentina Kirlian. It is said to take photographs of this bioplasmic energy. Basically, he told us, the Kirlian device is an electrical Tesla coil connected to two metallic plates. Between the plates are placed a living or nonliving object and a piece of film, with the film touching the object. When a switch is turned on, a high-energy frequency is generated that causes the film to record an "aura" that surrounds the object. Adamenko showed us photographs of plants taken with the Kirlian device. When we inspected the prints closely, we saw flare patterns emerging from the leaves. If the plant has buds and flowers, there is more activity in those regions. If the buds and flowers are cut off, the photograph shows streams of light coming from the severed tip of the plant, much like the shower of sparks that emanate from the end of a Roman candle.

When we looked at Kirlian photographs of human body parts, we also saw flare patterns. They were especially obvious in the pictures taken of human heads and hands. The patterns are said to change very quickly if the individual is hypnotized, imbibes alcohol, or takes drugs. The Kirlians claim that the technique is a method of converting nonelectrical effects into electrical ones that can be visually observed by the camera. Applications of the process to such fields as agriculture, nutrition, dentistry, and medicine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Soviet approach to parapsychology.



The two young Russians shown sketching a reclining subject are participating in an experiment in hypno-reproduction, directed by Soviet psychiatrist Vladimir Raikov. The sketchers had no formal art training but were told, during hypnosis, that they were famous Russian artists. Because of this hypnotic suggestion, their drawings were said to improve markedly, as evidenced by the "before" hypnosis sketch (left) and the "after" hypnosis sketch (middle).

may be possible, they say, since each living species has its own distinctive flare pattern that changes according to its biological state.

Interestingly, sunspots are believed to affect the Kirlian photographs, since pictures taken on days when there is sunspot activity do not turn out well. These photographs may relate to the electromagnetic fields around living organisms studied by A. S. Presman, another of our visitors.

Genady Sergeiev, a psychophysiologist, has made Kirlian photographs of the noted Russian "sensitive," Nina Kulagina, in which a heightened biological luminescence seems to radiate from her eyes while she is performing some of her celebrated feats of psychokinesis. Other Kirlian photographs of Mrs. Kulagina engaged in psychokinesis show a bioplasmic field around her entire body that expands and pulses rhythmically. We did not see Mrs. Kulagina because she was out of town when we visited her home in Leningrad. However, one of our Maimonides colleagues, Montague Ullman, a psychiatrist who directs the Maimonides Community Mental Health Center, recently observed a performance of her powers in Leningrad. As she made passes with her hands over a table in Ullman's hotel room, paper clips, matches, and pen tops seemed to move across the table without her touching them. Since then, Mrs. Kulagina is reported to have performed even more remarkable feats, such as moving objects by simply thinking about them. Her weight is reported to drop and her blood-sugar level to rise during these experiments.

A small group of women, we learned later, is now being trained to duplicate Mrs. Kulagina's feats. Each one is given a compass and told to spend several hours each week attempting to move the needle. Each is told to make these attempts while in a highly emotional state and to imagine what the Russians call bioplasma coming out of the hand and pushing the needle. Once they can move the needle, the women attempt to make a wooden cylinder roll across the tabletop. If they are successful, they place small pieces of metal and wood (paper clips and matchboxes, for example) on a table and try to move them. Women with dry skin seem to make the best candidates for psychokinesis, possibly because bioplasma is inhibited by oily skin.

The concept of bioplasma is a key to the understanding of Soviet parapsychology. Bioplasma is presumed by the Russians to be a fourth state of matter that constantly interacts with other states of matter, perhaps transforming itself into them from time to time, just as water becomes steam or ice. It is bioplasma that explains the workings of acupuncture and other aspects of Soviet parapsychology.

Before we left the United States for the U.S.S.R., Khigh Dhiegh, an actor and one of the few Americans who is knowledgeable on the subjects of bioplasma and acupuncture, discussed them with us. He explained that the ancient Chinese physicians conceptualized a life energy running through the body, an energy that resembles the Soviet concept of bioplasma. In the Chinese belief, the body's 900 acupuncture points represent the focuses of this energy. The life energy can be brought into balance by stimulating the energy centers. T. X. Barber, a U.S. researcher in the psychology of altered states of consciousness, has noted that the concept of bioplasma serves Soviet parapsychologists as a useful "hypothetical construct" in stimulating integrated research approaches to elusive parapsychological events. In other words, it gives them a "handle" to grasp in designing experiments.

While in Moscow, we were exposed to another extraordinary approach to human potential. Vladimir Raikov, a psychiatrist, brought several students to our room and demonstrated what is called "hypno-reproduction," a form of hypnotism in which the subject is told he or she is a figure in public life or history who can do something extraordinarily well. His first subject was a student at a musical conservatory who played the violin for us. The student was then hypnotized by Raikov and told he was Fritz Kreisler. The student played again—this time, in our opinion, with more confidence and expertise. When the hypnotism was terminated, the young man told us that it

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The paranoid delusions of schizophrenics may contain a nugget of truth.

took only a few seconds for him to "slip away"; from that point on, he had no memory of the experience. He believes his skill on the violin has improved as a result of hypnosis.

Raikov then hypnotized another student and told her she was three days old. When she opened her eyes, they were unfocused and wandered aimlessly like those of an infant. When Raikov erased this suggestion and told her she was Rachmaninoff, she played an imaginary piano with great pleasure. At one point in the session, when the subject had her eyes open, Raikov told the hypnotically reproduced Rachmaninoff that we were the hypnotist's drinking companions. The young woman looked at us in disgust and went to a far corner of the room. Raikov then explained that Rachmaninoff had had a drinking problem, as had the young woman at one time. Hypnosis had helped her overcome it.

One of Raikov's subjects was an attractive young girl who showed us several of her pastel paintings. She had no interest in painting before she volunteered for Raikov's experiments but was told, during hypnosis, that she was Ilya Repin, a well-known Russian artist. We saw the results of her work from session to session. By the end of the sixth session, she was doing what seemed to us to be highly competent work—without having taken a single art lesson.

Raikov's subjects work in small groups, the hypnotically reproduced Rubenses and Rembrandts drawing and painting each other while hypnotized. Perhaps they learn artistic techniques from each other while hypnotized. In any event, the improvement we saw in several dozen "before" hypno-reproduction and "after" hypno-reproduction drawings was remarkable.

Raikov feels that only about one in five people can enter hypnosis deeply enough for hypno-reproduction to work. We performed a number of hypnotic suggestibility tests on his subjects and found them all highly hypnotizable. On the eye-roll test, for example, they were able to roll their eyes so far upwards that their pupils all but disappeared. Would one of us be a candidate for hypno-reproduction? Raikov agreed to a demonstration with Richard Davidson. "Sit down, Richard, and relax," he said. He pushed Richard's head back, pulled his neck forward, and began to strike his chest. When Raikov said, "I am holding a rose under your nose, and you can smell it," the subject immediately smelled a rose aroma. Age-regression techniques, however, produced little response.

"Richard," concluded Raikov, "you are not a candidate for hypno-reproduction."

On Monday, standing beneath a large portrait of Lenin, Krippner delivered his lecture at the Institute of Psychology. He began his presentation with a description of the technique of "convergent operations" used at the Dream Laboratory and its relation to dream and alpha-wave research. Convergent operations, he explained, combines the subject's report of his experiences with psychophysiological monitoring. In the dream studies the subject is awakened when his eye movements and brainwave patterns indicate that he is dreaming. He then describes the dream.

Krippner outlined the laboratory's most recent dream study, carried out with the enthusiastic cooperation of the Grateful Dead, a well-known U.S. rock group. While the two subjects of the study slept, the audience at a series of six Grateful Dead concerts, all held about forty miles from the laboratory, viewed a randomly selected slide of an art print for fifteen minutes. The Grateful Dead played as the slide was projected. The audience of about 2,000 was told to try to communicate the slide's contents to one of the subjects who was sleeping at the Dream Laboratory. Nothing was said about the other subject, who slept at home. The experiment was repeated each night with a different print being shown.

When the experiment was completed, two outside judges matched the dream reports of the two subjects with the art prints. The judges evaluated the dreams of the subject who had slept in the laboratory as corresponding with the print that had been shown at the concert four times out of six. The dreams of the other subject corresponded only one time out of six. The laboratory subject's dreams sometimes mirrored the print very closely. When Scralian's painting *The Seven Spinal Chakras* was projected, the subject dreamed about "an energy box" and a "spinal column," both recognizable components of the painting. Krippner pointed out that the results of the experiment suggest that intentionality on the part of the agent is important, since only the subject whose name was given to the audience attained significant results.

After the lecture, we were told that the top two rows in the audience were filled by space scientists and cosmonauts-in-training. Naumov gave us affectionate bear hugs and told us that the day was a "victory for parapsychology."

A few days later, after a brief trip to Leningrad, we boarded a plane in Moscow for the return flight to the United States. We were aware that we had much to learn from the Russians in parapsychology, and that the Russians, in turn, could learn much from us.

Perhaps the most important Soviet contribution to parapsychology is their work in the area of psychokinesis. However, we could well adopt their strategy for putting parapsychology into the mainstream of science. We should follow their lead and redouble our efforts to find possible practical applications for ESP and PK, especially in the areas of medicine and mental health. For example, in our own dream and telepathy studies, it would be extremely useful to find out how schizophrenics react in the experimental situations. Perhaps, as we told Yuri Nikolayev, a leading Soviet schizophrenia researcher, the paranoid delusions of schizophrenics contain a nugget of truth; perhaps, they are picking up other people's thoughts at least some of the time. Though little experimentation has been done in this field, it could be enormously important.

The Russians, on the other hand, could learn from us rigid experimental techniques with which to temper their approach to parapsychology. Most of the papers we collected on our trip were from the Russian popular press or from such semiscientific periodicals as *Science and Religion*, which praises science and criticizes religion. They rarely present well-designed tests with control conditions, isolation of variables, and tests for statistical significance.

International cooperation, including cross-studies of "sensitives," joint seminars, and research programs, would greatly aid the absorption of parapsychology into the mainstream of science. It would, we feel, contribute to man's understanding of his own potential. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

A Pasatieri Premiere in Seattle—B/B

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Thomas Pasatieri's *Black Widow* had more than the dramatic interest of the subject matter derived from Miguel de Unamuno's novella *Dos Madres* at its first performances anywhere in the Seattle Opera House during the first weeks of March. A parallel plot was contained in the subdrama of a twenty-six-year-old composer confronting the challenge of his first full-length opera. Would he make it, or would it unmake him?

As in all good dramas, the outcome was in doubt for some time. But as the music rolled forward steadily toward a peak of eloquence in the last of the three acts, the answer came clear. Pasatieri had won his gamble, taking the best of three falls (acts) from the difficult opponent embodied in Unamuno's text.

This is nothing else than a Spanish version of the dilemma treated operatically by Richard Strauss in *Die Frau ohne Schatten*—the anguish and sense of futility that may afflict a woman unable to bear a child. The differences in the outcomes are subtly reflective of the differences in the two cultures.

In the Teutonic conception of the text Hugo von Hofmannsthal provided for Strauss, it is heavily symbolic, as the Empress bargains to buy a *Schatten* ("shadow") from one of her lowly subjects. Suddenly, regally, she is appalled by her own selfishness and decides to forgo the transaction. And, for her renunciation, she is rewarded with the heavenly gift. In the source from which Pasatieri has made his own libretto, the motivation is wholly pragmatic. Raquel, the deprived one, persuades Juan, her lover, to marry Berta, who wants him. She, Raquel, will then acquire their firstborn. It is no good omen for his later fate—though indispensable to the progress of the opera—that Juan agrees.

Raquel drains Juan of his manhood as well as of his worldly goods, then reduces Berta to a child doing her bidding. When Juan loses the will to live and Berta becomes another "black widow," Raquel promises her, out of the goodness of her heart and Juan's estate, a dowry with which to attract a more suitable man than the impulsive, compulsive, finally repulsive Juan.

In undertaking to write his own libretto, Pasatieri has put upon himself no less than three problems: writing a text that is singable, creating the music to make it sing, and mating the two with an orchestral texture unjust neither to the songs nor to the singers. Worst of all, the one-man effort deprives him of a collaborator to argue him out of his less fortunate ideas.

Such a collaborator might have pointed out that the central thesis—Raquel's desire for a child and the means of acquiring it—could have been established in less than the two acts Pasatieri has assigned to it. Furthermore, as the best music in Acts I and II is written for Berta (beautifully sung by the young Philippine soprano Evelyn Mandac), perhaps she, rather than Raquel, was uppermost in his mind. Certainly, this is incontrovertible in Act III, the music of which is warmly conceived and artfully expounded. Its highlight is the beautifully written trio "Here I will hide," in which Berta's plea for sanctuary with her parents is rejected as the consummation of a love-hate relationship. It is also the musical climax of the opera, at just the right moment.

As it stands, *Black Widow*, which may embody a reference to the spider that devours her mate as much as a reference to the mourning garb worn throughout by Raquel, invests inordinate playing time in expounding the obvious: that Juan is a fool for Raquel, as Berta is a fool for Juan. This leads to loud climaxes on such expletives as "Go make my child!" at the first-act curtain, after a double-exposure scene in which the wedding of Juan and Berta is visible upstage as the widow revels in her triumph-to-come downstage.

Taken as a whole, however, *Black Widow* is a long step ahead for Pasatieri from the recently televised *Trial of Mary Lincoln*. In the latter, he was responsible only for the score; in the former, everything seen and heard is his own. The magnitude of his accomplishment suggests that *Black Widow* can be, for him, the best kind of a "learning work," one that may enable him to discover who he is, what he does best, and where he should go from here.

The success of the Seattle Opera in bringing together a cast qualified to give a new work a fair trial is a major credit for its director, Glynn Ross. He cast well in calling upon, besides the admirable Mandac, Jennie Tourel and David Lloyd to play Berta's parents. Both are highly disciplined artists, able to enunciate the text clearly enough to be heard by 3,000 listeners. The more complex requirements for Juan and Raquel were only partially met by Theodore Uppmann and Joanna Simon. Both are responsible artists, but he is not quite the smoldering type for a Latin lover, and she is a little lacking as yet in the drive and personal projection to embody the witchery, or bitchery, of a woman capable of appropriating another's offspring as her own. Miss Simon sang much of the music surpassingly well, especially the lullaby of Act III.

The production created by John T. Naccarato was both simple and atmospheric, a suitable environment for Lotfi Mansouri's well-disciplined staging. The projections displayed between the work's twelve scenes were often provocative. Even when not, they kept the audience from interrupting Pasatieri's expressive interludes with conversation. The images were credited to Coffin and Co. The musical supervision of Henry Holt gave Pasatieri's score all it contained, orchestrally, without penalizing the vocalists.

Recently, Pierre Boulez has been devoting his Informal Evenings at the Juilliard Theater to some of the works of Alban Berg, which comprise a counterforce, in the season's New York Philharmonic repertory, to the music of Franz Liszt. A few weeks ago it was a sequence of songs (from the *Seven Early Songs*), for which Christa Ludwig was the associated vocalist. More recently, he presented his views, verbal and musical, of the *Kammerkonzert*, with a choice complement of the orchestra's personnel, plus Daniel Barenboim, pianist, and Pinchas Zukerman, violinist.

Many of the points that Boulez made in his hour-long discourse could be read, much more quickly, in the program notes by Edward Downes. But no annotator, however gifted, could impart to his words the subtle flavoring of wit, magnetism, and seeming wisdom that flowed from Boulez. The modification of "wisdom" by "seeming" is not meant to denigrate what Boulez conveyed. Rather it is a tribute to his verbal artistry that the most casual remark "seemed" to have "wisdom," if only for the informed, as well as informal, manner in which it was delivered.

It is, of course, Basic Berg that the *Kammerkonzert* bears the superscription *"Aller guten Dinge . . ."* a Germanic equivalent of the English motto: "All good things [come in threes]." It refers to himself, Arnold Schoenberg, and Anton Webern. Further to the point, its thematic elements are derived from the letters in each name that have musical equivalents. But even those to whom these are familiar facts found Boulez's interrelation of them to Berg's obsession with time—his determination to make a work of his go "back" in musical time as well as forward (in the slow movement)—illuminating. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Irving Kolodin

A First by Richter and Fischer-Dieskau

Brahms: *Die schöne Magelone* (Op. 33). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Angel stereo, S-36753, $5.98.

If there is an audience ready and waiting for this version of one of Brahms's least known vocal works, the Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau of 1972 can thank the Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau of 1958. The "new" baritone's venture then with *Die schöne Magelone* brought to attention a work that was all but unknown. It kept its place in the Schwann catalogue for a respectable period of time, but it hasn't been available since 1963.

Against the backdrop of that experience, the appeal of this recording is immediate and positive. Clearly, Fischer-Dieskau is a more relaxed, technically secure, and well-spoken singer in the Seventies than he was in the Fifties. These are assets for which a small debit in vocal sheen may be regarded as a not excessive price. As for calling a singer well-spoken, his ability to bend one word into another in such a song as "Treue Liebe" and form a resilient arch of sound therefrom is justification enough.

Mention of "Treue Liebe" may cause some readers to wonder whether it is "the" "Treue Liebe" of Brahms that has become a favorite on its own. That, indeed, it is; as are also "Ruhe, Süssliebchen" and "Wie froh und frisch," which occur within the last seven songs on the second side. If it be wondered how a cycle consistently of such high quality came to be so little performed, the answer is: It isn't—of such high quality, that is. The recitation of events that beset Peter, son of the Count of Provence, on his Boy meets Girl pilgrimage in the Age of Chivalry begins slowly and in a rather archaic spirit, musically. The quality picks up after the meeting (song 3) with Magelone, Princess of Naples, rises in warmth when the lovers are separated, fluctuates thereafter, and finally reaches fever heat when they are finally reunited in time for "Treue Liebe" to summarize the cycle.

On his prior recording, Fischer-Dieskau had no such celebrity as Sviatoslav Richter for his collaborator, rather a semi-celebrity named Jörg Demus, with whom he fared very well. It is to Richter's great credit that his performance gives no overt evidence of being done by a celebrity. It is merely impeccably fingered, warmly felt, and delivered with a total identity not only with his partner but with Brahms. Nor is this an artificial romance, fostered under forced draught in a studio. The artistic marriage was promoted by Benjamin Britten for his Aldeburgh Festival as long ago as 1965, and has endured the test of time since. It can only be hoped that the first of their recorded offspring is succeeded by many more.

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (right) and Sviatoslav Richter—"It can only be hoped that the first of their recorded offspring is succeeded by many more."

Goetz and Schoeck: Good, if Not Important

Goetz: Concerto in B-flat (Op. 18). Paul Baumgartner, piano; with the Beromünster Radio Orchestra conducted by Erich Schmid. **Schoeck:** *Sommernacht.* Orchestre du studio de Genève conducted by Paul Klecki. Genesis stereo, GS 1010, $5.98.

Those who believe there is a place in the world for music that is diverting, entertaining, and easy to absorb—everything, that is, but important—are invited to participate in the pleasures of these two works by composers who spent much of their lives in Switzerland. As for Goetz, who was born in Königsberg, it was partially a matter of health (he spent the last eighteen of his thirty-six years near Zurich). Schoeck is also identified with Zurich, though he was born near Lucerne.

The surroundings, or ambience, are not unrelated to these works. Each has a degree of extroversion, of spiritual serenity one would like to associate with the Alpine air that nourished so many artists. For Goetz, it provided the motive power for a work that is redolent with melody, bright with rhythmic contrast, and full of happy harmonic impulses. This is particularly true of the slow movement, which touches Brahmsian territory more than once.

If it does not resound with turns of thought, or thrusts of phrasing unmistakably Goetzian—they incline rather to be mistakably Schumannesque—the totality is something more than merely amiable. Competition for attention in the musical milieu of the time (1867) was so keen that even so good a work might not outlive its creator (who died in 1876). Had Goetz been a little more terse in speaking his musical piece (at thirty-eight minutes, it is in the category of wordy), the pleasure quotient might be higher. One suspects, too, that Goetz might have profited from performers of greater impulse than Baumgartner and Schmid. They are certainly competent, but not much more.

Neither complaint can be lodged against the pastoral intermezzo of Schoeck, a composer known for some excellent songs, to which Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has applied his talents and prestige. The fourteen-minute piece for string orchestra is a model of both expansiveness and concision, a combination of qualities that come close to defining it as a masterpiece. But that would make it "important,"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something it is not. It is a delightful work, worthy of a place on a program of string orchestra music along with Tchaikovsky's Serenade in C, Grieg's Holberg Suite, Elgar's Introduction and Allegro, or Sibelius's Romance in C. The relaxed but beautifully controlled performance shows the shaping hand of a musical master, whether identified as that of Paul Klecki, as he was born in Poland, or Paul Kletzki, as he is better known in this country. Both sides are admirably processed.

Ciccolini's Tour de Satie Concluded

Satie: *Trois petites pièces montées*; Ogives; Danses gothiques; Sonatine bureaucratique; Poudre d'or (Valse); Pages mystiques; Douze petits chorals.* Aldo Ciccolini, piano. (*Four hands, performed by Ciccolini.) Angel stereo, S-36811, $5.98.

Six records and a little more than four years after the first in his series of Satie discs appeared in January 1968, Aldo Ciccolini has gone further than then seemed possible with so special a project. The novelty of hearing all the slim file of known Satie works and

Erik Satie—"boisterous wit."

many more (like these) never before recorded commanded attention from the outset. But it is the comprehension, insight, and tonal sensitivity that Ciccolini has developed as the project has matured that mark the results as durable.

Different as each of the compact segments is from the other, they form, together, a distinctive profile unmistakably Satien. In *Trois petites pièces montées* (based on pages of Rabelais) one discerns the stern frown that was a counterpart to the boisterous wit that makes the *Sonatine bureaucratique* so entertaining. *Danses gothiques* is reminiscent of the celebrated *Gymnopédies*, which (in the orchestrations of Claude Debussy) caught the attention of some conductors before much else of Satie was known at all. *Poudre d'or* is lit by the mischievous gleam in the eye, which affiliated Satie's salonish dance music with that of his great predecessor Emanuel Chabrier, and gave spiritual parenthood to his own artistic offspring, Francis Poulenc.

The record, and with it the six-part survey that has occupied Ciccolini and French Pathé-Marconi (with whom the venture originated) so long, comes to an end with the all but unknown twelve little chorales. It is presumed that they were written as exercises when, at nearly forty and with half a catalogue of compositions to his credit, Satie decided to repair some lacks in his technical equipment by studying at the Schola Cantorum with Albert Roussel and others. Each of the brief pieces moves within a narrow compass of harmonic coloration, with each slight change making a mark on the listening attention. Ciccolini plays them so well, in so reflective a spirit, that they make an ideally pensive pendant to the whole.

Another Kind of "Stimmung"

Stockhausen: *Stimmung.* Collegium Vocale Köln (Dagmar Apel, soprano; Gaby Rodens, soprano; Helga Albrecht, mezzo-soprano; Wolfgang Fromme, tenor; Georg Steinhoff, baritone; and Hans-Alderich Billig, bass). DGG stereo, 2543 003, $6.98.

Those who interpreted a recent comment on the live performance of *Stimmung* in Alice Tully Hall (November 28, 1971) as a recommendation to acquire its recording are entitled to a warning. Though the performers are nearly identical with those whose live effort at the work's New York premiere earned such praise—and the sounds are without question the same—the outcome is far less stimulating. It may, indeed, be the fate of Stockhausen's highly imaginative score to be remembered as the work in which pre-eminence has been recaptured by man from the machine.

To underscore, but not to labor, the point, the plus in most electronic involvement with sound is to bring about a result in which the human contribution is exalted beyond its own power to achieve unaided. In *Stimmung*, the reverse turns out to be the case. Hearing the results without seeing how they are brought about—by six vocalists using microphones and loudspeakers for amplification—eliminates a vital link in the chain of cause and result. That is the concentration required to persist in a vocal effort prolonged over seventy minutes.

On the recording, the element of failure is all but excluded. Who puts out a recording of a group's *inability* to master a challenge? Suspense is thus suspended, uncertainty eliminated. In the end, the importance of the human contact defines Stockhausen as more of a poet than most of his fellow experimenters—and hence a failure in the annals of the avant-garde. It is at least an inferential compliment to assert that the live performance conveyed a good deal that the recorded one doesn't.

The Legendary Voice of Deanna Durbin

Puccini-S. Lerner: "The Prince." **Kreisler-Mattulath:** "The Old Refrain." **Herbert-Blossom:** "When You're Away." **Rodgers-Hart:** "Lover"; "Danny Boy"; Russian Medley. **Porter:** "Night and Day." **Westendorf:** "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen." **Madden-Wenrich:** "Moonlight Bay." Deanna Durbin, soprano. Decca, DL 75289, $5.98.

Not unlike Mario Lanza, whose equipment and technical command argued a musical fulfillment of a different kind from that he achieved in his films, Deanna Durbin roused even greater hopes—because she emerged to fame at an earlier point in her life—that she might, after leaving Hollywood behind, undertake the study and discipline required to make a fine operatic soprano. She never did.

However, Miss Durbin did make a colossal operatic contribution, whether she knows about it or not. In a recent conversation in New York, Maria Callas confided that it was nothing else than the example of Deanna Durbin's success in films in the mid-Thirties that prompted Mother Callas to plan a singer's career for her thirteen-year-old. "I never really wanted to be a singer," says Maria. "But my mother wanted a Deanna Durbin in the family."

For those whose knowledge of the Durbin voice is as hazy, say, as that of the early Grace Moore, this cross-section shows its purity, warmth, and freshness in everything from folk song to opera. The identification, in the listing above, as something called "The Prince" may send scholars to their Puccini bibliographies in search of such a piece of esoterica by that son of Lucca; but barely a measure of the introduction is required to place it as a sopranization of the Calaf's "Nessun dorma" in *Turandot*.

Save for a misadventure with Porter's "Night and Day," and duo-dubbing of "Lover," Miss Durbin is eminently listenable in almost everything else, especially "When You're Away" and "Danny Boy." The revivified reproduction from the sound tracks is variable. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Of Time and Chances: A Parental Reverie

Can a teen-aged son be someone to talk to? At seventeen he is an emotionally confused boy-man full of intellectual certainties. As he matures, his emotions will clarify—toward the simplicities of love, I hope—and his ideas will become more confused, more tentative, and even perhaps more useful.

In a sense, confusion is the only hope we have of solving new problems. "I don't know, but let me take a look at it," is a hopeful beginning. "Let's have no nonsense; it's as plain as the nose on your face," is always and only an insistence upon reimposing the past, whether or not the past will fit the case. To abandon all past solutions, as he inclines to do, and to insist that the world begins over with every new problem is merely flighty. To insist that there are no new problems, as I have sometimes been tempted to do, is blind. To compare a new problem with old ones, to identify essential likenesses and essential differences, and to ponder what new element or what new twist of an old element might lead to a solution—that is at least a hope toward reason.

Have we that hope left between us? He has not lived with any of his intellectual problems long enough to recognize that there are manifolds and convolutions under the categorical surfaces of his assertions. He knows good and evil, he knows right and wrong, he knows where babies come from, he declares that it is wrong to make a profit from another man's work and declaims against the evil of it even while accepting the allowance that comes to him courtesy of the profit motive. He even declaims against profit-making ten minutes after he has finished bragging about how he cleaned out his friends in a penny-ante poker game. He scorns the allowance (purity) even as he insists upon it (greed), but he denies without qualification that purity and greed can coexist as parts of the same emotional decision.

Why insist on reason? Have I no memory of the time when I was beautiful and self-certain, if only to cover my uncertainty? What has reason ever done for me that has not been outdone by love given and taken? Let him be loved and hoped for, though warily.

He is an emotional machine for going too far. He declares that he is evolving his own essential life-style. He reads his lines badly when he says that, but even noting his dreary tendency to overact, what else have any of us to do, and who is to assert that he is doing it badly?

He is, of course, under a genetic impulse to leave the nest, though he does not entirely know what is prompting him. Because he is not sure of his own wings (and there is fear as well as the urge to independence in him), he flaps them harder than need be. When he touches down among other first-flung peepers, a little boastful of having made it there and a little dizzy from his flight, he compares their misinformation with his own and makes a system.

Because he is only metaphorically a bird and in fact a man, he will be able to come back home once he is sure of himself. True, he may learn to hate what he left there, but let me hope that is not the likely way. He has been a son and has fed on love. Love is a diet that can include mistakes, if it can keep them palatable. What drives him away is his need to be a man and to choose his own diet. We must be patient and remember that once he is secure in himself it can be a pleasure to him to return certified, no longer simply a junior member of the family, but his own man. Hold the rein lightly, I tell myself. Let it, in fact, be a pleasure for him to return in his own time.

My fear, I know, is not for the fact that he is trying what every man must try, but for his survival. He is moving off toward his chances as Johnny went marching off to war. The fear is all in watching him march off. The joy is in the returning. Once he has made it through, it will be easy to think that the experience of his chances was good since it proved necessary things.

It is the allegorical war with time and chance I think of, not the call to go out and kill and be killed. Yet even allegorical wars can kill. I dream of arming him to meet his own compulsions and what shall I arm him with, and what advice shall I bore him with, and what example can I offer? With the Preacher,

> I returned, and saw under the Sun,
> that the race is not to the swift,
> nor the battle to the strong, neither
> yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches
> to men of understanding, nor yet favor
> to men of skills; but time and chance
> happeneth to them all.

We may hope to guide, and what is guidance? Can we be surer of ourselves than we are of him? We have come through some of our time and some of our chances, and has it gone so well with us that we can dictate how he must answer time and chance?

We can hope to be here to help cover his losses if time and chances let his losses be reparable. Or to mourn if the loss is beyond repair, though knowing that mourning can do no good. Every parent is at some time the father of the unreturned prodigal, with nothing to do but keep his house open to hope.

May this boy-man's name not be Absalom, and let the rest follow. The fact is he does drop by now and then. Sometimes, he even tries to talk to us and we to him. What failure is it that our reaching never reaches? Is it a whole failure? May not the act of trying and failing together be itself an inarticulate acknowledgment and thereby a communication of its own? When he does return as a formed self—and, oh, may he! —it could be just these fumbling failures of a shared impulse that join us again.

Go, boy! None of it is easy. May your mistakes be way stations and not destinations. Make them lovingly and toward love. No one can take your chances for you. In some thoughtless reflex of parenthood we sometimes think we can. Forgive us our reflexes. I can't take your chances for you, nor can I let myself cheat you of them. They are yours to take. Take them. May it go well. But take them with a lilt, because nothing else is life enough. Go, boy! And come man! □

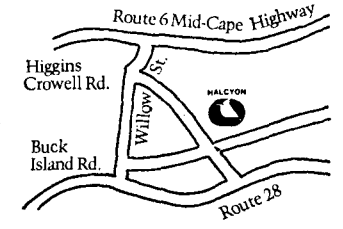
Settle down a million miles away.

On Cape Cod.

We offer a condominium community of exceptional practical and aesthetic values at Horse Pond, West Yarmouth, on the Cape.

We call it Halcyon.

If this is even a bit enticing to you, by all means, please, write for our literature: Hilon Development Corporation, Dept.G, 1130 Boylston Street, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167. Or call 617-734-2300 (Main Office, Chestnut Hill) or 617-771-2617 (West Yarmouth).



HALCYON

This offering is not available to residents of states where prohibited by law.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chess Corner No. 167

Here's a bit of random sparring in the Canadian Open between world champion Boris Spassky of the Soviet Union and Duncan Suttles, Canadian titleholder.

Black set up the Pirc Defense—after a deployment of Vasja Pirc, the well-known Yugoslav master. It is a more or less artificial resistance, following the supermodern school and relying on the fianchetto of the king bishop.

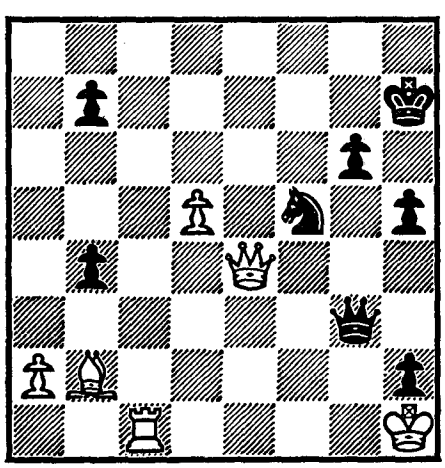
Spassky assumed a promising book line with 5 P-KB4 and medial control. And with 13 P-Q5 he affirmed center control with pawns.

After 27 BxP, White's pawns were supreme. But Black could have infused new life into the midgame acrobatics with 27 NxNP; 28 KxN, Q-B2ch. This would fail because Black's knight was *en prise.*

With 31 B-Q4, White's occupation of the long diagonal placed the hostile king in inevitable jeopardy, and with an exchange behind, Black's prospects faded. Hence, he soon resigned.

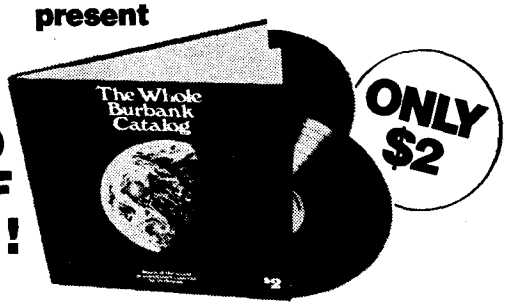
PIRC DEFENSE

Spassky White	Suttles Black	Spassky White	Suttles Black
1 P-K4	P-KN3	22 P-B4	P-R4
2 P-Q4	P-Q3	23 P-B5	RPxP
3 P-QB3	N-KB3	24 N-B4	PxP
4 B-Q3	P-K4	25 NxP	R-K1
5 P-KB4	B-N2	26 NxB	PxN
6 N-B3	B-N5	27 BxP	Q-B2
7 BPxP	PxP	28 B-B2	R-R6
8 B-KN5	QN-Q2	29 Q-B3	NxKP
9 QN-Q2	P-KR3	30 QR-B1	Q-Q2
10 B-R4	P-KN4	31 B-Q4	RxB
11 B-KB2	O-O	32 QxR	N/R4xP
12 P-KR3	B-R4	33 R/K1-K1	Q-Q3
13 P-Q5	B-N3	34 K-N1	P-R4
14 Q-K2	R-K1	35 B-N2	P-N5
15 O-O	N-R4	36 Q-Q4	N-KB4
16 P-KN3	B-B1	37 Q-Q3	PxP
17 P-QN4	N/2-B3	38 RxN	RxR
18 N-B4	B-Q3	39 QxR	P-R7ch
19 KN-Q2	K-R2	40 K-N2	Q-N6ch
20 K-R2	R-KN1	41 K-R1	Resigns
21 NxB	PxN		



FACES • ALICE COOPER • JETHRO TULL
T. REX • SEALS & CROFTS • CAPTAIN BEEFHEART
FLEETWOOD MAC • JERRY GARCIA • ARLO GUTHRIE
and more than a dozen more top record stars
present

THE DOUBLE RECORD ALBUM OF THE YEAR!



WHAT IS THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG?
Over **two dozen** of our greatest record stars get together in the lavish, all-new WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG.

The value of an album like this would normally be $9.96... if you could buy one! But this **special** album is only $2!

Why?

Because all these record stars want their newest, best albums sampled by the widest possible audience. Every year, over 5000 albums are issued in America. Obviously, many people will miss hearing these albums on the radio.

Faces, Jethro Tull, Alice Cooper, and their friends are determined to fix that.

So they've come up with THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG.

BUT FOR ONLY $2?

Exactly. Two dollars, total.
That's because these record stars **and** their record labels (Warner Bros. and Reprise) have all decided that **they won't make money on this two-record set.**

In fact, by the time they get this album to you, it's actually costing more than $2.

But that's not your worry.

(What you might naturally be worried about is, "Where's the hidden gimmick?"

But really, there is none. Honest.)

THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG is **four full sides of all new, stereo recordings.** It comes complete in book jacket, with pages tipped-in showing and telling about all the artists.

WHAT'S IN THE ALBUMS?

- Way over 80 minutes of music, including full selections (not just excerpts) from these artists' most recent albums.
- Rarities, such as an over-four-minutes, never-on-an-album smash by **Jethro Tull** called "Sweet Dreams."
- Sample songs from the album debuts of many of 1972's brightest new stars, including San Francisco's **Malo,** the Grateful Dead's **Jerry Garcia,** and the sensational **Bonnie Raitt.**

TESTIMONIALS

All this probably sounds too good to be true (in this suspicious world). But it's for real. For instance, here's an actual quote from one man (we get dozens of letters like this) who bought a previous Warner/Reprise $2 sampler:

"I must write you. The album was everything you said it was and then some, even though I figured my 2 dollars was just a gamble. It's damn near the best album I ever bought. Because of it, I got turned on to 3 other albums, and bought them." —J.T., New York

That letter from J. T. reveals our secret hope. That you, having listened to THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG, will then rush out to buy one or two albums that you previewed in the $2 sampler.

We think it's a good system: a low-cost album that's great in itself, but that also lets you hear from two dozen other albums—in your own home.

GETTING IT

You can't get THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG in stores. Only by mail. Send $2 (no charge for postage, handling, or the other stuff) with the coupon. You'll get THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG back by mail.

It's that simple. (But we urge you to do it now, as these ads don't run very often.)

And we think that, after you've experienced THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG, you'll join J.T. of New York in being turned on to what we're sure is the best album, and the biggest bargain of the whole year!

TO: THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG G
WARNER BROS. RECORDS
4000 WARNER BOULEVARD
BURBANK, CA. 91505

Now that you have my $2, I expect THE WHOLE BURBANK CATALOG back for it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Allow six weeks for the delivery cycle to bring it to you. Offer valid in U.S. and Canada only.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Where Snowmobiles Fear to Tread

Now and then, word drifts back that the Swiss Alps have lost their pristine ways. You go to an unknown ski resort in the Canadian Rockies and hear it is what Switzerland "used to be." I can't speak for the whole of that little landlocked country, but the broad Engadine Valley is holding up admirably to the incursions of the 1970s, in spite of the international traffic drawn by St. Moritz.

In Switzerland's Engadine Valley winter is not cursed, it is celebrated. And you don't have to be a downhill racer to enjoy it. Sleighs like the one below course the trails near Pontresina and St. Moritz. Romansh villages such as Zuoz, bottom left, are full of narrow lanes and surprises. Cross-country skiing has come to the area, but Paul Nigg, bottom right, applying a coat of wax, mastered the sport years ago.

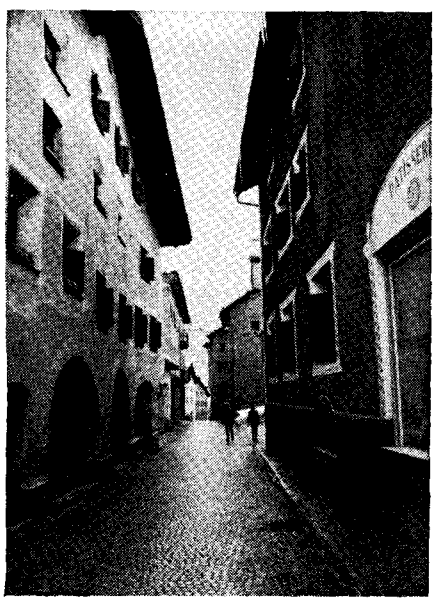
Item: I saw only one snowmobile in this southeast corner of Switzerland. That growling machine is outlawed on Swiss slopes, except to cut trails and perform other practical duties. The snowmobile was standing by a service station in Pontresina, and a village woman with her daughter stopped to regard it as if it were a spaceship just arrived from Jupiter.

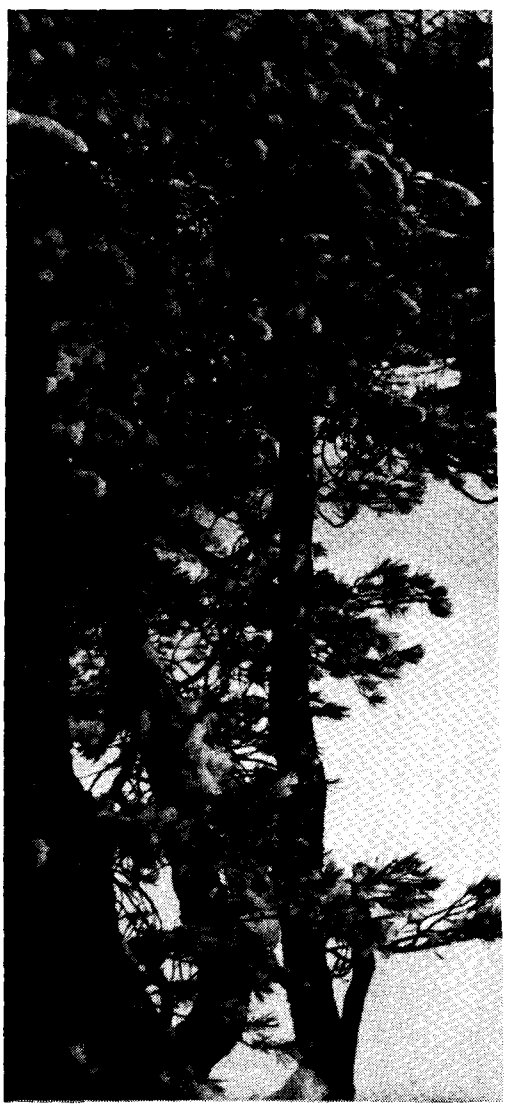
Item: The Shah of Iran was ensconced with his lady in their wing of the plush Suvretta House in St. Moritz, and personages of just slightly lesser means walked the narrow streets in fur maxicoats with Afghan hounds to match—yet the local citizens paid these visitors less attention than they did the ageless mountains around them.

Item: Elsewhere, ski instructors may play on their clear-eyed, taut-jawed good looks to intimidate or inveigle gullible guests. Swiss instructors (if you will take one man's word) seldom drink, go to bed early, and sit around in groups singing ancient hymns of the region. Heidi lives.

I wouldn't have believed it either, but I was there at a long table in a Pontresina café just after the local ski school instructors had put on their biweekly torchlight demonstration on a village slope, drawing gasps and cheers from hundreds of spectators in the flickering darkness. There were perhaps two dozen red-clad skiers at the table, a group of the most wholesome young people seen since the last conference of Youth for Christ. The waiter circled the table taking orders, and one by one came the requests: coffee ice cream, Pepita grapefruit juice, tea, Coke. One skier ordered beer.

Elsbeth Loppacher, a Swiss who had worked in western Canada, spent some time in Los Angeles, and thus qualified as the group's cosmopolite, conceded that Swiss skiers are a breed apart. She was not exactly jaded herself by her Western American experience, but admitted, "In Canada, when we finished skiing, we were all drinking Harvey Wallbangers, beer, every-





PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing. Not so much here. Even the teachers in St. Moritz are simple people, with all the chance they have to meet the wealthy tourists."

You can put down part of the innocence to the remoteness of the Engadine, a section of the canton Grisons where people speak Switzerland's fourth language—not German, French, or Italian, but Romansh. It is a Rhaeto-Romanic dialect with the music of Italian and the grit of German. Like Gaelic and other fading languages, Romansh is being rescued and preserved, but perhaps too late. "We are doing everything to keep Romansh going," said a woman of Pontresina, a village much more traditional than nearby polyglot St. Moritz. "Now we are teaching it in kindergarten, first, second, and third grades so that every child at least starts out with Romansh. Then the kids must switch over to German or else they would have no way of adjusting to the outside world where Romansh is not understood."

If there is a man in Pontresina who embodies the Romansh culture and character it is Paul Nigg, ski school director in the white months and an inveterate mountaineer in summer. Nigg narrated the torchlight ski demonstration, switching from German to Romansh to Italian to keep the crowd informed. Later, drinking tea at the non-alcoholic party, he told of his distaste for such automotive things as cars and snowmobiles. In winter he spends most of his waking hours on skis, either descending such challenging peaks as Lagalb and Diavolezza or dashing through the wooded countryside on narrow *Langlauf* skis. Nigg mastered this Swiss version of cross-country skiing fifteen years ago with the Swiss army, long before it caught on as a popular sport. Now he gets the best of both worlds, using *Langlauf* for conditioning and the downhill-style for sport.

"If the weather is cold and bitter, you do better at *Langlauf* than skiing down a high mountain where the wind is sharp, but if you get a sunshine day it is better to ski downhill than through the woods," was how he explained it.

For twenty-four hours a heavy snow had been falling, as if heaven-sent. To the north in Zurich it was raining. All through the Alps skiers and resort owners were begging for snow. Now in Pontresina the flakes came down heavy and wet, and villagers apologized to visitors for the temporary disappearance of the mountains rearing above the narrow village. Nigg said the snow was too wet to help Alpine or cross-country skiers but promised we would venture out anyway into his beloved woods.

There I was glorying in this fresh snowfall, slipping and sliding on the streets, hardly worrying about buttoning my coat in the mild air, and everyone in the Engadine was saying: "You should only see this area when the sky is clear, and the mountains seem so near. Or in the summer when all the lakes and streams are blue."

"This is the canton of one thousand valleys," a young Swiss woman told me one morning, referring to the Grisons, Switzerland's largest but least populated canton. "And the Engadine is the most beautiful part. Really, it is a little bijou, if you want." Though she had

Just outside St. Moritz, below, the woods beckon to cross-country skiers and every other form of outdoorsman.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

settled in Pontresina and hoped to stay, she possessed that worldly view shared by many wayfaring Swiss. Because her father had business interests abroad, she was born in Baghdad and lived in Cuba. We stomped around in the snow examining her adopted town, whose name and history go back to Roman times. The English brought their mountaineering summer ways to Pontresina a century ago, and several palace hotels were built to pamper them. Then the skiing craze hit. But the village has clung to its Romansh identity. Heavy, blocky stone houses with deep-set windows—eyes blinking shut against the cold—are a fixture in the Engadine. Even better-preserved are such villages as Zuoz and Bever on the road up to Austria. If you look long enough to the peaks above Pontresina you will see one of the favorite wards of the state, the *Steinbock*, or ibex, a horny mountain goat that was all but extinct until protective laws were passed.

"This part of the valley is a protected region for the *Steinbock*," said the woman from Baghdad, pointing to the southern peaks above Pontresina. "I think the animal must know where it is loved, for it never crosses to the other side of the valley."

Whether you choose to ski, ski-bob, curl, skate, or just trek into the woods, February in the Alps is easy to take. After a day or two I began to see why certain wintering tourists head right into the teeth of the season, forsaking beaches, bathing suits, and tropical nights. I found it an almost mock winter. The afternoon before Nigg's cross-country excursion I set out with a friend into the woods near St. Moritz. There are plowed and marked trails leading in all directions through the valley, but you don't have to walk very far to leave the city life behind, especially when the snow is falling, gathering in heaps on the pines, and muffling all but the sounds of birds.

These woods are for everyone. On the trail we passed two obviously elegant older French women who were laughing and shouting as they tried to propel a little sled through the snow—pushing, pulling, making slow progress but delighted with the effort. Pairs of men, couples, entire families glided by on cross-country skis. At a crossing of two trails we met a band of playful young people out on a walk. There were three girls, all red-haired and lovely (were they sisters?), with several lean athletic boys. As we crossed paths, devilish smiles were exchanged, carrying a challenge. Suddenly we were engaged in a snowball fight, and sticky white globs filled the air. They gleefully propped up one of the girls, arms outstretched like a scarecrow's, and huddled behind her. We continued the pelting until our arms were weary, and when they left by a different trail we asked each other, "Where were they from? What was the language?"

After several miles, the snow coming faster now, we turned back along the Inn River, which rises in the Engadine and flows through Austria and Bavaria to the Danube. Little huts and outhouses looked ready to collapse under heavy loaves of white. Huge blackbirds hovered in the pale sky, then vanished. Back on the outskirts of St. Moritz, we spotted our snowballing foes climbing into two cars. We unloosed a final token barrage, and they laughed back. Their nationality was distinctly marked on the rear of both cars: FL. Fürstentum (Principality) Liechtenstein.

Next day the snow had finally stopped, the sun was out, and the mountains were back in view. Nigg had warned me that his brand of cross-country, or *Langlauf*, skiing would not be leisurely, and after five minutes on the trail between St. Moritz and Pontresina he had me convinced. From two previous tries, in Minnesota and in Austria, I had decided that ski touring, as it is called in the States, was as easy and carefree as a hike into a pine forest. *Langlauf*, though, means "long run" in English, and there is the rub. You run. With special wax applied to the skis to combat the sticky snow, Nigg taught me to prance up hills, dash along the straightaway, and glide only on the occasional downward runs. I wore only a light sweater and corduroys —no gloves, cap, coat—and yet the work was so strenuous that my hair was soon dripping with sweat, my glasses

"I wonder what Rice Krispies taste like?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We want our products to be used as medicine.

"Drugs".

The very word has become loaded with implications and meanings: social, legal, medical, philosophical.

Our area of special knowledge is medicine. And we intend our drugs to be used as medicine. Prescribed by a physician. Taken as directed. Like other medicines.

But it would be short sighted and simplistic to stop there. Obviously we share a severe national problem. Rooted deep in the fabric of our lives.

We don't think the answer lies in shifting responsibility to the social scientists or the lawmakers or the physicians. The answer is for all of us to make a massive professional effort. Cooperatively.

This is our commitment:

1. To continue to prepare basic drug information material and teaching aids.
2. To continue supporting legislation designed to combat illegal use of drugs.
3. To actively join the fight to develop a scientific solution to the problem.

So that "drugs" can simply mean—good medicine.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Send for our free booklet, *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. SR4, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1496

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1496 will be found in the next issue.

UI WO GR GTSOOGWPO TAOLU

IRO ROOX IRPK ORNIK IRO-

LOPV.

NIAWOSU

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1495

Pleasure may come of illusion, but happiness can come only of reality.

Nicolas Chamfort

WIT TWISTER #261

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

With — — — — — and with
subtle means, he woos

The uncommitted — — — — —
to his side.

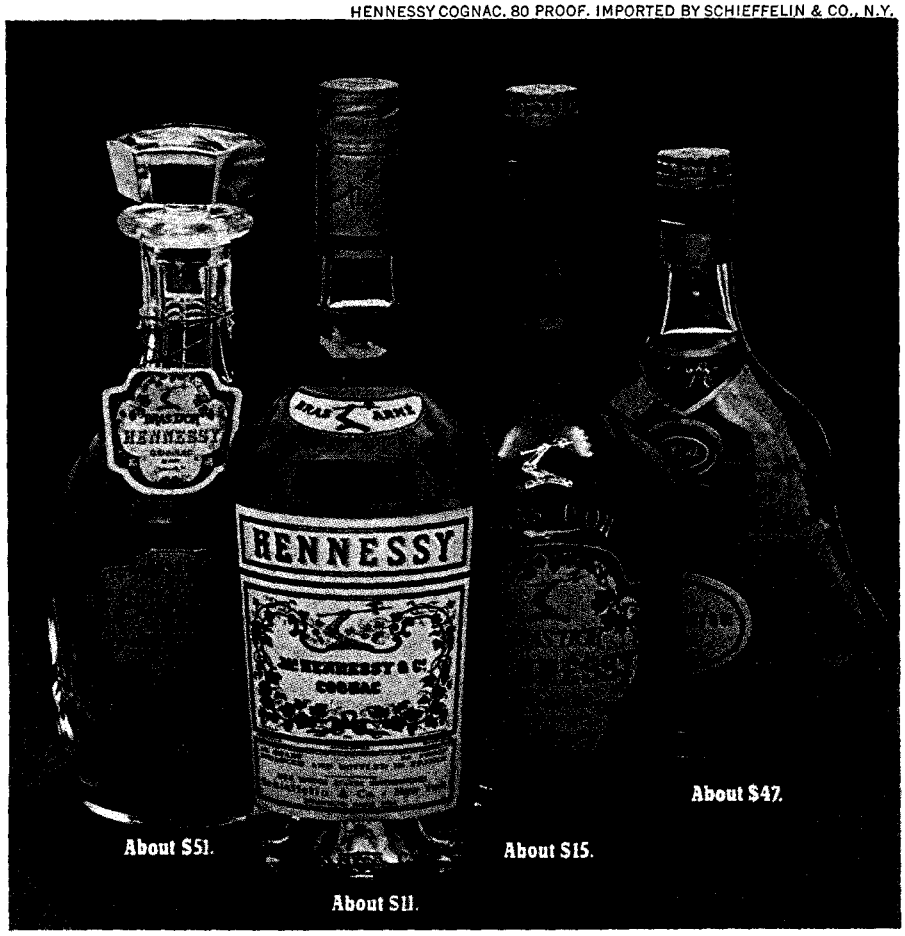
The — — — — — he covets glints
beneath the ooze

Of sullied conscience and placated pride.

A.S.

(Answer on page 77)

HENNESSY COGNAC. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.



Hennessy Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.

constantly fogged. Of course Nigg, the young man of the mountain, was scarcely worked up. "You see, this is for conditioning, not just for fun," he said during a break on the trail. "If you do it three times a week, there is nothing better for you."

Langlaufing in the Paul Nigg style doesn't leave a man much energy for après-ski events. St. Moritz, of course, offers more of those diversions than Pontresina. At the rustic Chesa Veglia skiers jam the café at 5 o'clock to hear a jazz-rock combo, drink wine or tea (beer doesn't go down the way it does in Austria and Bavaria), and dance until their limbs give out.

After dark the field widens. Pontresina seemed a proper training ground for the faster pace of St. Moritz. A friend and I started at the bar of the Sarazena dance cellar, and within two hours—things don't come fast in the Engadine—we had met Giancarlo, a bartender by night and ski teacher by day, who will show you a packet of photos he took as a freelancer covering the Cambodian invasion; Suzanne, a petite, sad-eyed French girl from Strasbourg, who works as a secretary in a Pontresina hôtel; Peter, a robust Swiss ski instructor; Robbie, a seventeen-year-old girl from Ann Arbor, who had come to Switzerland not to ski but to see Peter. They all preferred Pontresina to St. Moritz but promised we would enjoy that international catchall down the road if we watched our francs.

St. Moritz's Palace hotel is like the Shah's refuge, the Suvretta: If you walk in without necktie or apparent purpose, eyes will tail you from the start, and voices may shoo you away. The Palace has a glittering discothèque, the King's Club, but the scene is, well, plastic. "Miami Beach in the Alps," an American called it. Or perhaps an Alpine Upper East Side. Far more commodious is the downstairs disco at the Steffani Hotel in the heart of town. The cover charge is a dollar or so, and if the guys at the door remember you from the night before, you don't have to pay again. Nor do the waiters badger customers to keep drinking and paying. Not surprisingly, the sounds are American. You hear songs about Amarillo, Sante Fe, American pie. James Brown is big, and for some reason "Rock Around the Clock" —perhaps a new recording—plays over and over. Meanwhile, the walls flash slides of Americana—California surf, Fifth Avenue parades, desert landscapes. But when you walk outside at two in the morning and snow is falling again on the main square, dropping in soft, welcome flakes in the glow of the streetlight, you know where you are and why people keep coming back to Switzerland. □

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Third Reich with No Demons

BY MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE GERMAN LESSON

by Siegfried Lenz
translated from the German
by Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins

Hill & Wang, 471 pp., $8.95

Ever since the publication of Thomas Mann's *Doctor Faustus* in 1947 German novelists with major ambitions have tended to be preoccupied with the demonology of the Third Reich. Like Mann, most of the older practitioners in this field—those who had not spent their formative years under Nazism—needed a framework of myth or allegory for a task that overtaxed the resources of realistic fiction. One outstanding exception was the Austrian novelist Heimito von Doderer, who attempted nothing less than the presentation and interpretation of a whole society in terms more psychological than mythological. (His *magnum opus, The Demons,* was published in America in 1961, but, although *SR* reviewed it Sept. 23 of that year, the book received little additional attention.)

It was a writer of the postwar generation, Günter Grass, who spoke of "de-demonologizing" the Nazi era. Although allegory, fantasy, and fairy tale remained part of his prodigious equipment as a storyteller, Grass succeeded in making his readers feel what it was like to live in a particular place, in a recognizable social setting, during the Hitler regime. *The Tin Drum* and *Dog Years* are "total novels" in that they were designed to encompass the whole phenomenon of National Socialism, as enacted in the lives of its leaders, servants, and victims. Their great range, however, extends not only to the monstrous and grotesque but also to the everyday realities of ordinary people leading ordinary lives—to what Hannah Arendt has called "the banality of evil."

This process of de-demonologization has been carried much further in two more recent German novels: Uwe Johnson's admirable *Jahrestage,* the first volume of which appeared in Germany in 1970; and Siegfried Lenz's *The German Lesson,* originally published in 1968. Of the two, Johnson's novel is incomparably more ambitious and more demanding, if only because its narrative proceeds on two levels, juxtaposing events of the Thirties and Forties with others in the postwar period, and shifting its focus from Germany and England to scenes set in New York's upper West Side. The immediate appeal of *The German Lesson,* which was a best seller in Germany, has a good deal to do with the strict limits Lenz observed in writing it. Like Johnson, he is a master of minutely observed detail. Unlike him, he has confined himself to a single setting, deliberately excluding all reference to anything outside the experience and consciousness of the characters—provincial characters at that, even though one of them is a painter with an international reputation.

The greater part of the action takes place during the last two years of the Second World War, at and around Rugbüll in Schleswig-Holstein, close to the Danish border. It is narrated in retrospect by Siggi Jepsen, who has been told to write an essay on "The Joys of Duty" at the school for juvenile delinquents to which he was remanded after the war, for reasons bound up with the story he tells: an account of the conflict between his father—the local policeman—and the Expressionist painter Max Ludwig Nansen, whose situation and career bear a strong re-

Michael Hamburger—an English poet, critic, and translator—is the author of *Contraries: Studies in German Literature.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

71 **"The German Lesson,"** by Siegfried Lenz

73 **"Why Are We So Blest?,"** by Ayi Kwei Armah

74 **"The Conspiracy,"** by John Hersey

74 **"How She Died,"** by Helen Yglesias

75 **"Nothing, and So Be It,"** by Oriana Fallaci

76 **"Septimius Severus: The African Emperor,"** by Anthony Birley

78 **"A Populist Manifesto: The Making of a New Majority,"** by Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield

78 **"Juche!: The Speeches and Writings of Kim Il Sung,"** edited by Li Yuk-sa

82 **"Think Tanks,"** by Paul Dickson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

semblance to those of Emil Nolde. In the policeman's relentless pursuit of "the joys of duty," he not only persecutes his old friend the painter, who had once saved his life, but drives his own three children to rebellion and "delinquency." The policeman's elder son, Klaas, who is serving in the army, becomes a deserter on the run. His daughter, Hilke, poses in the nude for the painter—an offense not only against the puritanical ethos of the community but against her father's authority, since Nansen has been condemned as a "degenerate artist," and it is Jepsen's duty to enforce the ban by making sure that no new work is done, and confiscating finished paintings. As for Siggi, a mere boy of eleven or twelve at the time, his defiance cannot be open or drastic. While pretending to help his father by spying on the painter he does his best to save forbidden paintings in secret hiding places, just as he becomes the secret ally of his brother Klaas by hiding him.

The reader expecting a heroic confrontation between the forces of good and evil in Nazi Germany will be disappointed: this novel avoids histrionics. Jepsen does his duty; Nansen applies a related stubbornness and cunning to the business of getting on with his work. If *The German Lesson* is a political novel at all—and it can be read as though it were not—what we learn from it is that the Nazi regime was upheld by "decent" and conscientious executives, little men like Jepsen or—as Hannah Arendt showed—like Eichmann. The demons of earlier fictions about the Third Reich are absent here. The nearest thing to an irrational compulsion in Jepsen is his inability to leave Nansen alone after the end of the war; yet such behavior could also be attributed to his stubbornness, narrow-mindedness, and inflexibility. Similarly, Siggi cannot break the habit of concealing Nansen's paintings even when, after the war, Nansen has been rehabilitated. It is for removing paintings from a Hamburg exhibition of Nansen's work that Siggi is institutionalized as a delinquent. His father remains the policeman at Rugbüll, and we can be sure that Jepsen will serve the Federal Republic just as loyally and meticulously as he had formerly served the Third Reich.

Siegfried Lenz learned from American writers such as Hemingway the discipline of understatement. Since such realities as concentration camps, the final solution," or other major horrors of the war do not impinge on the awareness of his provincials, they are not mentioned in the novel. At one point Nansen is summoned to an interrogation by the Gestapo, but Siggi —who knows or imagines all kinds of things that he has not witnessed himself—is as reticent about this experience as is Nansen himself. Nor are we told why Nansen's wife dies of an undiagnosed illness, although the symptoms are graphically described. That her illness is psychosomatic is implied but never stated. Rarely does the narrator draw a moral or generalize, and when he does, the effect—within the context of this book whose ironies and satirical strands are as unobtrusive as its seriousness—is almost startling.

The seriousness, in fact, comes over not as a quality of the writer's mind but of the persons in the novel, including the many subsidiary local characters whom I have not mentioned. That is one reason why *The German Lesson* has a density and solidity reminiscent of nineteenth-century novels about provincial life. To the cultural dictators in Berlin Nansen may be a degenerate artist, because the whole of the

Siegfried Lenz—"the gift of seeing."

Expressionist movement, like any art that was unconventional, fell into that category. But in his local context Nansen is a man like any other, accepted by the community even when his work has been condemned. The postman and the innkeeper may not realize that Nansen is "their" painter as a result of his deep involvement with their locality, the landscape, the colors, the weather, the light, but they do know that he talks and behaves much as they do, that he belongs to the place. The same common background accounts for the special relationship between Nansen and Jepsen, an avant-garde painter and a policeman, a relationship that would be virtually inconceivable in a more sophisticated urban environment. As somebody remarks about Nansen at the opening of his postwar exhibition in Hamburg, "he's German to the bone, more German than six Pomeranian grenadiers put together." And other members of the new cultural smart set smile at the painter's old-fashioned formality of dress, "buttoned half-boots, striped stovepipe trousers, a morning coat shiny with age, silk stock and tiepin, high stand-up collar, and, on his huge, heavy head, an old-fashioned bowler." Earnestness, stiffness, and heaviness are qualities Nansen shares with all the people around Rugbüll, not excluding his antagonist, the policeman.

Whatever political allegory may have been worked into the realistic fabric of *The German Lesson*, it is not a simple or unambiguous one. If we read the book as a novel about the Nazi era we are bound to object that rural Schleswig-Holstein was not Germany, that the new technology of destruction is scarcely hinted at, that the conflict between a policeman's ruthless devotion to duty and a painter's devotion to the freedom of his art does not and could not possibly convey either the banality or the monstrosity of evil that distinguished National Socialism from other authoritarian systems. Nansen, we are told, had once been a supporter of the regime; and he is among those members of the community who are called upon to form a last-minute home guard when the war is lost. Since he remains part of the community to the end, he cannot represent the victims of Nazism, who ceased to exist not only as artists but as human beings.

Yet political allegory, as I have suggested, is not essential to *The German Lesson*, which excels as a novel about people, places, and things, rather than as a novel of ideas. The issues involved in the clash between Nansen and Jepsen remain of urgent relevance not only to Germany, with its tradition of rigidly obedient officialdom, but wherever duty conflicts with judgment, conscience, or independence of mind. What is more important, Nansen does not merely stand for the freedom of self-expression. His function in this novel is closely related to that of Siggi as narrator and witness: it has to do with seeing—the title of one chapter in the book—and the necessary interaction between imagination and outward reality.

As a painter Nansen sees and interprets the world around him. Jepsen, on the other hand, is blinkered both by his servility and by his authoritarianism, self-deceived even about the desire for power that motivates his obedience, so that duty yields joys. This ambivalence comes out in Jepsen's dealings with his young son, the narrator, whom he thrashes for going out of the house without permission, yet also makes use of for his own professional ends, revealing an almost abject dependence upon him. As for his older son, the deserter, Jepsen no longer

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sees him as a son or as a human being, but is prepared to hand him over to the "authorities" for punishment. In all such dealings Jepsen receives the passive support of his wife, whose love for her children is never in doubt.

Lenz excels at the rendering of these family relations between people who are laconic, humorless, and trapped in a patriarchal order that it never occurs to them to question. We get to know them intimately not so much through what they say as by what they do, what they look like, what they eat; by the gestures and movements that express what they feel and think.

It is left to each reader to draw his conclusions about this patriarchal order which—at least among the peasantry and petty officialdom of provincial regions—remained almost intact behind the political and military machinery of the Third Reich. That the "joys of duty" were still a fit subject to be assigned for a German essay in the progressive, seemingly benevolent institution in which Siggi is being reformed after the war is one of Lenz's pervasive but unobtrusive ironies. Another is Siggi's relationship there with his guard or warder, Joswig, who constantly reminds Siggi that smoking is forbidden in the cells, yet provides him with cigarettes. If we insist on finding allegories in the book, and Joswig may be taken to be a postwar variant of the policeman father figure, there is also room for comforting inferences about the future of the Federal Republic.

American and English readers of this book will be confronted with a world that few of them will find easy to reconcile with what they know about Nazi Germany. Moreover, they may be astonished that Siggi's narrative, so packed with the almost palpable details of day-to-day experience, scarcely touches on sexual love. Siggi's story, after all, spans his puberty; by the time he has finished telling it he is twenty-one. Yet sexual experience or even sexual fantasy would have been out of place not only in his essay on "The Joys of Duty" but in the ambience which his story evokes and captures. Instead, we get Siggi's and Nansen's emphasis on seeing, so that there is no lack of sensuous substance but an extraordinary abundance of it. Certain episodes, like that in which Siggi and his sister wade out at low tide to catch flatfish with their hands and feet stick in one's mind with the persistence of lived experience. So, too, does the whole natural setting, with its changing light and winds, its harshness and heaviness.

The translation of any novel that owes so much of its power to the total recall of a specific way of life, will inevitably be a hazardous undertaking. In an English or American novel set in a comparable region one would expect the style of the narrative to convey some of the peculiarities of the narrator's background — peculiarities that would be socially conditioned in an English novel, regionally in an American novel, with other differences depending on education. Sensitive and resourceful though it is, the translation by Ernst Kaiser and his wife, Eithne Wilkins, may strike the English-speaking reader as too literary, too neutral and formal to convey Siggi's background or character. The reason is that German usage is much more standardized than English, at least insofar as the written language is concerned. To bridge this incongruity the translators would have had to break up every sentence too long or syntactically complex to be compatible with English or American colloquial usage. They would also have had to choose between British English, or American English, going on to devise a local dialect that would have been misleading in turn by being associated with a region or class wholly foreign to the novel's setting in Schleswig-Holstein. There was no way out of this dilemma. It is a common error to believe that novels are more translatable than poems. There are poems, especially contemporary poems, that are wholly translatable, plays and novels that are not. Excellent though it is, the English version of Lenz's novel calls for an adjustment on the reader's part, an allowance for the relative formality of written German—not only in essays assigned for a German lesson.

Siegfried Lenz himself may well have transposed certain recollections of his childhood in what was East Prussia to the vicinity of his West German home. The concreteness of many descriptive passages suggests as much; and in an autobiographical sketch, written well before the publication of this novel, he mentioned that his father was a "patient official." If he did transpose parts of his story from the Baltic to the North Sea, the imaginative graft has taken, and the effort required of an English or American reader is very slight compared to that feat. In any case, Lenz has succeeded in writing a consistently gripping novel about normal life in a provincial outpost of Nazi Germany — without melodrama, demonology, or a pretentious superstructure of allegory and symbolism. And he has done what many realistic writers have tried and failed to do: sustained his readers' interest in characters who are not outstandingly attractive, sensitive, or articulate. The key to that achievement is the gift of seeing. □

WHY ARE WE SO BLEST?

by Ayi Kwei Armah

Doubleday, 288 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Charles R. Larson

■ When Ayi Kwei Armah published his first two novels, *The Beautyful Ones Are Not Yet Born* and *Fragments*, many of his countrymen were offended at the picture he presented of life in post-Independence Day Ghana. Armah depicted an African wasteland, where corruption in the government was rampant and where the African intellectual, educated abroad, felt totally out of place, frustrated to the point of rage or despair by his inability to make any change in the system. Although Armah's criticism was specifically aimed at the sterility of contemporary Ghanaian life, indirectly it was pointed away from Africa—especially at Western commercialism and neo-colonialism. Thus it seemed inevitable that it would only be a matter of time before this most talented of the younger African novelists would more directly vent his spleen at the source: the West, and especially the United States, where Armah received much of his higher education. This expectation is confirmed in *Why Are We So Blest?*, in many ways his most unsettling, novel.

In *Why Are We So Blest?* Armah has presented the quintessential learning experience for the African student—education in the United States. Although the main action takes place in North Africa, lengthy sections of the narrative flash back to record the main character's higher education in Cambridge, Massachusetts. When the novel opens, Modin Dofu, who has been a student at Harvard, has come to North Africa in hopes of joining a revolution-

Ayi Kwei Armah—"may offend some."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ary group plotting the liberation of Portugal's African colonies. With him is Aimée Reitsch, a white American student whose sexual fantasies, rooted in her stereotyped dreams of deepest, darkest Africa, underlie the master-slave relationship she has established over Modin.

Solo Nkonam is another Ghanaian who has been educated overseas—in Lisbon. His function within *Why Are We So Blest?* is much like Marlow's in Conrad's *The Heart of Darkness*: to act as the recording consciousness for the protagonist's moral disintegration. Solo realizes that previously he himself has played a variant of the slave role Modin is now enacting with Aimée, but Solo has temporarily found release by working as a translator in North Africa—far from his own people. As he muses early in the novel, "What is ordained for us I have not escaped—the fate of the *évolué*, the turning of the assimilated African, not into something creating its own life, but into an eater of crumbs in the house of slavery." Solo sees himself as a ghostly wanderer, a man diminished by his Western education. "What a farce, scholarships! That blood money never went to any of us for our intelligence. It was payment for obedience. . . . The end of a Western education is not work but self-indulgence."

The heart of the novel, however, is Modin's plight in America. His education, he realizes, has been designed to make him a cog in the neo-colonial machine. Frigid white women throw themselves at him, expecting that he will liberate them from their sexual fetters. As Modin reflects,"These women I have known have had deep needs to wound their men. I have been an instrument in their hands." The novelist writes of the effect upon Modin: "Imprisoned in whiteness, now trained to desire all flesh that is white, he has come to think of his imprisonment as the essence of his freedom."

Armah's new novel may offend some readers. The ending, for example, is the most graphic and sickening portrayal of physical torture I can recall having encountered. At the same time, this violent denouement is by no means arbitrary: the author has carefully prepared his reader for it. Masterfully constructed, *Why Are We So Blest?* is disturbing in many ways: in the sharpness of its focus on the psychological by-products of racial prejudice—among others, emasculation and self-contempt—and in the implications it makes about race relations. Yet it is these very elements which, I predict, will make people talk about this book for a long time to come.

Charles R. Larson's *The Emergence of African Fiction* will be published this spring.

THE CONSPIRACY

by John Hersey

Knopf, 275 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Bernard F. Dick

■ It was a conspiracy that attracted everyone—senators, knights, freedmen, intellectuals yearning for the republican past, and radicals envisioning a Utopian future. It was one in which a poet implicated his mother to save his own life, and a woman committed suicide after her body had been racked into formlessness. Not the volcanic sort of conspiracy that erupts, engulfs, and subsides, it was, rather, the theatrical kind where the tension snaps after a dagger mysteriously disappears from a Roman temple. The Pisonian Conspiracy, the bizarre plot to assassinate Nero in 65 A.D., was, by the standards of the 1960s, the paradigm of revolution; the cadre was thoroughly committed, socially heterogeneous, and tragically ineffectual.

Out of material that even Tacitus found perplexing ("I cannot easily say who initiated the enterprise that attracted so many," he wrote in the *Annals*), John Hersey has constructed his finest novel to date. *The Conspiracy* should effectively refute Leslie Fiedler's charge that Hersey is a "pious" writer. At times, no doubt, Hersey has bled too profusely for humanity, but at least it was blood, not academic ichor. And it may well be that the most tactful way to treat his *Letter to the Alumni* is to consign it to a period literary historians will call the "Greening of Yale." But *The Conspiracy* requires no apology. After years of vacillating between reportage and fiction, Hersey has discovered the ideal medium for his twin talents—a novel told through a series of dispatches, intercepted letters, files, and interrogations. In the epistolary form he has found a means to transform the facts of history into compelling fiction. From a study of primary sources he has learned that textbook names like Seneca and Lucan were once men of flesh and sinew and feelings.

History has dealt harshly with Seneca for his moral inconsistency and with Lucan for his deafening rhetoric. Yet Hersey views the two from a different angle, as writers seeking to answer the perennial question: How does the man of letters respond to the arrogance of power? Seneca chooses the way of withdrawal; but the young Lucan cannot accept apathy. A foot race of hunchbacks and dwarfs at a prodigious entertainment given by Nero becomes the distorting mirror within which Lucan sees himself as equally deformed and impotent. "They are going to drive us to it," he writes helplessly to Seneca in the novel. And here is Hersey's answer to those who question the very existence of a conspiracy: Initially there was no concerted plot, but Nero's debauchery and surveillance of intellectuals carried out under Tigellinus, the co-commander of the Praetorian Guard, forced men of various backgrounds to contemplate the unthinkable—the assassination of an emperor.

Hersey has not only read his classical authors, he has caught their tone and style. Like Seneca's *Moral Epistles*, *The Conspiracy* contains numerous vignettes of daily life and is sprinkled with Stoic commonplaces, cheery quotes from Epicurus, and the kind of character-building advice beloved of coaches and confessors then as now: "Run until you are warm, take cold baths." Similarly, despite the discrepancy between his philosophy and his life, Seneca expires as nobly in *The Conspiracy* as he did in Tacitus. Before he dies, Seneca restates the writer's mission as an article of belief: "If anything can save mankind . . . it will be the example of those who search—those few men in every setting who try to find and live by the rules of wisdom; and who write down what little they learn."

There have been very few novels about classical antiquity that qualify as literature—*I, Claudius*, by Robert Graves, *The Last of the Wine*, by Mary Renault, *Hadrian's Memoirs*, by Marguerite Yourcenar, and *Julian*, by Gore Vidal, to cite the best. *The Conspiracy* belongs to that golden circle.

Bernard F. Dick, who has completed a book on Mary Renault, teaches English and comparative literature at Fairleigh Dickinson University.

HOW SHE DIED

by Helen Yglesias

Houghton Mifflin, 338 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Muriel Haynes

■ Incongruous as it may sound, Helen Yglesias has wrung a soap opera from the lives of the New York left-wing community and its attendant spirits. Her cast is a socio-political card catalogue of stock figures in that milieu: the unregenerate communist, the well-heeled bourgeois Jews whose names make up the sponsor lists of unpopular causes, the politically castrated middle-aged black, even the child of the Sixties who's had a whack at Leary's Castalia experiment. Most of these people are no more than background scenery, atmospheric props, so to speak, against which is played

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out the private dead-end anguish of two women who are poles apart in their approach to the world. Mary is young, radical by lineage and upbringing; Jean, nearing forty, is an ill-educated, self-styled "slob, politically," who lives by the code of feminine charm and maternalism. An unconscious emotional hunger has drawn them close in friendship. Their personal predicaments dominate the novel, and in doing so, thoroughly domesticate, though they do not wholly trivialize, the range of its concerns.

Even a partial summary of the taxing events in *How She Died* carries parodic echoes of the tortuous recapitulations that recall the daytime serial. Mary Moody Schwartz, the beautiful twenty-eight-year-old political activist, is doomed to death by cancer following the removal of a breast. Since the Cold War year when her mother was imprisoned for turning atomic secrets over to the Russians, Mary's official family has been The Committee, a group of Old Leftists who organized to secure her mother's release. Now The Committee has persuaded Jean, Mary's best friend, to give up her job and devote herself to Mary's welfare. Jean's own life is complicated by the growing pains of her three boys and harassment by the husband who divorced her. In the meantime, she and Matt, Mary's architect husband, have become lovers. Fighting against her fate, Mary shows signs of a schizophrenic episode. She is obsessed by the vision of a new collective society and unfolds her revolutionary plan at a meeting of The Committee and their friends in an upper West Side apartment. Jean tells us what happens . . .

Do you want to go on? Somehow one does, despite the manipulated extravagances of the plot, the quotidian minutiae, the impotence and fuzzy-mindedness of the characters—even despite the squirms induced by Jean's narrative style. She has a sharp eye for the concrete object, bred of passionate consumerism, but she flounders before the realm of feeling.

"We've got to get organized," Paula said, and took a pad and pencil from the drawer of a hand-painted secretary and plumped herself down on the floor, using the coffee table as her desk. The gouache of herself looked up at her through the glass. . . . I thought of Matt, squeezed behind the table that night, and of his coldness toward me. A sharp breeze jiggled the surface of my happiness.

Whole sections to the contrary, Yglesias's intentions are desperately serious at bottom. The banal, claustrophobic world she documents so tediously through the mixed-up, loving-spirited, ingenuous filter of Jean's consciousness groans out the mourning rites for facile blueprints of a new Jerusalem. One suspects the book is an exorcism of the author's own political disillusion. Her moral is respectable enough, though weary and intellectually evasive: we must straighten out our shoddy human relations first.

The same corrosive lurks in the gravelly texture of these commonplace lives and in the nature of the dreams through which they imagine salvation: the petty gratifications of power over others, the tranquilizing drug of self-protection. The old leftwingers are full of hot air and secure in their middle-class comfort. Their fatuous efforts to take charge of "our Mary" in her battle with death bolster their sense of importance. Even Mary, in her pitiful extremity, is driven beyond sanity by a compulsive dramatization of her messianic role. The routine violence by doctors and institutions to human dignity is made fearsomely plain in the dispassionate accounts of Mary's several hospitalizations. The saddest perceptions reveal the destructive ambiguities of sexual relationships. Here Yglesias's level, grinding method—the use of Jean as a human tape recorder—most justifies itself. Matt is a self-centered, vain weakling who vacillates between Mary and Jean, but is incapable of deeply relating to any woman. Yet such is female insecurity that they are not simply vulnerable to his male arrogance, but even its willing victims. Jean finally whispers to herself a few of the right questions, but her ultimate answers will probably be wrong.

How She Died is a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award novel.

Muriel Haynes is a free-lance critic and writer.

NOTHING, AND SO BE IT

by Oriana Fallaci
translated from the Italian
by Isabel Quigly

Doubleday, 320 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Margaret Parton

■ "Life, what is it?" asked Oriana Fallaci's small sister the night before the well-known Italian journalist was to leave for Vietnam. "Life is the time that passes from the moment we're born to the moment we die . . . that's all," the older sister replied. *Nothing, and So Be It* is the harrowing account of Miss Fallaci's search, in the midst of man's utmost bestialities, for a better answer to that question.

The diary of her three trips to Vietnam in 1967 and 1968, which comprises the bulk of the book, reveals Miss Fallaci as a woman who is not only courageous but passionately honest as well. She admits to being terrified at Dak To, an American airstrip under constant fire by the North Vietnamese, but she unflinchingly faces mutilated corpses or the stray, detached hand—"yellow, stiff-fingered. . . . Leftover from three days ago." The blood of dead Americans, South Vietnamese, and Viet Cong stains her pages, and Miss Fallaci tells us exactly how these people died. The screams of a three-year-old burned by napalm, a pregnant woman with her abdomen ripped open, a man undergoing the torture of electric shocks in the genitals are heard throughout this book. So, be warned.

"I'm here to prove something I believe," she wrote in her diary near the beginning of the first trip: "that war is useless and stupid, bestial proof of the

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

"COME, LET'S GO!"

For each of these invitations Dow Richardson of Kokomo, Indiana, invites you to restore the missing word from the middle column and identify the author.

1. Come ( ) with me and be my love. ( )	A. a-Maying	a. Carroll
2. Come, ( ) me, . . . I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. ( )	B. away	b. Herrick
3. Come ( ) to Kew in lilac-time. ( )	C. back	c. Howitt
4. Come unto me, all ye that ( ) and are heavy laden. ( )	D. down	d. Isaiah
5. O, ( ), come and walk with us! ( )	E. garden	e. Kipling
6. Come into the ( ), Maud. ( )	F. labour	f. Marlowe
7. Come now and let us ( ) together. ( )	G. live	g. Matthew
8. Will you ( ) into my parlour? ( )	H. Oysters	h. Milton
9. Best and brightest, come ( ). ( )	I. reason	i. Noyes
10. Come you ( ), you British soldier. ( )	J. trip	j. Shakespeare
11. Come, my Corinna, . . . let's go ( ). ( )	K. walk	k. Shelley
12. Come, and ( ) it, as you go. ( )	L. woo	l. Tennyson

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

idiocy of the human race. I'm here to explain how hypocritical it is for the world to rejoice when a surgeon substitutes one heart for another but accepts the fact that thousands of strong people with healthy hearts are slaughtered like cattle for the sake of a flag." During her initial forty-day stay in South Vietnam her exploration of this thesis led Miss Fallaci not only to battle fronts but to a study of the futility of the Buddhist immolations and to an examination of the twisted mind of General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the brutal head of the National Police and the man who, in a famous photograph, was shown firing into the head of a prisoner whose hands were tied. "I adore roses . . . with a pearl of dew in each," he told her.

In the United States Miss Fallaci experienced what the late Christopher Rand, another fine journalist, called "the law of diminishing reality." But when the Tet offensive exploded in February of 1968, she could not bear to be away. Returning to a hard-hit and badly shaken Saigon, she resumed her "terrible effort to understand what death was, what life was, and what it meant to be a man." It was on this trip that Miss Fallaci was given two diaries (which she here reproduces) by dead Viet Cong, full of love for the beauty of their country and longing for their young wives. In Hue, she nearly reached the end of her emotional resources, for there she saw children playing with corpses as if with toys, and the thought of belonging to the human race made her ashamed. Like other women correspondents who have seen more horror than they can bear, Miss Fallaci reached out for fresh life in a vain effort to adopt a Vietnamese child.

The Italian reporter had two interviews with then Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky before leaving once again for the United States. During the second of these, Miss Fallaci writes, she began to realize "something very simple" about the Vietnamese people:

> These people don't hate each other, although they go on killing each other. It's we they hate. Because we are the ones who force them to kill each other in the name of a civilization that thinks it's superior because of its bigger bombs. We are the ones who invaded their rice fields, corrupted their conscience, destroyed their towns, and finally cut them into two: the North for you, the South for me. Not realizing that the same wind blows over the North as over the South, and the same dreams.

On her third visit, a few months later, she was shocked because the Viet Cong murdered several correspondents in cold blood. "Western journalists have always been generous to the Viet Cong," she writes, ". . . for years they've defended and even praised them . . . I feel very disillusioned. I feel like crying." By the time she left Vietnam for the last time Miss Fallaci's bitterness toward mankind was profound, and she composed a prayer to express her discouragement:

> Our Father who art in heaven, give us this day our daily massacre, deliver us from pity, love, and the teachings your son gave us. As it has been good for nothing, it is good for nothing. Nothing and amen.

Only after witnessing an appalling massacre of the innocents in another part of the world—in Mexico City where, in the fall of 1968, "more than three hundred . . . boys, pregnant women, children" were killed by the police—did she discover the falsity of her prayer and find an answer to the question with which she had begun her search.

American readers of this moving book will have no cause to feel proud, for at the worst we emerge as savages and at the best as well-meaning, clumsy innocents. But Miss Fallaci is as critical of Russian guns in Prague as she is of American artillery in Vietnam, for she has learned that man's inhumanity to the poor and defenseless is the ultimate obscenity regardless of who displays it.

Margaret Parton is a former Asia correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune.*

Oriana Fallaci: ". . . give us this day our daily massacre."

SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS: The African Emperor

by Anthony Birley

Doubleday, 398 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Robert Payne

■ Septimius Severus was a professional soldier who rose to power during the confused period following the death of Marcus Aurelius in 180 A.D. In the year 193, he marched on Rome, at the head of the Army of the Danube, captured the city and disarmed the Praetorian Guard, then ruled as professional soldiers frequently do—by edict, martial law, and murder. From the day he seized Rome to the day eighteen years later when he died in far-off York, England, while attempting to add Scotland to his conquests, Septimius was the soldier-in-power who, rather than solve problems, obliterated them. He murdered sixty senators and quelled countless revolts, plundered Spain, North Africa, and the Near East, and militarized the Roman imperial structure until it became one vast parade ground. The great eighteenth-century English historian Edward Gibbon called Septimius "the principal author of the decline of the Roman empire." Anthony Birley, a renowned contemporary British historian, is less given to making such sweeping statements (there were, Birley suggests, quite a number of contributors to Rome's decline); he is more interested in describing the man within the context of his own era.

Professor Birley, who has gone to great lengths to familiarize himself with the troubled age that Septimius violently dominated, has culled all the available primary sources and patiently sifted an immense amount of archeological and other evidence—from coins and inscriptions to aerial photographs that reveal the sites of Roman marching-camps. Born within a stone's throw of a Septimian fortress in Britain, Birley has followed his subject's footsteps from Leptis Magna, the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roman settlement on the North African coast where Septimius was born, northward through Rome and France to Carpow on the Tay, where the Emperor battled the barbarians on the Scottish highlands. He writes with immense authority. Furthermore, he succeeds in bringing Septimius—a spidery little man with a snub nose and delicately curled beard—to life. "I do not pretend that Septimius was an attractive personality," Professor Birley writes in his preface, "—few autocrats, least of all Roman Emperors, ever have been—but he was not particularly odious either."

The age that Birley's biography of this African-born tyrant conjures up is, in many respects, disturbingly like our own. Morality has broken down, murder is commonplace, the military are in command, and strange oriental religions are practiced in Rome. Cassius Dio, a friend of Septimius and the chronicler of his reign, supplies the chilling information that "at this time many . . . , not only in the City but throughout most of the Empire, died at the hands of criminals who smeared deadly drugs on tiny needles and were hired to infect people with them."

It was also a time when people had lost hope that the continual wars would ever cease.

Septimius's deathbed advice to his sons was "Do not quarrel among yourselves, heap money on your soldiers, and despise everyone else." Shortly after the Emperor's demise his son Antoninus not only had his brother, Geta, stabbed to death but ordered the slaughter of some 20,000 of his brother's followers in Rome. Nicknamed Caracalla after the hooded cloak he frequently wore, Antoninus reigned as Emperor for five years, when he in turn was murdered. Professor Birley—whose prose style is for the most part soberly academic—drily observes: "His removal can hardly be regarded as a catastrophe for Rome."

Apart from such offspring, Septimius left behind a number of monuments to himself. The most imposing of the triumphal archways erected in the Forum in his day was that built in honor of his successful wars against the Parthians. At his birthplace on the African coast another arch depicts Septimius, flanked by his two sons in a triumphal chariot. As one might expect, the carvings on these arches are strangely wooden and mechanical. In Septimius's reign the arts perished and the empire foundered. The great archways stand as monuments to a disastrous reign.

Robert Payne is the author of a number of books on ancient Greece and Rome.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 70. overt, voter, trove.

You'd drive the ball farther if you could slow down your swing.

A Minolta Autopak,® with its variable filming speed feature, can show you—in excruciating slow motion — what everybody's been telling you is wrong with your swing.

But that's just the beginning. With the Autopak's unique features and system of accessories, you can create cartoons out of children's drawings, or make a rose seem to bloom in two minutes.

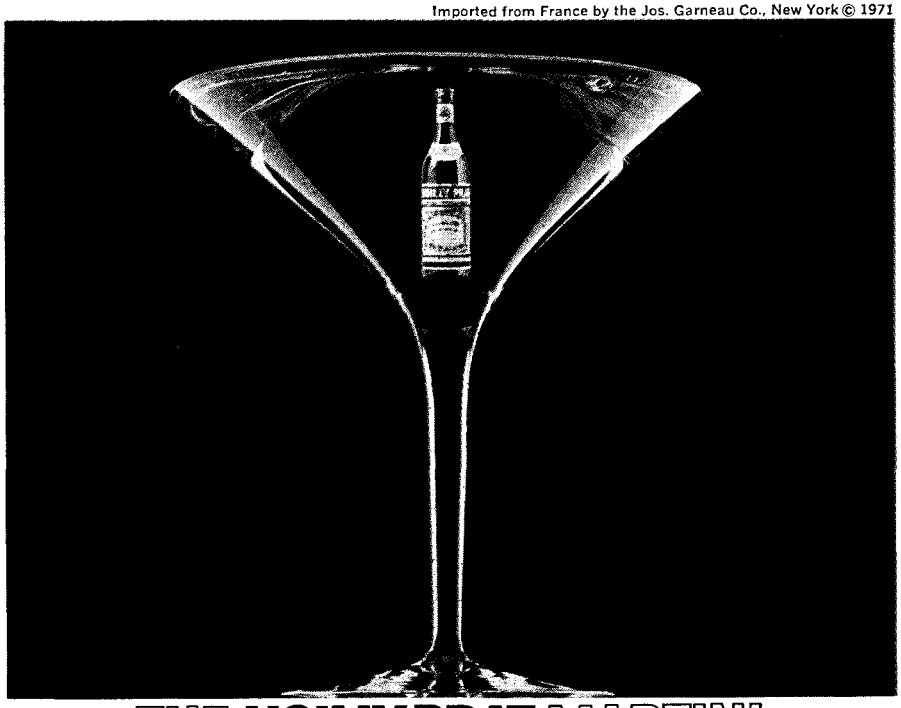
No matter what the scene, an Autopak gives you the correct exposure automatically, instantly.

Minolta Autopak-8 cameras start at around $160, plus case, with optical-glass Rokkor zoom lens. Accessories extra.

For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd. Montreal P.Q.

Start to see life differently with a Minolta Autopak.

Imported from France by the Jos. Garneau Co., New York © 1971



THE NOILLY PRAT MARTINI

A great martini is not made by gin alone.

A great vermouth is the essential ingredient. What is the secret of Noilly Prat? The longer dry vermouth matures, the finer it becomes. Noilly Prat is the dry vermouth that takes the extra time to mature. Once you've tasted a Noilly Prat Martini, you'll know why we take so long.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT
French Extra Dry Vermouth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A POPULIST MANIFESTO:
The Making of a New Majority

by Jack Newfield and Jeff Greenfield

Praeger, 221 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Stephen Schlesinger

■ One of the more wretched failures of the last few years has been the Democratic Party. Cast in the role of opposition, it has repeatedly muffed its opportunities to become a vigorous and creative idea-bank to the Nixon administration. Since 1968 the Democrats have had ample time to formulate a set of original and innovative alternatives. Instead, they have sought solace in "party unity," a goal that seems forever elusive.

Historically, the Democrats when out of power have depended upon their intellectuals to provide sustenance for their leadership. In the late 1950s the Democratic Advisory Council, under Chairman Paul Butler, energetically assembled experts and thinkers to piece together a coherent Democratic platform. In the Sixties, Presidents Kennedy and Johnson relied heavily on independent, university task forces. Today the Democratic Policy Council (of the Democratic National Committee), created in 1969 to structure liberal alternatives, is still so traumatized by the experience of its party's last divisive convention, held in Mayor Daley's Chicago, that it has forgone any policy-making in favor of occasional press-release rhetoric.

Thus, eight months before the 1972 Presidential election, the Democrats look on helplessly as the incumbent President robs them of their traditional stands (wage and price controls, guaranteed minimum incomes, and so on), while bringing up new issues (the anti-busing controversy) and making political capital from old ones (withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, our relations with China).

Now, however, in the nick of time, a book has arrived that could help the befuddled Democrats out of their current dilemma. Written by two young men with political experience—New Left journalist Jack Newfield, who has close ties to the liberal Kennedy-McGovern wing of the Democratic Party; and Jeff Greenfield, a Yale lawyer who was a speech writer for the late Senator Robert Kennedy and, more recently, for Mayor John Lindsay. *A Populist Manifesto* provides the first systematic groundwork for new thinking in the Democratic Party in many years. Brimful with ideas, spilling over with intriguing proposals, crammed with facts, this *Manifesto* should be required reading for Presidential candidates of all persuasions.

The work derives its title from the populism of the late nineteenth century. As outlined by Messrs. Newfield and Greenfield, who purify the old dogma of its religious overtones and its anti-Semitism, the new populism is a philosophy grounded on the self-interest of individuals. Its premise is the simple notion that "wealth and power are unequally and unfairly distributed in America today," and that this condition corrupts the political process. America can recover its authentic democratic heritage, the authors claim, only if a political coalition, out of common economic distress, between blacks and low- and moderate-income whites, seizes political power and alters society.

Newfield and Greenfield explore the crumbling foundations of the New Deal, the technocratic failures of the New Frontier and the Great Society, the weary elitism of Sixties liberalism. Then they get down to spelling out specific suggestions. For instance, in one chapter they examine the unethical practices of banking and insurance and prescribe a number of bold, though not necessarily new, remedies: among others, forbidding all interlocking directorates among banks; prohibiting directors of competing businesses from sitting on bank boards; opening up directorships to youth, women, consumers; closing tax loopholes that protect bank profits.

The book frequently makes one's blood boil at the venality of "free enterprise" in collusion with a putative "public-interest" government; moreover, the authors' marshaling of facts illustrative of the pernicious social and economic forces at work suggests that none of these basic issues will be touched on by any of the Presidential candidates in the coming election.

The two writers do not claim to be the progenitors of all the ideas set forth in this *Manifesto*. Many of their programs they generously credit to other, better-known muckrakers. The land reform section, for instance, draws heavily on a series of articles by Peter Barnes, the West Coast editor of the *New Republic*. The chapter on campaign financing derives, in part, from Herbert Alexander's *Financing the 1968 Election*. Richard Harris's book, *A Sacred Trust*, informs the analysis of the medical-industrial complex and the AMA. Nor are all of Newfield's and Greenfield's recommendations equally persuasive. Some of the solutions they proposed are too roughhewn (*e.g.*, breaking up the biggest corporations to decentralize economic power revives the whole Galbraithian debate on the necessity of countervailing powers); others are surprisingly tame (making the draft equitable rather than abolishing it entirely). And there are many important topics, such as the nation's educational policy, that this brief book fails to take on. Finally, the feasibility of forging the political coalition postulated by the authors might be questioned, if for no other reason than that they sketch its outline in only the most general terms. The electoral basis, the trends among minorities, the makings of coalitions of the last few years, require far more detailed consideration.

Still, Newfield and Greenfield have wisely used the information they have collected to fashion a general and, for the most part, convincing set of guidelines for a dramatic national switch in goals.

Stephen Schlesinger is editor of *The New Democrat*.

JUCHE!:
The Speeches and Writings of Kim Il Sung

edited by Li Yuk-sa

Grossman, 320 pp., $10

Reviewed by Richard Halloran

■ It would seem a safe assumption that no leader of a communist nation is less well known to the rest of the world than Premier Kim Il Sung of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea.

North of the 38th parallel that divides the Korean peninsula, Marshal Kim has been acclaimed as "the respected and beloved leader of the forty million Korean people, peerless patriot, national hero, ever-victorious iron-willed commander, and one of the outstanding leaders of the international communist movement and the working class movement."

Elsewhere, he is considered by a handful of Western specialists to be an ardent nationalist, the last of the Stalinists, a sometimes clever and other times ruthless politician when consolidating power in his own hands, a shrewd and imaginative statesman playing off his giant Chinese and Russian neighbors to his own benefit, and a perceptive foe of the United States who calculated precisely how far he could go in capturing the U.S.S. *Pueblo* in 1968 and in shooting down an EC-121 reconnaissance plane in 1969 without drawing retaliation.

Premier Kim may well receive more public attention in coming months. He and his rivals in President Park Chung Hee's Republic of Korea in the South have begun cautious negotiations toward defusing the tension in their partitioned land. At the same time, some observers of East Asia, particularly in Japan, predict that Korea will again become a crucible of big power competi-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dear Alfred,

thought you might be interested in the following tidbit! Was watching BBC last night, an interview with W. H. Auden. The interviewer (fortunately more articulate than most) was probing Auden's background in the natural sciences — his father a physician, his original intention to be a mining engineer — asking Auden whether he felt this to be in conflict with his literary work. After replying "no", Auden said he thought it might be interesting for people to know that he subscribed to no literary journals, whereas he did take the Scientific American and "a marvelous magazine called Natural History."

Please call me when you come to London. Love,

Rebecca

Yes, NATURAL HISTORY. Formerly a little known journal but now provender for the times, talking to a beautiful woman in London, to poets, and to honest people everywhere.

NATURAL HISTORY," a marvelous magazine," full of verve, color, and something called truth.

It costs eight dollars a year, and a dollar extra if you live in London.

Alfred is the Editor.

NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE
Our time has come

NATURAL HISTORY MAGAZINE
1255 Portland Place
Boulder, Colorado 80302

66C2

Dear Alfred,

For truth I'd pay more, but here's my check ☐

☐ 1 year $8.00 ☐ 3 years $21.00
☐ 2 years $15.00 ☐ Please bill me

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kim Il Sung with Sukarno—the gospel according to the North Korean premier.

tion as the uncertain situation generated by President Nixon's new China policy forces the major nations in Asia to seek a new balance of power. North Korea borders on China and the Soviet Union and has security commitments from each; all of Korea is but a short flight across a narrow sea from Japan; South Korea is the holder of a defense commitment from the United States.

Against that background, this collection of Premier Kim's speeches and articles in English is welcome, either for the specialist who wishes to delve into Asian power politics or for the general reader who thinks it important to know an adversary. "Juche" is Marshal Kim's particular concept of a nationalistic, Marxist-Leninist revolution carried on independently of other nations, notably China and Russia. But this is tough reading, as was Premier Kim's *Revolution and Socialist Construction in Korea*, published in English last year. The doctrinaire language is full of vague references, hidden meanings, and awkward phrases.

The choice of documents in this book is uneven. Some are quite important, such as the article published in August 1967, in which Premier Kim criticizes the Chinese and the Russians, without naming either, for quarreling with each other and thus weakening the "joint struggle against U.S. imperialism."

Another major selection is his speech of December 16, 1967, to the Fourth Supreme People's Assembly, the North Korean legislature, in which Premier Kim laid out a ten-point political program. It was the most comprehensive statement of domestic and foreign policy in recent years and called on North Koreans to "remember their brothers in the South and have a revolutionary determination to liberate them at all costs." The failure of the United States to pick up that and other signals led to the complacency that in turn led to the disastrous *Pueblo* incident.

But many significant documents have been left out. Perhaps the most curious omission from a book on Juche was Premier Kim's "Declaration of Independency" (sic) issued in August 1966, in which he undertook another of his many shifts between the Russians and the Chinese. That statement, at the time of the Chinese Cultural Revolution, moved North Korea away from its alignment with the Chinese but did not take it into the Russian camp. Marshal Kim denounced both leftist (Chinese) dogmatism and rightist (Russian) revisionism and demanded that there be no outside interference in North Korean national or party affairs.

The book is also marred by a sketchy biography of Kim Il Sung by the editor, Li Yuk-sa, who is not further identified. A panegyric, it credits Kim Il Sung alone with the victory over the Japanese in Korea, but neglects to mention, among many things, his membership in the Chinese Communist Party, his wartime service in the Soviet Army, and his seizure of power after the war with the vital support of Soviet military forces.

There undoubtedly will be a temptation to consider this book as propaganda. But it is no more so than a similar collection from Lyndon Baines Johnson or Richard Milhous Nixon. Westerners often consider the words of a communist to be propaganda, thinking that the communist couldn't really believe what he is saying—a mistake that can lead to all manner of miscalculation. The evidence clearly indicates that this is the gospel according to Kim Il Sung, and it should be taken seriously as his view of the world, much as one may dispute it.

One further observation: The $10 price tag on *Juche!* suggests a bit of "capitalist exploitation" by the publisher, since the book is not an original work. Unless the interested reader wants it for his reference library, he might do better to "liberate" a copy for a week from a nearby library.

Richard Halloran, of *The New York Times* Washington Bureau, reported from Asia for five years.

THINK TANKS

by Paul Dickson

Atheneum, 369 pp., $10

Reviewed by Leonard Iaquinta

■ For centuries rulers have relied on advisers—gray eminences as diverse in nature as the morally intransigent Thomas à Becket and the demonically inspired Rasputin. Modern leaders of both industry and nations tend to supplement the counsel of hand-picked individuals—Henry Kissinger comes to mind—with the findings of corporate wise men who ponder others' problems, for a stiff fee, in the seclusion of think tanks. According to Paul Dickson, there are presently "at least 17,000 research entities in the United States," of which some 600 merit the title of think tanks.

The proliferation of research and development firms, out of which think tanks evolved, was a result of the Second World War, during which our government relied on the scientific community to provide new tools to wage that war. Ever since V-J Day, Mr. Dickson writes, "science and technology have more and more become wards of the federal government. . . ." Perhaps the most crucial year in think-tank history was 1957, when the Russians launched their first Sputniks. "The nation responded by authorizing billions more in R&D—specifically, expenditures went from $3 billion in 1957 . . . to $15 billion by 1964." By 1969 the sum had risen to approximately $27 billion. (From 1967 through 1969, 85 per cent of the federal research-and-development budget was allotted to "National Security.")

When does a research-and-development firm attain think-tank status? Mr. Dickson explains as follows:

> The relative degree and types of power each [research entity] possesses is obviously highly varied. The company researching new consumer products or the institute studying animal noise has a distinctly limited kind of power. So, too, do the R&D firms with missions to carry out specific improvements in, say, rocket fuels. . . . But there is one class of institution, that because of the role it plays in this vast R&D empire, can be considered the most powerful sector of the whole enterprise: think tanks, which perform research on matters relating to policy and the application of technology.

Think tanks perform for a variety of clients. The RAND Corporation, for example, has worked simultaneously for the Pentagon, New York City, and two Los Angeles-area hospitals. And, as has been suggested, most of them owe their survival to federal funds. An ex-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1. Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2. The sexual reason behind the popularity of natural childbirth.
3. Why political leaders are constantly in danger of insanity.
4. Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5. Do men need more recreation than women?
6. What kind of parents do hippies make?
7. Why it may be time to end the taboo against incest.
8. The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9. What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10. Are campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11. What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12. Why do swingers tend to become impotent?
13. Is it time to grant the right to commit suicide?
14. Does a child think before he can talk?
15. Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16. Are "hawks" sexually repressed?
17. Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

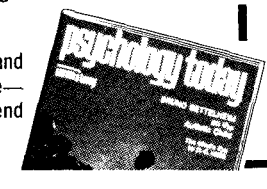
PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that. It allows the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliche-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.



6-B01

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

Mr.
Mrs. _____
Miss (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ception is the privately funded Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, one of whose recently completed projects was the drafting of a "Model Constitution" for the United States, a modern instrument capable of coping with problems undreamed of by the men who drafted our present Constitution nearly 200 years ago. (The model's main purpose was to stimulate thought on a crucial subject.)

Another think tank, the Institute for the Future, which started out in 1968 with a financial boost from RAND and a number of foundations, attempts to forecast what life will be like from the immediate future until well into the twenty-first century. In the course of a study whose central focus was on the development of Connecticut, the Institute projected "continuing disorder and disequilibrium as well as an increase in the alienation and impersonality of urban life." Further, "the revolt of today's youth against institutions that deny individual participation was interpreted as possibly leading to the creation of new political institutions. . . ." Another prediction concerning education in Connecticut is that "Needed changes in the . . . system will occur after a general worsening of conditions and a traumatic experience in the schools." While making long-range predictions, the Institute also attempts to provide means of solving problems that it expects will arise.

Dickson finds that think tanks are quite as capable of blundering as less avowedly intellectual firms. Some are blinded by biases, others merely document the obvious, and still others—especially when engaged in federally sponsored research—are all too apt to indulge in excessive secrecy.

A prime example of this last tendency is Project Camelot, an Army study administered by the Special Operations Research Office, an Army think tank based at American University in Washington, D.C. Camelot was a "large research effort on the causes of revolution and insurgency in underdeveloped nations" which, Mr. Dickson writes, was "geared to prescribing ways to cope with 'potential instability' in specific nations."

A Chilean scholar who was asked to contribute to this study was assured that it was being financed by the National Science Foundation. But significant portions of a sociological report he was asked to look over had been carefully erased, and the Chilean professor grew suspicious. He called the study to the attention of the secretary-general of the University of Chile, who found reason to believe that the study was "political in nature" and "constituted a grave threat against our sovereignty." As it turned out, the National Science Foundation had never heard of the project. The Army, which belatedly admitted that it was behind it, was mildly reprimanded by the Johnson administration and Congress.

Yet, Dickson notes, "foreign studies by the Department of Defense continued to proliferate." (The title of one think tank report cited by Mr. Dickson —"Witchcraft, Sorcery, Magic and Other Psychological Phenomena and Their Implications on Military and Paramilitary Operations in the Congo" —indicates how thoroughgoing the Defense Department can be in its search for information.)

One of the most interesting sections of this book is given over to a discussion of Herman Kahn, a former RAND thinker who, since 1961, has headed a tank of his own called the Hudson Institute. Kahn's comments on RAND, quoted by Dickson, are sharp and, often, just a bit frightening:

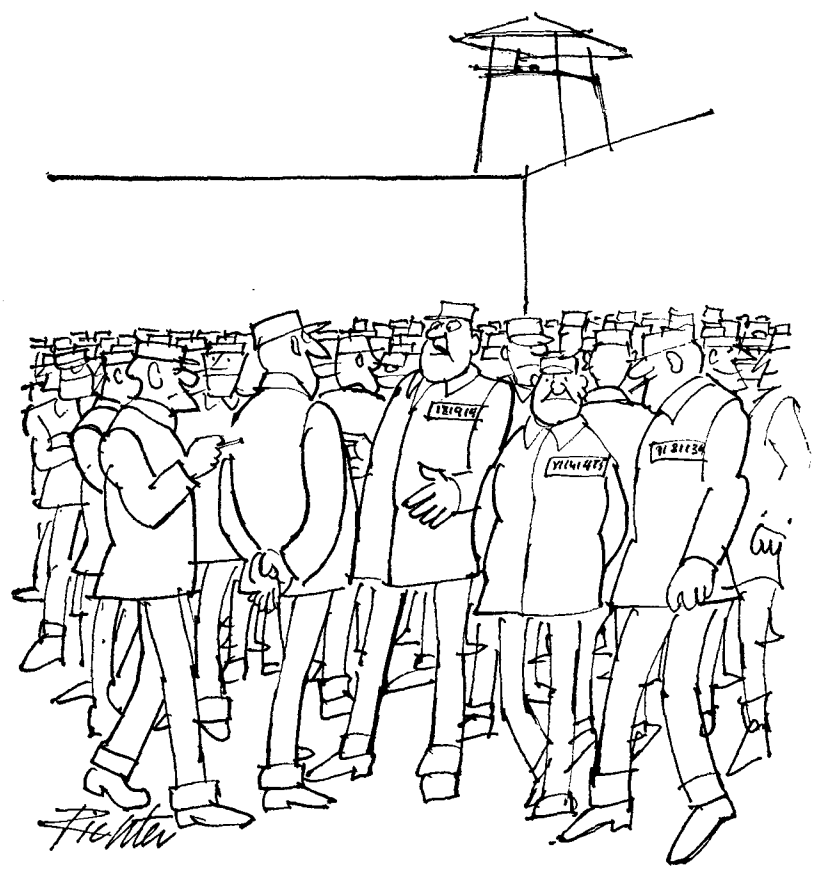
> In the late 1950s [RAND] was all by itself a fourth branch of government. About one hundred people were advancing RAND's ideas on government and had a very powerful impact. In 1961, McNamara hired this group of people and it ended up that they were no longer persuading government but they'd taken over the government. . . . [RAND's advisers are] dangerous as all hell, especially for people who don't know what is going on. They really are dangerous since usually they're just a little more knowledgeable than the guys they're serving, but not enough to justify the amount of persuasion they have.

Of think tanks in general Kahn is quoted as saying: "They're very influential and very much out of Congressional control. I myself worry about them."

Another think tanker whom Dickson cites with telling effect is James Gavin of Arthur D. Little, Inc. After attending a planning session for the Natonal Goals Institute, held in August 1970, Gavin remarked: "Here was a large group discussing the future of goals in our society . . . and I just kept looking around the room not being able to get over the fact that there wasn't a black or a woman in the room."

Provocative and carefully researched, Mr. Dickson's book may well spur an aware public to create its own think tanks to insure that the views of vested interests in government bureaucracies and in industry do not prevail over the needs of this nation's present and future inhabitants.

Leonard Iaquinta is on the staff of the Communications Institute of the Academy for Educational Development.



"I don't get it. They sentence me for consorting with known criminals, then they send me to a place full of nothing but criminals."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Gf, 2Lj, 3Di, 4Fg, 5Ha, 6El, 7Id, 8Kc, 9Bk, 10 Ce, 11 Ab, 12Jh.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.70 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers; Phone Numbers count as two words. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.30 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.40 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.50 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.60 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Cassettes, tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING—Free editing, lowest rates, fastest service. Wilson's, 8 Vancouver, Warwick, Rhode Island 02886.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. REASONABLE. Confidential. Professional. Any subject, media, style. Word/International Incorporated, 707 Alworth, Duluth, Minnesota 55802.

LIBRARY INFORMATION. Research by professional librarians. All fields. Photocopies. Box D-918.

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS! Speeches, articles, novels. Robert Hogrogian. 201-489-0637.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR, provable major credits, will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N. Y. 11509.

REPORTS. MANUSCRIPTS, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team! RC Research, 11 Ontario, Oakpark, Illinois 60302.

BOOKS

LAST WHOLE EARTH CATALOGUE $5.35.
BUYING COUNTRY PROPERTY $6.25. Bookpost, 2770A Broadway, NYC, 10025.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR VOLKSWAGEN ALIVE—All models. $6.00. Papyrus Booksellers, 2915 Broadway, NYC, 10025.

BIG PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCK catalogue, free. Bookseller, Box 54R, Sherman, Connecticut 06784.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC, 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A. Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BOOKBINDING

COMPLETE PROFESSIONAL BINDING service. Brochure 25¢. Classic Bindery P.O. Box 572s, Mendham, N.J. 07945.

OUT-OF-PRINT

LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Large stock, free search. Dabney Co., Box 31061-R, Washington, D.C. 20031.

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY 50¢ (coins). Dels, 17303-G Gard, Artesia, California 90701.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 613-B, Chicago Heights, Illinois 60411.

SEARCH WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Catalogue $1.00, refundable. A-to-Z Book Service, P.O. Box 813S, North Miami, Florida 33161.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 1-S, Pacific Palisades, California 90272.

OUT-OF-PRINT SEARCHING—Lists mailed, Psychology, Literature, Contemporary Affairs. REGENT HOUSE, 108 North Roselake, Los Angeles, California 90026.

ART

COLLECT FINE ORIGINAL ETCHINGS and lithographs by the world's great artists including Rembrandt, Picasso, *Rouault, Soyer, Landau and Florsheim. Free Illustrated* catalogue and Master Print Supplement. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10022.

COLOR SLIDES. Art, travel, all subjects (specify interests). 4 samples, catalogue $1.00. Slide Banks, 210 Fifth Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10010.

POSTERS OF PAST-1,000. Catalogue 25¢. Pioneer, Harriman, Tennessee 37748.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS." 30¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER—Original print plus fascinating information about art. Only $5.00. ARTGRAPHICS, Box AG, Sarasota, Florida 33578.

RECORD MART

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in *"Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at* bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

ANY RECORD. ANY TAPE at lowest discount prices. Enroll in Saturnian Record Club. $1 lifetime membership fee brings you a Free Schwann catalogue and forms *for immediate ordering of any record at unmatchably low* prices. No minimum, no limit. Write Saturnian Record Club, Box SR, 507 5th Avenue, NYC, 10017.

FREE 162-PAGE CATALOGUE offers over 1,000 fine recordings of Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic and Modern music. All late stereo recordings. Highest quality at budget label prices. Available only by mail from MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932-SR, New York, N.Y 10023.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORD KIT. Build a full size replica of a French 18th century harpsichord, 2 x 8', 1 x 4', FF-g'''. Designed and made by Frank Hubbard. Single manual, $600; double manual, $860. For brochure write Frank Hubbard, 185A Lyman Street, Waltham, Massachusetts 02154.

TUNE YOUR OWN PIANO textbook, all tools necessary. Book worth $12.90. Get complete kit, $29.95 plus $1.00 handling. Nashua House, Box 651S, Nashua, N.H. 03060.

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. For brochure send 25¢ to SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE LUTES. Master crafted. Historically authentic. Renaissance Gilde, Cambridge, Wisconsin 53523.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS. CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

BECHSTEIN: *We have yet to meet our first dissatisfied* customer. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Professional instruments in kit form, Burton Jacks (patented), $195 to $650. Write Herbert W. Burton, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 (S), Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

MUSIC

PLAY STRING QUARTETS—under tutelage Chicago Symphony Quartet July 17th-28th. Undergraduate-graduate credit available. Write: Dean Suppan, University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

PERIODICALS

NEW DIRECTIONS IN TEACHING: A modest but authentic venture committed to the improvement of *undergraduate teaching. We're a nonjournal in need of* your support both as subscriber and contributor. Four issues, $4.00; sample, $1.25. NDT, Bowling Green University, Bowling Green, Ohio 43403.

COLLECTORS NEWS. Big monthly NEWSpaper covers all collectibles, antiques to modern. News, values, authoritative columnists, show calendar, over 1,000 ads. $4.00 yearly, 50¢ copy. Box 156SR, Grundy Center, Iowa 50638.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

LIGHTWEIGHT BACKPACK and mountaineering equipment. Imported, Domestic Canoes and Kayaks for day trips, voyageuring, or whitewater. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 42, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI INTERNATIONAL Teacher Training Course in MIAMI offers A.M.I. diploma—worldwide recognition. Write: Director of Admissions, SOUTHERN MONTESSORI INSTITUTE, 1517 Brickell Avenue, Miami, Florida 33129.

MONTESSORI INSTITUTE OF ATLANTA teacher training course for teaching children 2½-7 years now accepting applications for September 1972. Accreditation and diploma granted: Association Montessori Internationale. Write P.O. Box 52602, Atlanta, Georgia 30305.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

BURNHAM-BY-THE-SEA, Newport, Rhode Island. Coed Summer Program for students 12-18 on beautiful oceanfront estates. All subjects. Small classes. Reading skills, *study habits, typing. Music, art, drama. Olympic pool.* All sports. Informal activities. 23rd summer. Bulletin. George Waldo Emerson, 57-R Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Massachusetts 01060.

SUMMER SESSION for bright students with messy scholarship past. Under thirty students. Innovative program of Vermont approved secondary school. Beautiful area. Community, nature, gardening, work, livestock, recreation and learning. AC 802-685-2239.

PINE LAKE SUMMER WORKSHOPS. Drama, Studio Arts, Creative Writing, Modern Dance, Ancient/Modern Studies, Judaica. James Lawrence, Hartwick College, Oneonta, N.Y. 13820.

SCHOOLS

DARROW SCHOOL — Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents. Balance of responsibility and freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

MORE THAN COURSES AND CLASSROOMS — Would your son or daughter gain from having small classes and personal attention—meeting students from many states and countries—participating in many sports and activities—developing strong educational habits and interests to prepare for college? Write for "More Than Courses and Classrooms," an interesting statement about American residential schools, and a listing of schools, nationwide. There are still some openings, and opportunities for financial aid if needed. COMMITTEE ON BOARDING SCHOOLS, National Association of Independent Schools/Secondary School Admission Test Board, Box B, 32 South Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21202.

DUBLIN SCHOOL, Dublin, New Hampshire 03444. Established 1935. Small classes, faculty-student ratio 1:6, enrollment 70. Coeducational secondary school. Strong college preparation, counseling; excellent placement record. Full programs in Art, Music, Dramatics, Camping, Rock Climbing. Sports include skiing, sailing, soccer, squash. Write: Michael N. Cornog, Headmaster, for catalogue.

(Continued on page 88)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 87)

PARENTS — FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. Independent schools; summer study, private camps visited and personally evaluated. Write, indicate child's age, grade, interests, educational needs. Recommendations made and 352-page 31st Annual Educational Register sent without obligation. Vincent-Curtis, Room 202, 224 Clarendon, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

YOU NEED TO FIND A SCHOOL where you count, where green fields and great trees abound, where much that is new and some that is old are important! This is SANFORD SCHOOL. (An established coeducational resident and day school.) Admissions Secretary, Box 110, Hockessin, Delaware 19707.

CUSHING ACADEMY. Nondenominational. Coeducational since 1875. Grades 9-12. College prep. Classes average 12. Trimester basis. Senior seminars. Scholarships. Honor societies. Teams in major sports. Skiing, riding and tennis. Drama, Film and Art Festivals. Field trips. Choir, modern dance. Write: R. D. Klarsch, Admissions Director, Box S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430. Tel: 617-827-5911.

CHARLES E. ELLIS SCHOOL. Girls, grades 7-12. Fully accredited. College prep, art, music, home economics. Small classes. Guidance. Sports. Excellent library and well-equipped classrooms. 300-acre campus, suburban Philadelphia. Est. 1910. Write for catalogue and scholarship information. Dr. C. Gordon Frantz, President, Box 22, Newtown Square, Pennsylvania 19073.

MOTIVATION . . . SELF-CONFIDENCE . . . Responsibility . . . through small classes, individual programming, caring faculty, guidance, counseling. College preparatory and general courses. Varied electives; outdoor activities. Girls, grades 7-12, 5-day boarding option. Accredited. Est. 1832. 70 acres near Baltimore and D.C. Episcopalian emphasis; all faiths welcome. Rev. K. E. Costin, Headmaster, Hannah More Academy, Reisterstown, Maryland 21136.

VERSHIRE SCHOOL—Coed secondary school combining pioneering (our 4th year), scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Blending also Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexico, Europe) and imagination with desirable traditional goals. Near Dartmouth. Magnificent scenery. Thirty horses and indoor riding ring . . . all very secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACADEMY. Accredited, coed college prep boarding school for students in grades 9-12. Specialized education in Art, Dance, Drama, Music. Full academic program. Distinguished resident and visiting faculty. Affiliated with National Music Camp. Catalogue: Director of Admissions, Room 307, Interlochen Arts Academy, Interlochen, Michigan 49643.

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE, Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—undergraduates, college transfers, medical, law, veterinarian, graduate. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus in Arundel, Sussex, England. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Coed. New England College accredited by NEAC&SS. Write Director of Admissions, Box R, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

ADULT DEGREE PROGRAM for well-informed, highly motivated adults 26 and over wishing to complete liberal arts undergraduate education. Two-week resident periods on Goddard campus alternate with six-month independent study projects carried on at home under faculty supervision. Program leads to Goddard Bachelor of Arts degree. Write Box S, Adult Degree Program, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

BIOMEDICAL COMMUNICATIONS: Advanced study in operation of communication centers for health science training. Stipend. Apply now for June admission. Biomedical Communications Division, University of Nebraska Medical Center, Omaha, Nebraska 68105.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Racially nondiscriminatory admission policy. Educational Development Center, 41 Seminary Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

FOR THE GOURMET

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

NONESUCH MENUS—2 new tested gourmet menus each month (5 printed recipe cards each menu), cooking hints. $2.00 each month. P.O. Box 762, Lake Forest, Illinois 60045.

BACCHANALIA — Winemaking supplies. 273 Riverside, Westport, Connecticut 06880. Free catalogue.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 372, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

PERSONALS

AVOCA HANDWEAVERS' much-loved "knee-rugs" (about 38" x 54") which double for long skirts, jackets, ruanas, jumpers, $16.50 pp. Indicate bordered, multi-weft-striped, subtle warp-striped, or stained glass, and color antipathies. CAROL BROWN, Putney, Vermont 05346.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS—All occupations. Comprehensive new survey plus Directory of 200 American Companies Overseas plus special reports on teaching, librarian, secretarial and summer positions. Satisfaction guaranteed. $2.00. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, N.Y. 11730.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, Inc., 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

LEARN TO CONTROL your Alpha and Theta brain waves. Relax, Meditate, Create. Money-back guarantee. For free literature: Phenomenological Systems, Inc., Department S, 72 Otis Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKOUT—Perfect prints, 8 or 12-shot rolls, $2; 20-shot rolls, $3; 36-shot rolls, $5. Money-back guarantee. We pay postage both ways! Send $$ and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut 06355.

FLORIDA'S FINEST CITRUS. Shipping 47 states, Canada, Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

FASCINATING IDEA: FREE exchange of authoritatively appraised Mayan, Pre-Columbian and Oceanic art collection. Prominent museums now exhibiting some objects. Will barter part or whole of my collection for your land, raw or developed. No cash required in exchange. Box F-534.

WE COPY AND RESTORE old photos and documents. Repro Associates, Sonith Building, Pine and Daly Streets, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

PATCHES & APPLIQUE (over 200), posters (over 275, many antiwar), buttons (135), bumperstickers (50) and other peace items. Wholesale and retail. Catalogue with pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, California 94103.

ALPHAPHONE™ headset—brain-wave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-C, Mendocino, California 95460.

RICHARD'S TWENTIETH. $3.00. Want one? Richard Liebow, Box 99444, San Francisco, 94109.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

FLEMING BOTTLE CUTTER KIT. Quickly makes attractive glasses, bowls, candleholders, etc. Complete instructions. Recycle at home, club, scouts. $9.95 postpaid. The Environmentals Company, Box 96S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430.

FREE CATALOGUE: Low direct prices. Diamonds, Sapphires, Silks, Cosmetics, Crystal, Hunting, Fishing, Camping Supplies. Herter's Inc., Dept. CS, Waseca, Minnesota 56093.

PERSONALS

WORLD'S LARGEST CROSSWORD PUZZLE! Over 4,000 words . . . 2' square wall decoration. Answer book! Send $3.98. Sincerely Yours, Box 532, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708.

GLOVE CLEANING BY MAIL. $1.25 pair. Free glove mailing envelope. Roblin Leather, 190 Glencove Avenue, Glen Cove, N.Y. 11542.

YOU'RE THE SOLOIST on Music Minus One LPs. Free 64 page catalogue 300 background records. Music Minus One, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

DRESSER SETS—We replace brushes, combs, mirrors, etc. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC, 10016.

AUTOGRAPHS WANTED: letters, documents, manuscripts bought, sold. Catalogues issued. Thomas M. Fassett, 140 Rockingham Street, Rochester, N.Y. 14620.

KNOW YOUR ANCESTORS! Acclaimed book shows how to trace your family tree. Fascinating! $1.50 postpaid. FORMCO, Box 3828-KF, Long Beach, California 90803.

INDOOR PLANT and tree care specialist. Any problem. 212-675-3704.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import $10.95 up; Purcell from $6. Student Special, Corelli $6; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder, Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $8.95, add sales tax and shipping $1.50. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 3-2-C, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC, 10018.

MEDITATION evokes New Age consciousness. First-year bimonthly course free. MEDITATION, P.O. Box 566, Ojai, California 93023.

SLEEP-LEARNING Equipment—Alpha devices, Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-SR, Olympia, Washington.

POETS! CREATIVE PERSONS! We live! Come! Contribute, compete, read, enjoy! Poetry contest rules, 25¢. Subscription $7. Sample copy $1. North American Mentor Magazine, Fennimore, Wisconsin 53809.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 77th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-628-1666.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER for amateurs and professionals. Chamber music, arts, crafts, dance, yoga. Weekly session, or longer, June 25th-August 20th. Creative vacation on a college campus in Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Write: Anne Allen, Executive Secretary, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

BEETHOVEN SWEATSHIRTS $5.00, SML-XL. Michael Zuck, 69 Glenwild, Madison, N.J. 07940.

HONORARY DOCTORATES, $10. Large, beautiful, non-valid. Many titles. Free brochure. Millard Fillmore Institute, Box 2211-A, San Francisco, California 94126.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD window sill herb garden. Everything included! $3.00. LIKE, 4139 Santa Rita, El Sobrante, California 94803.

FIRED BEFORE 1130 A.D. Indian pottery shard plus related archaeological booklet. Perfect gift for bright youngster, interested adult. $3.00. Pueblo III, Box 337, Durango, Colorado 81301.

RARE HERMETIC ALTAR—$25,000. Write to Yoga Forum of Canada, 126 Bloor Street West, Toronto 4, Ontario, Canada.

AFRICAN GREY PARROT owners. May I hear talents and traits of yours? Am writing article. Box F-909.

BORZOI-BARTER? Literally aesthetic dogs. What have you? Be imaginative. Box 144, Owingsmills, Maryland 21117.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

FOLK GUITAR METHOD. De luxe 2-12" LP album. Over 100 strums, 45 songs, chords, lyrics, 70 photos. Learn Travis/Carter Family style, bass runs, arpeggios, *blues, banjo-solo-flat pick, melody picking.* $6.95 *ppd.* Music Minus One, 43 West 61st Street, NYC, 10023.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS, scientists, statesmen, musicians, military leaders, etc. bought, sold. Collections, single items. Catalogues issued. Kenneth Rendell, 620 *Bristol, Sommerville, Massachusetts* 02144.

YOGA (physical, mental, spiritual) correspondence course, Swami Kriyananda. Detailed, authoritative. 14 biweekly lessons: $30 or $5.00 monthly. Information ANANDA-D, Nevada City, California 95959.

SITUATIONS WANTED

NATIONALLY PUBLISHED BOOK WRITER and editor, tired of urban flim-flam, seeks editorship of independent, no-nonsense weekly newspaper in New York-New Jersey area. Box E-542.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, single, coed, seeks job involving world travel. 411 Harcourt, San Antonio, Texas 78223.

ACTIVE, AMIABLE, college graduate, 24, seeks governess position U.S.A. or abroad. Box 8041, Austin, Texas 78712.

GIRL SEEKS EMPLOYMENT in London. Experience in secretarial and public relations work. Write: Box F-910.

ENTHUSIASTIC ENGLISH TEACHER with basketball experience seeks position as teacher-coach. Box F-895.

ATTORNEY/ENGINEER seeks position doing interdisciplinary research. Box F-908.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CAMP DIRECTOR-MANAGER. Unique situation small philanthropic natural science camp, highly motivated young teenagers. Box F-583.

COUNSELORS—20+, *top Maine Boys' Camp.* Crafts-Swimming (WSI). Sailing - Canoeing - Judo - Experienced Head Tennis - Tennis - Basketball - Fencing. Beautiful surroundings, interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC, 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 (printing and handling) for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-OX 7-4341.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research *Associates, Box 889-R, Belmont, California 94002.*

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! Government assisted passage. 1972 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on Employment, Business, Taxes, Education, Teaching, Housing, *Ranching, Maps,* etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, South America, Australia, Far East, etc. 2,000 openings all trades. Construction, Office, Engineering, Sales, etc. $700 to $3,000 month. *Expenses paid. Free Information. Write Overseas Jobs,* International Airport, Box 536-U, Miami, Florida 33148.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P93, Orinda, California 94563.

TEACHERS, ADMINISTRATORS. Leading school, college placement sources. $3.00. EIS, Box 105, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

OVERSEAS JOBS DIRECTORY. *High pay. Adventure.* $1.00. Transworld, Box 90802-K, International Airport, *Los Angeles, California 90009.*

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Europe, Asia, Australia, Worldwide, 250 pages enlightening revelations. Also lists hiring organizations, $2.98. Refundable. Stadrysr, Whitestone, New York, 11357.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHER/COUNSELOR with graduate degree to advise families on choice of independent schools. Bunting and Lyon, Wallingford, Connecticut 06492. 203-269-3333.

OPENING FOR DIRECTOR of large writers' organization. Varied experience required. Must be willing to relocate. Box F-890.

WRITER-PUBLIC RELATIONS for well-known Industrial *Design firm.* Product development, packaging, environmental studies. Southern Connecticut. 2 days per week. Please reply in detail. Box F-885.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—*faculty needed for private* independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc.; beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

REV-UP YOUR RESUME, impress interviewers, design your own job and name your own price. Complete instructions in MOVING UP: "How to Get High-Salaried Jobs" by Eli Djeddah. $5.95 from J. B. Lippincott Company, Box 8340 (S), Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

AUSTRALIA NEEDS YOU—Latest information describing government assisted passage, citizenship requirements, passport, visa, employment, business, teaching, etc. plus forms $1.00. Employment directories: U.S. businesses there $1.50. Australian businesses $1.50. All three $2.00. Australian Services, Box 1032DA, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 29232-MS, *Indianapolis, Indiana* 46229.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 100,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. (Also foreign teaching.) Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and *approved since* 1952. *Regular price* $7.00. *Special—rush* $5.00 now for new 1972 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 50¢ regular mail, add $1.50 first class.)

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

JOBS! OVERSEAS-U.S.A. *Year-round and Summer Jobs.* Jobs with Money, Challenge, Opportunity, Travel. All occupations and trades. Write: JOBSCOPE, Box 746, (SR), Woodbridge, California 95258.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

QUOGUE, LONG ISLAND (in the Hamptons)—Big, old, funky summer house on 1 acre with over 30 trees and shrubs. 10 bedrooms, 4 large brick fireplaces, 3 porches, *all appliances. Living and dining rooms are* 50' x 22' expanse. Entire house, except baths, kitchen, pantry, all dark, stained, varnished wood. Plumbing, wiring in good, restored condition. Everything painted, varnished and well-maintained. $75,000 firm. SR Box E-753.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? *Shaker Heights offers:* A nationally recognized school system; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; forward-looking, integrated communities. Attractive suburban homes and apartments for sale and rent. Contact the Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

CONVERTED MILL. Connecticut. 2 bedrooms, fireplace, old beams, wide floor boards, waterfall, pond. Taxes $340. Approximately 1½ hours mid-Manhattan. $62,000, principals only. Weekdays 212-753-0808.

VERMONT. All-season chalets, village homes. Choice *acreage. Free brochure.* ROLAND BEERS & ASSOCIATES, Manchester, 05254.

CONNECTICUT—WESTPORT. Overlooking water, mooring beach rights. A Colonial raised ranch, 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, paneled family room, large living room, fireplace, *huge covered deck. In 60's. By owner,* 203-227-6491.

MOUNTAIN RETREAT—Wooded hillside, landscaped with 3,000 native ferns. Pond. 20 acres. House and double studio. Buffard, Ozone, Tennessee 37842.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale—Furnished

ST. CROIX, V.I.—2 bedrooms, 2 baths, furnished villa with gallery, over studio apartment. Sea view. Estate Ruby. Low 60's. Box 238, *Southport, Connecticut* 06490.

For Rent—Furnished

TENNIS ANYONE? You don't need to seek out congenial singles, doubles, or mixed doubles partners at Mattakesett. From your first day, we'll match the game *of your choice . . . no first week of watchful waiting* to find the right playing friends. Membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (6 fast drying clay courts, one all-weather court) is automatic for owners and renters of the private homes on the Mattakesett property. Renters (minimum of one week) have use of a heated swimming pool, bicycles, sailboats and clamming equipment. For the youngsters, there's a recreational program. Mattakesett homes include 3 bedrooms, 2½ bathrooms, superb *furnishings, all appliances, washer, dryer, heating,* fireplace, linens, and optional maid service. Miles of unspoiled sandy beach are adjacent to the property where each home has an ocean view of Edgartown Bay and South Beach. Limited available weeks. Early reservations are recommended. Telephone Ron Thompson, Manager, 617-443-9922, or write to him c/o Stanmar, Inc., Box 0-56, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA—About May 25th to September 30th. 5 rooms. $180 month. SR Box F-907.

VILLA RENTALS ABROAD for your holiday. Select residences with staff in Caribbean, Europe and Mexico. Brochure: At Home Abroad, Inc., 136 East 57th, NYC, 10022. 212-421-9165.

SMALL SEMINARS, large families or several friends could enjoy this charming Cuernavaca, Mexico casa, with pool, garden, view and congenial staff. Available April, June, July, mid-September to mid-December. SR Box F-542.

ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS—New, panoramic, waterfront. Privacy. Summer rates. Daniel Sullivan, Cruz Bay, 00830. 809-776-6444.

TOBAGO COTTAGES—All sizes, locations, and rental rates. Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago, W.I.

SABBATICAL HIDEAWAY in redwoods. New 2 bedroom, glass living room, fireplace, AEK. Near Santa Cruz, California. September-June. References. SR Box F-877.

For Summer Rental

NELSON, NEW HAMPSHIRE cabin on quiet Lake Nubanusit. SR Box F-833.

CASCO BAY—*Cottages for monthly or seasonal rental.* All conveniences. Golf, beaches, boating. $400-$700. Virginia Schroeder, Chebeague Island, Maine 04017.

CABIN NEAR GLACIER PARK, primitive setting. Panorama Ranch, Polebridge, Montana 59928.

ADIRONDACKS: Simple 5-bedroom and 2-bedroom housekeeping, on small, wild lake. 617-876-6428.

SAIL, SWIM, SNORKEL, fish in/on Michigan's clearest inland lake. Furnished cottages sleep 6. Forests, dunes, beaches, golf, trout streams, artists' and craft shops, *Interlochen Music Camp all in area.* SR Box F-878.

CAPE MAY, N.J.—Spacious Victorian home overlooking ocean. Large fenced yard. By month or season. SR F-912.

SOUTHERN NEW HAMPSHIRE, *Deering*—5 *miles* Francestown, 5 miles Hillsboro. 200 year-old farmhouse. 40 acres. View. 4 bedrooms, 4 woodburning fireplaces, country kitchen all appliances, screened dining porch, ping-pong porch, outdoor barbecue. 2 acre pond for swimming. Use of jeep, canoe, sailboat. 1 mile from lake. June 15th-August 15th. Asking $700 month. Price negotiable. References. SR Box F-905.

NEAR BAR HARBOR. 3-bedroom cottage. $135 weekly. Kenneth Hutchins, Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.

VERMONT "VIRGIN" ISLAND—Privately Yours . . . rowboat, sanitary facilities. $650 season. A-FRAME ON SHORE. *July,* August $160 weekly, $1,100 season. Golf, tennis, walking distance. B. Winthrop Jones, Marble Island, *Winooski, Vermont* 05404. Tel. 802-864-6951.

(Continued on page 90)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 89)

HOUSE WANTED

For Summer Rental

WANTED: Vermont or New Hampshire, August. House on lake. View, porch, fireplace, modern conveniences. Minimum 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Box F-906.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

FOR RENT-FREE VACATIONS join our home vacation exchangers. Write Adventures-in-Living, Box 278-S, Winnetka, Illinois 60093.

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent-free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10022.

RENT-FREE VACATIONS, Write Holiday Home Exchange, Box 555, Grants, N.M. 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. **Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.**

For Rent—Furnished

FLORENCE, ITALY—Large apartment overlooking Arno. Excellent apartment building centrally located. Six months-yearly rental. Available September. SR Box F-911.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

CALIFORNIA'S GOLD COAST—Del Mar—surf view acreage. 15 acres, zoned multiresidential and commercial. 15 minutes to beautiful San Diego Bay, Beaches, Boating. Horsemen's Paradise. Best climate in United States. Property is 5 minutes to UCSD campus, Gulf General Atomic, new VA Hospital and many new industries, and beautiful La Jolla. Surf, Ocean and Torrey Pines State Park Views—UNIQUE. These parcels are available separately or together. Write or call for information and brochure. McKellar & Wyer, Inc., Realtors, 1202 Camino Del Mar, Del Mar, California 92014, Phone Area 714-755-9318, Mr. Robinson.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks H. Barron, Kent Mitchell, Realtors, Hyde Park, Vermont 05655. 802-888-4287/2433.

TIMBER COVE PROPERTIES—Still available. The deed restrictions, concepts of architectural excellence, privacy and environmental responsibility make this offering unique In America. We are selling enduring values meaningful to individuals. This is a place of privacy, not a country club. On California's Sonoma Coast—large individual homesites. Contact Home & Land Co., P.O. Box 287, Tiburon, California 94920. 415-388-9500.

SMALL VERMONT INN—9 bedrooms, 3 baths, commercial kitchen. Route 7, Pittsford. Equipped and furnished $36,500. Frank Punderson Agency, 8 South Main, Rutland, Vermont. 802-775-2552.

FLORIDA'S EXCITING new Bayfront residential resort. Waterfront, golf course lots. Condominiums, Yacht and Country Club. BAY POINT, Box 9137, Panama City Beach, Florida 32401. 904-234-3308. A04762.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . low as $1.00 acre! Vacationing, Investment, Homesteading! All provinces! "Opportunities in Canadian Land" includes complete purchase information! Send $1.00. Canadian International, Box 29193-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

POMFRET, VERMONT—110 acres, privacy, view, brook, old restorable farmhouse, maple-lined drive. $115,000. UELAND-NICHOLS REAL ESTATE, Woodstock, Vermont 05091. Member of RealNet. 802-457-1322.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL AND SPECTACULAR homes in San Diego County, located approximately 4 miles southwest of Rancho Santa Fe, is now available because the owner has moved to the East. This new contemporary designed residence contains approximately 3,900 square feet on 4 different levels, consisting of a recreation room which is located on the lower level along with a full bath, a fireplace and a kitchenette, a main floor consisting of a living room with 22 foot ceilings, a dining room with stained glass windows and an adjoining patio and kitchen with every modern convenience, a master bedroom on its own private floor with a spacious bath, dressing room, fireplace, and two balconies from which one can see the ocean to the west and the mountains to the south and east. Finally, on the top floor there are 2 bedrooms and a bath along with 2 studies which could be converted into 2 bedrooms.

THE POOL is surrounded by real and imitation boulders and has every imaginable facility including high and low diving boards, waterfalls, slides, outdoor barbecue, wet bar, and snack bar as well as two unusual cavern-like dressing rooms (the owner has invested over $100,000 in this area alone).

A RECESSED LIGHTED TENNIS COURT with dressing rooms is located a short distance from the house and to the south are stables large enough for boarding three horses but which are readily expandable.

THERE IS ALSO A SMALL HOUSE consisting of 2 bedrooms and a bath, which could be either servants' quarters or a guest house with certain renovations.

THERE ARE 17 ACRES which would be difficult to surpass in beauty and strategic location because of the magnificent view of the ocean and the mountains, along with a rolling green lawn and beautiful gardens with towering eucalyptus trees. This is a truly unforgettable estate well worth the asking price of $585,000 which is the owner's investment in this property. Liberal financing is available. ROBERT K. SMITH, Realtor, 7911 Herschel Avenue, La Jolla, California 92037. 714-459-4471.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INTERESTED IN OWNING A FRANCHISE?—Business of your own, or full or part time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5 month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 903-C, 1460 Hancock Center, Chicago, 60611.

SAILING SCHOOLS

THE SCHOONER, "NATHANIEL BOWDITCH," offers new horizons for your school, camp, or youth organization. Available for Field Trips, Project Weeks, Seminars, or Courses from Maine to Miami, including the Bahamas. Accommodations for 24 students and staff. $150 student, week, all inclusive. American Practical Navigators, Inc., Box 205, South Brooksville, Maine 04617.

CAMPS

EXPLORERS' CARAVAN—Travel-camping and outdoor adventure for high school youth. Choice of two programs: travel and interesting outdoor experiences; or, challenging and rugged wilderness adventures. 6 and 8 weeks. Small coed groups. Dr. R. S. Stultz, RD 1, Jamesville, N.Y. 13078.

IMPROVE YOUR CHESS on Narragansett Bay during July. Roger Williams College, Bristol, Rhode Island, offers HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS informal instruction, playing principles, tourney play, summer recreation. Details: Adventure in The Arts.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP provides an experience that integrates work and recreation, the arts and current concerns. A vitalizing summer with well selected contemporaries in a country setting. Coed, ages 13-17. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346. 802-387-4212.

ELK RIVER Recreation Association, Inc.—Exceptional leadership training/camping/recreation/education opportunity, boys and girls 12-19, Colorado Rockies. Float trips, pack trips, fishing, ranch experiences. Write Hank Croes, Box 836, Clark, Colorado 80428.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar. Picturesque, Colonial Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Rewarding cultural experience for the teenager who has outgrown conventional camp. Creative, noncompetitive camp program, with Spanish, music, arts and crafts combined with travel and full athletic program. Horseback riding, mountain pack trips, golf, swimming, sailing, water skiing, etc. Limited to 28 children. Professional Staff. C. Polk, Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, New York. 914-337-4394.

CAMPS

CAPE COD SEA CAMPS. Boys and girls, 7-17, resident and day. 190 acres, private beach, pool and lake. 60-boat fleet. Older campers may specialize. Full range of activities. Separate Junior Camp. Counselor-camper ratio 1:6. 51st season. Member A.C.A. Also pre-season Sailing and post-season Wrestling Camps. Write: MONOMOY-WONO, Box J, East Brewster, Massachusetts 02640.

HIGH/SCOPE—International, multiethnic, coed, 12-17. Alternative education through camping. David P. Weikart, Ph.D., 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197. 313-482-4169.

ARIZONA RANCH CAMP. Challenging opportunities for boys and girls 7-17 in horsemanship, creative arts, environmental and ecological studies, sports, swimming, desert survival on 40,000 acre ranch. Extensive southwestern travel. Optional academic work. Nationwide enrollment. A.C.A. accredited. 43rd year. Also winter school. Quarter Circle V Bar Ranch, Box SR, Mayer, Arizona 86333.

INVITATION TO ADVENTURE INC. Wilderness Trip Camp. Program for boys 10 to 16. 3 or 5 weeks. Canoe trips Maine to Canada. Mountain hiking, rock climbing. Canadian bicycle trip. A.C.A. accredited. Kenneth Walker, Box 296, Wilton, Connecticut 06897. 203-762-7911.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? Write! Find Out! Brochure! Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Arts & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318. (Opening for drama specialist.)

LAC DU FLAMBEAU, WISCONSIN. Adventurers' Camp for Boys. A great wilderness experience for some boy in your life! All land and water activities. Flexible program stresses individual needs. Lance Robinson, 147 Central, Highland Park, Illinois 60035.

CAMP KAPITACHOUANE, Kapitachuan Club, Province Quebec. Canoe and fishing trips in central Quebec. A-trip (ages 15-18), five weeks on Rupert River. B-trip (14-15) and C-trip (12-13), four or eight weeks. Eleven boys, three counselors each trip. R. Beebe, Jr., The Gunnery School, Washington, Connecticut 06793; C. H. Williams, Salisbury School, Salisbury, Connecticut 06068.

JUDGMENT RIDGE — Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8-16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($150 extra). 36 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, hiking, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10036. 212-736-1660.

OVERWEIGHT GIRLS 8-18. Enjoy a summer of fun while losing weight at the original non-medical slim down camp. Complete sports programs. Re-education in eating habits. Usual weight loss 20-45 lbs. Winter follow-up program. For booklet, write Camp Stanley, Box 701, Hurleyville, New York 12747. Phone 212-947-7749.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP—Eastern Maine, Canada. 70 boys, 11-17, 6 groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Lake, white water, mountains, wilderness Quebec trip for seniors. A.C.A. accredited. Special Group for girls—4 weeks. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook Lane, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

BROWN LEDGE—Mallett's Bay, Vermont, "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Investigate Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado. 26th summer. Unregimented ranch/travel program. Boys, girls 13-17. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

DRAMA, MUSICAL COMEDY, Dance, Art, TV, Filmmaking—Public Performances, sports. One of nation's foremost summer training centers, Lake Sunapee, N.H. Coeducational, 11-19. 8 weeks, $1,150. Beginners Showcase, Dept. 14G, 240 East 76th Street, NYC, 10021. 212-249-9288.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

INTERNATIONAL RANGER CAMPS—Set in breath-taking French Swiss Alps and scenic Denmark. Accredited American Camping Association. Coed 8-15. All activities, languages, excursions. $320 per 3 weeks. Write: Hans T. Spengler, 330 East 49th Street, NYC, 10017.

CATAMOUNT-TRIPPING CAMP—Warwick, Massachusetts 01378. 30 boys, 12-16. Hike/canoe New England wilderness. Bayard Cadwell, 616 Freeman Avenue, Stratford, Connecticut 06497.

MOUNTAINEERING, RIVERBOATING. Survival, Ecology. 2 week Adventure Camp for youths 13-18. Lute Jerstad Adventures, 9920 S.W. Terwilliger Boulevard, Portland, Oregon 97219.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT LIVING AT ITS FINEST at Crestview Center in the heart of the residential metropolitan Toledo (Ohio) area. A specially-developed community where retired people share the security of health services, the comfort of never being alone, the assurance of protection against inflation, the independence of coming and going as they please. Life lease or a new monthly fee plan available. For complete information, write Mr. Maurice Seiple, Director of Development, Crestview Center, Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

VACATIONS

SUN VALLEY, IDAHO—Luxurious, split-level, 3 bedroom, fully-equipped condominium available for seasonal or weekly rental, $75 day. Also for summer months, $600 month. Ideally situated, center of village, shuttle bus to lifts, free use of heated pool. Call Janie Coleman, 208-726-5321.

COLORADO MOUNTAINS — Rent one of thirty professors'/physicians' modern vacation homes in remote 1,300 acre ranch near National Forest. Antialcoholic owners prefer kids, quiet families seeking rugged mountain recreation. LCR, Box 84, Buena Vista, Colorado 81211. 303-395-2364.

THOMPSON HOUSE COTTAGES—Pemaquid area, New Harbor, Maine 04554. Large, new housekeeping cottages directly on ocean. Fireplaces, electric heat. May-June openings. Open May 1st-November 1st. Tel. 207-677-2317.

JEWEL BOX ELEGANCE. Lighthouse Inn, 52 room mansion showplace of the shore at New London, Connecticut. 2½ hours from Gotham. Superb food. E.P. Doubles $15 up. Brochure S.

MAINE. Bogtrotters, botanists, birders, other boarders. Roam, read, relax by the sea. The Bucks, Craignair, Spruce Head, Maine 04859.

PELICAN COVE MOTEL AND MARINA—Florida Keys, immaculate oceanside apartments, beach, swimming, fishing, skindiving, tennis, shelling, birdwatching, loafing. Literate, congenial company on balmy tropical isle, Islamorada. Phone 305-664-2811. THE SHARY'S.

WILD LOONS CALL from Indian Lake's clear mountain waters, Adirondacks. American Plan, families, adults. Rustic, informal. Sailing, horses, guided canoe trips. Timberlock, Sabael, N.Y. 12864.

SCHOONER TIMBERWIND SAILS MAINE COAST. Your week includes island hopping, new friends, wonderful food and exciting sailing. $150 weekly—no extras. For brochure: Schooner Timberwind, Box 2478, Rockport, Maine 04856.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

NASSAU—Relax in 1-2-3 room apartments. On excellent beach, pool. Cable Beach Manor, Box 263, Nassau, Bahamas.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. Escape to island pleasure for charm, beauty and friendliness. Lovely old harbor towns, breathtaking scenery, cameo beaches, whispering ocean, towering cliffs, amiable living, all sports. Hotels, cottages, efficiencies, motels, guest houses. Tell us your needs, arrival, length of stay. Martha's Vineyard Information, Vineyard Haven 4, Massachusetts 02568.

UNCROWDED. UNSPOILED. WOODED Connecticut campsites. Swimming. Box 432, Watertown, Connecticut 06795.

1780 LOG HOUSE — *Superbly restored, furnished,* equipped, charming Appalachian setting year round. Choppingdale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia 24432.

RELAXED ISLAND TROPADISE. Endless beach, pool. *Caribe Adventure Inn, 158S, Sanibel Island, Florida* 33957.

VACATIONS

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

BUCKS COUNTY — *If you can't be a house guest in* Bucks County, be ours. The 1740 House is a charming country inn. 24 rooms, each with terrace, overlooking the Delaware River. For a brochure, write: 1740 House, Lumberville, Pennsylvania 18933. Tel. 215-297-5661.

FAVORITE HIDEAWAY IN PATAGONIA . . . where Saturday Review readers . . . and SR editors go. Circle Z Ranch, Patagonia, Arizona 85624. Brochure.

HOTEL ON SMALL ISLAND—Pool, superb beaches, remote, peaceful. $25 double. Write Sportsman's House, Vieques Island, Puerto Rico 00765. 809-741-3751.

GASCON RANCH. Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

THE SEASIDE, unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. Year 'round resort on private beach.

WESTERN ADVENTURE on authentic ranch. Fun for all ages. Operating stock ranch 50 miles north of Yellowstone Park. Riding, fishing, pack trips. All ranch activities. Paul Christensen, 63 Ranch, Box R676, Livingston, Montana 59047.

OVERLOOKING THE BLUE PACIFIC in San Francisco. Residential area. Seal Rock Inn Motel, 545 Point Lobos Avenue, 94121. Write for rates.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

CARIBBEAN SEA—*Idyllic beach. Mental-physical reconditioning.* Cabana efficiencies. CARIBE PLAYA, Patillas, Puerto Rico.

VERMONT'S FAMOUS FAMILY RESORT on Lake Champlain. Complete Color Brochure. TYLER PLACE, Box 133, Highgate Springs, Vermont 05460.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Inviting, homey seatown hostelry, walking distance to famed Mystic Seaport marine museum. Doubles $14-$24; 4 persons $20-$24. Reserve by mail or phone.

MONTANA MOUNTAIN LODGE — Open year around. Horses, pack trips, pool, snowmobiles. Desert Mountain Lodge, West Glacier, Montana 59936.

SNOWMASS-AT-ASPEN—Studio condominium. Sleeps 6. Heated pool. Summer rates $60 week. Owen Smith, 1009 Grant, Denver, 80203.

CAMDEN, MAINE—A seacoast village where the mountains meet the sea. Windjammer cruises, lobster boats or just quiet contemplation. WHITEHALL INN has reflected this magic since 1902. A historic inn offering memorable meals, fine wines and spirits. June opening. A.P., M.A.P. Write Box SR, Whitehall Inn, Camden, Maine 04843.

WYOMING WILDERNESS—Small, secluded guest ranch south of Jackson Hole. Quiet, relaxed, personable. Family rates. Box Y Ranch, Box 1172B, Jackson Hole, Wyoming 83001.

MONTEGO BAY—Large new villa, superior furnishings, 3 bedrooms, 3 baths. Large pool, beach privileges, ocean view. Staff 3. Six persons weekly $650 to April 15th. $400 to December 15th. SR Box F-533.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

SUMMER WORKSHOP: Mime, Opera, Acting. June 18th-July 29th. $490. Write Valley Studio, Spring Green, Wisconsin 53588.

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 25th-July 22nd. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

JESSE STUART WRITING WORKSHOP—June 26th through July 14th. Three hours of graduate or undergraduate credit for 3-week study with Kentucky's foremost writer, who will teach short story writing. Three other practicing writers also will instruct: Poetry—*Lee Pennington; Novel—Harriette Simpson Arnow; Articles*—Dr. L. J. Horton. Murray State University, Murray, Kentucky 42071.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND. SCHILLER COLLEGE—See "Studies Abroad." Liberal arts, language, theatre.

THEATRE BUFFS INTERNATIONAL. All ages. London University, modern accommodations, meals, plays, excursions, lectures, seminars. 2 weeks, $235* July 10th, 24th, August 7th. *air fare additional. Symposium Seminars Abroad, 714 Park Towne West, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19130.

ROME, ITALY. Diversified curriculum. Outstanding faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. Classes June 12th-July 19th. $760. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

GREECE: PAINT IN THE SUN . . . Fine Arts Workshop on beautiful Aegean island, Samos. Distinguished artists, poets, lecturers. Monthly sessions June-September: $200. Inquire: PYTHAGOREION INSTITUTE OF PAINTING, P.O. Box 1404, Kansas City, Missouri 64141.

SUMMER SESSIONS AT SEA. World Campus Afloat accredited study cruises to South Pacific and Asia. Workshops, seminars, classes and travel for educators, businessmen, other adult groups. Brochure: Chapman College, CC13, Orange, California 92666, or phone 714-633-8821, Ext. 317.

AIMS-International—*European summer study and travel.* Ages 15-20, programs of language study or comparative cultures and lifestyles. Chaperoned; Academic Credit. Write: Registrar, AIMS-International, 1053 31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

GUADALAJARA: Crafts, Spanish, travel — all ages. Academic credit courses, K-12. Five-week study program; weekend trips; six days in Mexico City. Family residence. Winter prep school program, K-12. NAIS. Advanced Placement, 100% U.S. college acceptance. Butler Institute, Vallarta y Atenas 123, Guadalajara, Mexico.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

SUMMER ABROAD: Age groups 14-18, 17-22, 10-14. 4-6 weeks, from $595. Language-study-travel. Sports and camp; underwater archaeology. Programs in France, Spain, Switzerland, Austria, Mexico. Cost includes flights, *much sightseeing, festivities. European Language Institute,* SR, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10017.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM — One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

COLLEGE CREDIT. Italian Study tour $875. June 12th-July 13th. College Humanities Consortium, Hampton, Virginia 23368.

SUMMER ON A GREEK ISLAND Aegina Arts Centre happens on the Greek island of Aegina offering workshops in music, painting, poetry, theatre, photography, dance, archaeology, Greek. World-famous lecturers. Surrounded by sun, sea, wine, and friends of all ages. One month tuition $300. AEGINA ARTS CENTRE, 136 West 52nd Street, NYC, 10019. 212-LT 1-1150.

SPAIN—BARCELONA. Accredited program in English and Spanish, June 19th-July 28th. Write Professor Modesto Diaz, California State College, Fullerton, 92631.

OXFORD, CAMBRIDGE, EDINBURGH. Summer 1972, International Summer Schools offers 4 courses: "Shakespeare in his Age," "Modern English Literature and Drama," "Modern Britain," and "Music, Art and Drama at the Festival." $385 includes 3 weeks of lectures, room, board at the college, some excursions, parties, *dances. Write: Mrs. Pat Simpson, 560 2nd Street (RS),* Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

MASS MEDIA IN MEXICO: Graduate seminar, Mexico City, July 3rd-August 11th, six credits. Conducted by Dr. Michael Ryan with key Mexican media experts. Also seminars on "Film in Britain" and "British Broadcasting in Transition." School of Communications, Temple University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

YEATS INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL—Sligo, Ireland. The 13th Yeats International Summer School, August 12th to 26th, 1972. Director: John S. Kelly, M.A. (Dublin), University of Kent at Canterbury. Lectures and seminars daily on aspects of Yeats Scholarship, Anglo-Irish Literature and History, conducted by distinguished Irish, British and American scholars. Plays, Recitals, Poetry Readings and Excursions. For information and brochures apply to Mrs. K. Moran, Secretary, Stephen Street, Sligo, Ireland.

(Continued on page 92)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

(Continued from page 91)

STUDY EUROPEAN ELEMENTARY EDUCATION. July 5th-August 2nd. See Innovative Programs, Open Classroom. England, Wales, France, Switzerland. $950. Six graduate credits $240. Dr. Lawrence Rhoades, Education Department, Jersey City State College, Jersey City, N.J. 07305. 201-464-2376.

STUDIES ABROAD

HEIDELBERG - BERLIN - PARIS - MADRID - LONDON. SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal Arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs. American credit system. Special programs: music, theatre, fine arts. International business administration. Graduate, undergraduate, and high school summer courses. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN SWITZERLAND. Lugano, offers coed college prep program with international dimension. Meets highest American academic standards. College testing, counseling grades 9-12. Junior high school program grades 7 and 8. Course correlated field trips. Outstanding faculty. Small classes. Boarding. Sports, activities, relocates one month St. Moritz. Catalogue: W. Rea, TASIS, 326 East 69th Street, New York City, N.Y. 10021. 212-988-5462.

COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE of Spain—A 2-year liberal arts college in cooperation with the city of Seville. Freshman Sophomore Curriculum, American Faculty, Dormitory Boarding Plan. Tuition $1,050 yearly, credits transferable. Write Columbus International College, Capitan Vigueras, 1, Seville, Spain.

STUDY AT SEA. World Campus Afloat Semester sails September and February to exotic ports round the world. Accredited. Financial aid available. Write: Chapman College, Box CC17, Orange, California 92666.

ACADEMIC YEAR IN SPAIN — University Programs: Undergraduate, B.A., M.A. TOTAL, $1,985. (Semester $1,385.) Summer $485. FELLOWSHIPS, AYS, 67 Orchard Ridge, Chappaqua, N.Y. 10514. 914-238-4306.

ROME, ITALY American coeducational college preparatory school, grades 9-12 and postgraduate. Superior college admissions record. Students profit by intimate association with Roman ambiance. Frequent course related excursions throughout Italy. Write St. Stephen's School, Via Lungro 1, Rome, Italy 00178.

FILM SCHOOL—Cinema and photography, unique context for study and realization. Praestegaard, F/S 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

AMERICAN JUNIOR COLLEGE OF BARCELONA — Intensive two-year bicultural study in Spain. Credits transferable. Write: Jean Pinkham, 1525 41st Place, Des Moines, Iowa 50311.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE—French, Dance, Music, Art-History, Painting, Cuisine, Sculpture, Theatre, Photography, Cinema. 1. Academic year, two semesters. 2. Interim program, January 4th-February 1st. 3. Summer in France, July 1st-August 12th. 4. Christmas in Paris and London, December 23rd-January 2nd. Eminent artist/professors. Write airmail (3 International coupons) to: PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

"AMERICAN EDUCATION IN SWISS TRANQUILLITY" —American College of Switzerland. B.A., B.Ss., A.A. degrees. American liberal arts college, four year, coeducational, boarding. American and International faculty. Liberal arts, science, languages, international business, and fine arts programs enriched by curriculum related tours; strong sports program; excellent transfer record to U.S. universities and V.A. benefits. Affiliated with Leysin American High School. Write: American College of Switzerland, 1854T, Leysin, Switzerland or Hans T. Spengler, U.S. Representative, 330 East 49th Street, New York, 10017.

HUMANITIES IN BRITAIN, summer studytour, celebrity faculty. Concord Academy, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

STUDY IN GERMANY at Marquette University's residential center in Hildesheim. Travel throughout Germany on two excursions. Earn 9 college credits. June 8th to August 22nd, 1972. Write for detailed brochure: Marquette University, Summer Sessions, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53233.

FILM AND PHOTOGRAPHY WORKSHOP—Create within the context of Norden Fjord World University. Complete living and working facilities. Write: PRAESTEGAARD, Kettrup pr., 9690 Fjerritslev, Denmark.

TRAVEL

NATURALISTS—SCIENTISTS—Exploring and collecting in jungles of Trinidad. Reasonable rates for rooms or cottages. Unlimited flora and fauna. Write Dallas Doxford, Chimborazo Estate, Grand Couva, Trinidad, W.I.

OUTDOOR TRIPS. Scotland June 4th-17th, Canadian Rockies July 9th-22nd, Vancouver Island August 6th-19th. Write: John Philip, 508, 990 Lagoon Drive, Vancouver 5, Canada.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure. 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

MUSIC FESTIVALS—Distinguished musician, Robert Lawrence, leads small de luxe group to Festivals of Vienna, Leningrad and Glyndebourne. 21-day tour starts June 15th. $1,575 includes air fare from New York. VISION TRAVEL, 29 East 61st Street, New York, 10021. 212-751-6780.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21Z Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY! Participate in scientific field expeditions recently made accessible by Educational Expeditions International and the Smithsonian Institution to selected members of the general public. No special qualifications necessary to become actively involved in expeditions led by prominent scientists in anthropology, archaeology, geology, ecology, botany and astronomy in Africa, the Middle East and South America. Costs start at $1,275 plus air fare. Participation limited; early registration essential. Educational Expeditions International, SR3, 68 Leonard Street, Belmont, Massachusetts 02178. 617-489-3030.

SINGLES CRUISES & TOURS—Bachelor Party, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

LYSISTRATA—Cruise the Greek Islands with Professor A. D. Winspear in his private yacht. Swift, clean ship, excellent food, interpretative lectures. Two week cruises $330 (U.S.) inclusive. Write for 1972 brochure, P.O. Box 3263, Postal Station B, Calgary 41, Alberta, Canada.

WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS, mountain climbing, human relations, T-groups, college credit. Box F-155.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent ten country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks, $1,675; six weeks, $1,475; four weeks, $1,150; WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

"CASTLE-HOTELS," "FLEA MARKETS" guidebooks. 450 castles, monasteries, palaces offering accommodations. 250 illustrations, maps, 16 countries, "Europe's Flea Markets"—80 markets, 10 countries, maps. $2.95 each. Both $5.50. Robert Long, 634s Bellmore Avenue, East Meadow, N.Y. 11554.

EUROPE TODAY. Coeducational tour for secondary school students. Cruise through Greek Isles. Climb in the Alps. Sightsee in London, Paris, Florence, Salzburg. John Paine, Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Massachusetts 02026.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

NOTTINGHAM, ENGLAND—Lady welcomes visitors in private house, with wonderful view of Nottingham Castle five minutes walk away. Bed, breakfast, bath, reasonable terms. Will act as guide/companion if required. Newstead Abbey, (Lord Byron), Lincoln Cathedral, Sherwood Forest. Mrs. K. Peet, 28, Castle Boulevard, Nottingham, England.

AMERICAN, WORKING MAJORCA, will help you find living quarters. Davis, Fornalutx, Majorca, Spain.

WHOLE WORLD HANDBOOK: Six Continents on a Student Budget. CIEE's new paperback has more than 300 pages of travel, study and work opportunities; tells you how to get to and around Europe, the Middle East, Africa, Asia, Australia, Latin America and Canada; lists student discounts, useful addresses, etc. Order your copy now, with check or money order ($2.95 plus 25¢ postage) or pick one up at our first-floor office (corner 44th Street). Or write for free information and order form. CIEE Student Travel Services, Dept. H-1, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

TRAVEL

LIVELY FRENCH FAMILY welcomes guests. Ultramodernized house, outstanding cuisine. $175 week. Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Stay in a Soviet youth center. Or sail with Breton fishermen; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; climb glacier-covered Alps; hike with Czech students; speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. Exceptional summer travel plans in Western Europe—Russia—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. 21st year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

GOING ABROAD THIS SUMMER? Go The Experiment Way: travel with 11 American students to one of 34 countries; learn a language, if you wish, or improve one you know; live with a native family; see the country with people who call it home. Special projects and academic credit available. Interested? Write: The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Indicate age and year in school.

LONDON—LESS THAN $100 BY JET. DC 8's, 707's. No time limit on when you can travel. No age limit. No extra charges. Call 212-759-5340 or write for full details. Flight Management Ltd., Suite 202-S, 11 East 47th Street, New York, New York 10017. London Office: 28 Conduit Street.

EUROPE — AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

THE REAL MEXICO—A quality experience in the wilderness of the Sierra Madres. April and November only. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

SAN FRANCISCO on $4.50 a day. New free brochure tells how City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $130 month ($35 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

BASKETVILLE—World's largest basket stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rts 5 & 91); Manchester (Rt 7); in Massachusetts, 200 Hudson Street, Northboro; Florida, Venice (Rt 41). Browse among our incredible selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware, gifts. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. Write: Folder.

TRAVEL WISE—A B C's OF TRAVEL. Emphasis on Europe. Suggests what to wear, unusual things to see or do. Increases trip enjoyment. $2.95 from Travelwise, Box 7686-S, Dallas, Texas 75209.

STUDYTRAVEL—Adults. Unusual Summer Experiences. Safari to South Africa, East Africa and Israel, Around the World—off the beaten tourist trail. (Iran, Turkey, USSR, Malaysia, Indonesia.) FRIENDS WORLD COLLEGE, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-248-2619.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$628. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $435 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Israel, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece, Yugoslavia, Africa. 15th year. Students Abroad, Gertrude Lang, Mark Parets, Directors, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

TWO TOURS WITH EMINENT GEOGRAPHER. Prof. Johnson Fairchild, Author, Social Philosopher, conducts his tenth tour "Civilization of Western Europe" Portugal, Spain, France. May 28th-June 28th. Also East African "Geographic Safari" Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania, Ethiopia. September. Prebriefing bibliography, daily talks on both tours. Good accommodations. Reasonably priced. Atlantic Pacific Travel, 136 East 57th, NYC, 10022. 212-PL 1-3250.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joan Crawford knows the best way to find out whether or not you have uterine cancer. It's the Pap test. It's simple. And painless. And it takes only a few minutes. Every woman should have the Pap test as part of a yearly checkup.

Early detection and treatment can save you suffering. In fact, they can save your life.

We want to wipe out cancer in your lifetime. Give to the American Cancer Society.

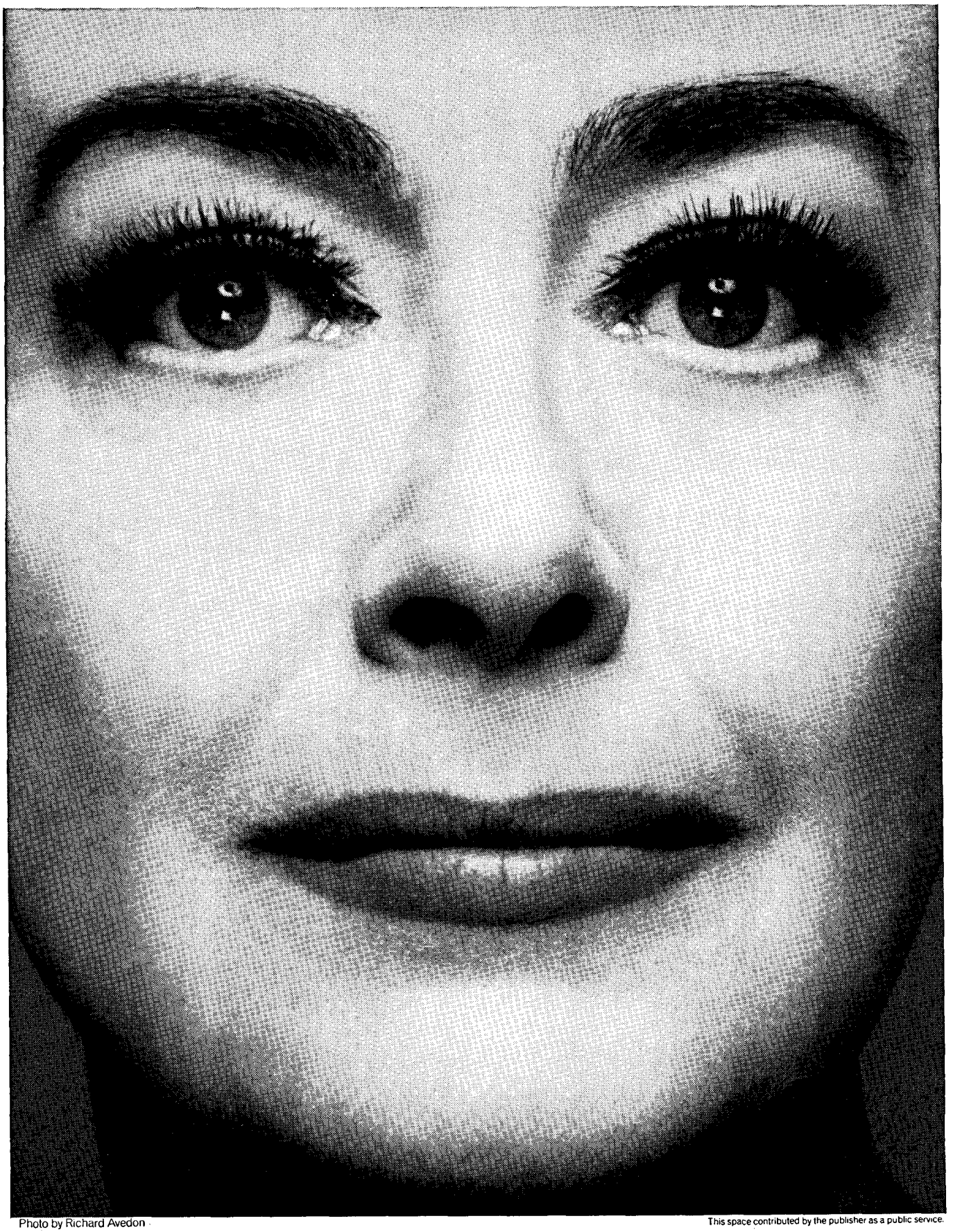


Photo by Richard Avedon

This space contributed by the publisher as a public service.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1980

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Catfit	18 33 50 70 108 134 146 159 178 189
B. Canada's most active winter port	2 27 40 53 59 83 109
C. Natural or habitual repugnance	130 148 157 187 7 56 90 15 100
D. Spitting snake	113 147 160 172 43 66 76 139
E. Misers, skinflints	155 197 51 71 87 117 138 153
F. Erased, obliterated	167 181 24 61 80 177 203 14
G. Insurgents in a political party; radicals (2 wds.)	173 188 34 67 85 99 165 192 4 31
H. Ancient capital of Merionethshire, Wales	55 92 124 144 184 32 94
I. Be greatly superior to	98 86 115 166 198 3 17 37
J. Commonplace, humdrum	135 150 162 46 95 111 154 199
K. Ornamental figure, official emblem of the Girl Scouts	21 137 180 202 47 62 82
L. Marvelously effective means for achieving a desired result (2 wds.)	128 182 5 20 54 73 118 170 194 89
M. Uruguayan essayist, literary critic (1872-1917; "Ariel")	141 151 164 193
N. Arrange, manage, carry through	11 45 68 79 106 116 125 149
O. That which nourishes: food	175 200 29 129 8 84 102
P. Depression, hollow	195 22 171 38
Q. "They haven't got no noses, / The fallen ____." (3 wds.; Chesterton, Song of Quoodle")	168 19 179 185 142 107 120 74 104
R. Pilgrimage to Mecca prescribed as a religious duty for Muslims	65 9 36 174
S. State of pain or grief; sickness, calamity, etc.	58 119 140 41 114 64 93 44 77 13
T. Common small Eur. falcon known for hovering with its head to the wind	131 30 186 122 10 49 60
U. Agalloch	75 145 88 121 105 112 163 25 63
V. Worker in metal	1 23 69 127 91
W. "David . . . the sweet ____ of Israel." (II Sam. 23:1)	78 6 196 35 143 16 57 42
X. Labored	132 48 123 158 183 152 191 133 52
Y. Honors; worships	12 72 136 28 110 190
Z. Screening, sifting	26 39 96 156 169 201 97 81
Z^1. First pres. (1919-25) of the German republic	101 103 126 176 161

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 V	2 B	3 I	4 G	5 L	6 W	7 C	8 O	9 R	10 T	11 N		12 Y
13 S	14 F		15 C	16 W	17 I		18 A	19 Q	20 L	21 K	22 P	23 V	24 F	25 U	26 Z	27 B	28 Y
29 O	30 T	31 G		32 H	33 A	34 G	35 W	36 R		37 I	38 P	39 Z	40 B	41 S		42 W	43 D
44 S	45 N	46 J		47 K	48 X		49 T	50 A	51 E	52 X	53 B	54 L	55 H		56 C	57 W	
58 S		59 B	60 T	61 F	62 K	63 U		64 S	65 R	66 D	67 G	68 N	69 V	70 A	71 E		72 Y
73 L	74 Q	75 U	76 D	77 S	78 W	79 N	80 F	81 Z		82 K	83 B	84 O	85 G	86 I	87 E	88 U	89 L
	90 C	91 V	92 H	93 S		94 H	95 J	96 Z		97 Z	98 I	99 G		100 C	101 Z^1	102 O	
103 Z^1	104 Q	105 U	106 N		107 Q	108 A	109 B	110 Y	111 J		112 U	113 D	114 S	115 I	116 N	117 E	118 L
	119 S	120 Q	121 U	122 T		123 X	124 H	125 N	126 Z^1		127 V	128 L		129 O	130 C	131 T	132 X
	133 X	134 A		135 J	136 Y	137 K	138 E	139 D		140 S	141 M	142 Q	143 W		144 H	145 U	146 A
147 D	148 C		149 N	150 J	151 M	152 X	153 E		154 J	155 E	156 Z		157 C	158 X		159 A	160 D
161 Z^1	162 J	163 U	164 M	165 G	166 I	167 F		168 Q	169 Z	170 L	171 P	172 D	173 G		174 R	175 O	176 Z^1
177 F	178 A	179 Q		180 K	181 F	182 L	183 X	184 H	185 Q	186 T	187 C	188 G	189 A	190 Y		191 X	192 G
193 M	194 L		195 P	196 W	197 E	198 I	199 J		200 O	201 Z	202 K	203 F					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One of the finest collections of cars in the world.

It has rack-and-pinion steering like the racing Ferrari.

It has a luxurious interior like the Mercedes-Benz 280SE.

It has *inboard* disc brakes like the racing Porsche.

It has the same amount of trunk space as the Lincoln Continental Mark IV.

It has front-wheel drive like the Cadillac Eldorado.

It has independent front suspension like the Aston Martin.

It has about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

It gets the same expert service as the Volkswagen, because it's part of the VW organization.

This remarkable automobile, that has so much in common with so many of the world's finest cars, is the Audi 100LS.

And what's even more remarkable about it is its price.

$3,900.

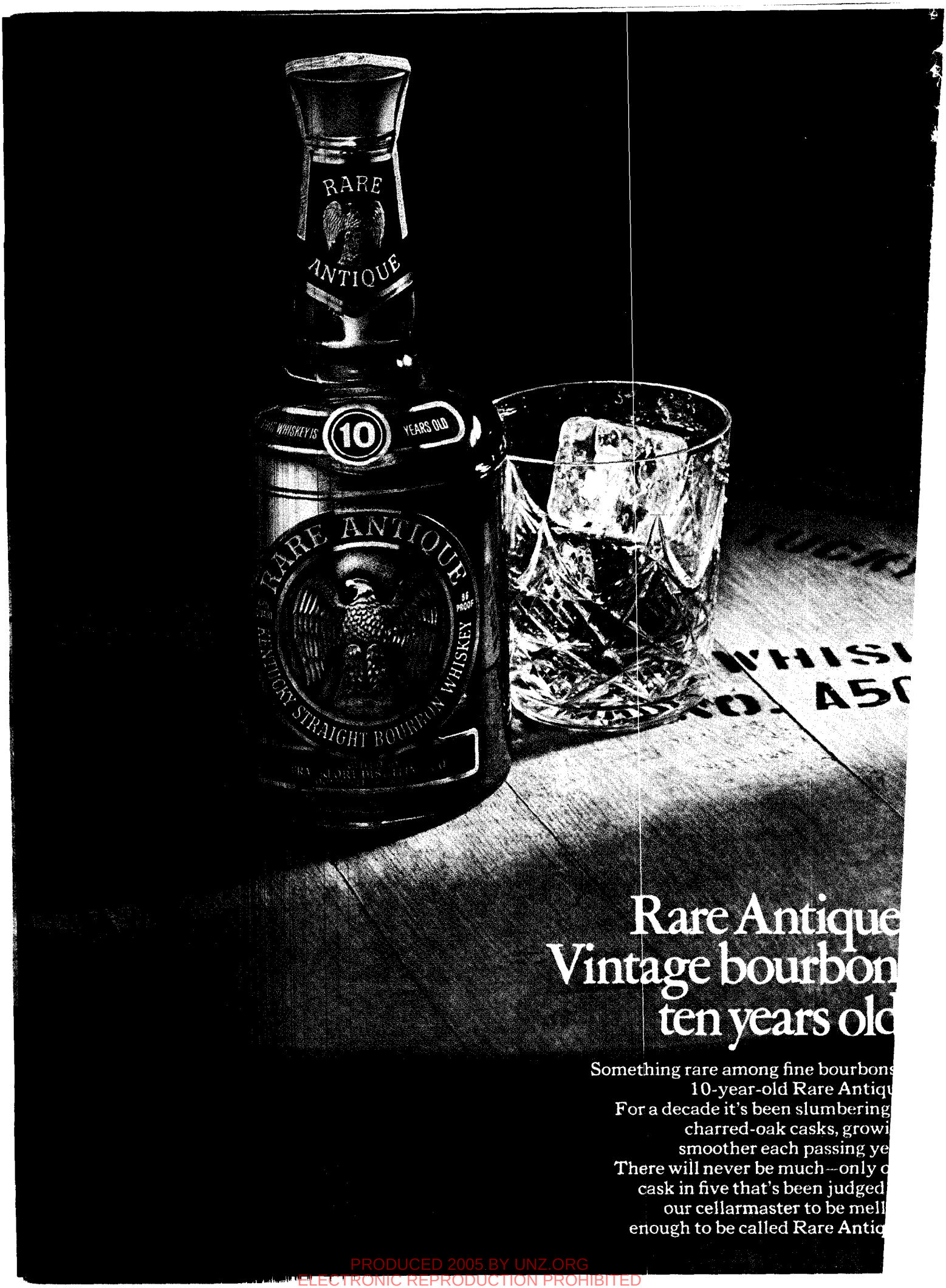
For the entire collection.

The $3,900* Audi

It's a lot of cars for the money.

*Suggested price, East Coast P.O.E. for 100LS $3,855. Other Audi models start at $3,085. (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher.) Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Rare Antique
Vintage bourbon
ten years old

Something rare among fine bourbons
10-year-old Rare Antiqu
For a decade it's been slumbering
charred-oak casks, growi
smoother each passing ye
There will never be much—only o
cask in five that's been judged
our cellarmaster to be mell
enough to be called Rare Antiq

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED